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ITALY AND THE ITALIANS

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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ITALY,
AND
THE ITALIANS
IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY:

OR, LETTERS ON THE
Civil, Political & Moral State of that Country,

WRITTEN IN 1818 AND 1819.

WITH
AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING

EXTRACTS FROM MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

BY
A FOREIGN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH SERVICE.



E il più gentile
di quanti sculda il Sole?
D'onde non sei madre, o Italia?
non è la polve tua?

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, *tragedia.*

24
88

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PREFACE.

THE materials of which the following Letters are composed, have been collected, partly from my correspondence, and partly from the memorandums which I took during a residence of several years in Italy. The advice of some friends having induced me to venture them before the Public, I have reduced them to their present form.

Fondly attached to the country where I passed my early years, a country celebrated for its beauties and for its misfortunes, I feel a desire to make its inhabitants better known to British readers; and I think I am placed in a situation rather favorable for this purpose. Acquainted from my infancy with the language and manners of the Italians—brought up under their sky—nursed in their homes—I quitted their country before early impressions could ripen into prejudices—and at that period of life when the powers of the mind begin to expand. Circumstances connected with the affairs of the time, having induced me to leave the continent, I joined what I considered the common cause of mankind,

against a system of universal oppression, and I was present at some of the momentous events of that awful contest now happily terminated ; and during a period of several years spent in some of the most interesting countries of Europe, a variety of scenes, of manners and of people, afforded me ample means of comparison. After the last peace, I returned to the land of my childhood : I found every thing altered, and myself almost a stranger in my own country. I wandered then about Italy, adding fresh information to old recollections ; and from both, I now exhibit a sketch, I hope not altogether uninteresting.

It has not been so much the material part of Italy, that is to say, its antiquities, ruins, and buildings, which have been so often described by abler pens than mine, as the moral state of its inhabitants, that has engrossed my attention. I think the Italians are but imperfectly known, and often unjustly abused, and are generally included by foreigners in one common description of character, while, in fact, the inhabitants of the various states of that much divided country, form so many distinct nations. A Tuscan and a Neapolitan, a Lombard and a Genoese, a Venetian and a Roman, are as different from one another, as the Germans are from the English, or the Dutch from the French.

Well acquainted with the religion of Italy, I have spoken of it with respect, and I hope also with impartiality : I have endeavoured to draw the line

between its avowed tenets as they are explained from the pulpit and from the chairs of theology, and the abuses which popular ignorance and credulity have engrafted upon them. I feel convinced besides, that in all the divisions of Christianity the same virtues are to be found ; they all trust in the same promises, and entertain the same hopes ; they all acknowledge the same Book and the same Teacher ; and from all the different Christian temples, the same prayers and wishes are daily wafted to the throne of the Almighty. I ardently wish the mild and truly Christian principle of toleration to be generally diffused among brethren, whatsoever be the forms of their worship. This spirit of charity and union is particularly desirable in this age, when cold and selfish incredulity and gloomy scepticism threaten on all sides to undermine the foundations of religion, and to bury in one common ruin the virtues, the affections, and all the best feelings of mankind.

I have noticed the subject of Italian politics in a general sense, abstaining as much as possible from party questions, and endeavouring to be as impartial as a human being can, who courts no smiles and fears no frowns. A friend to rational liberty, I have been taught by experience to mistrust and to fear that mania for violent changes, and those schemes of perfectibility, which have in our times deluged Europe with blood, and filled it with misery. A revolution is, at best, but an exchange of a certain evil for an uncertain good, and nothing but a state

of intolerable oppression, which fortunately is very rare in modern times, can reconcile an honest man to so doubtful a chance. Since the writing of these Letters, and while they were already in the press, a great political change has taken place in one of the finest and most important divisions of Italy. Far from the scene of action, I can hardly presume to form an accurate judgment of the spirit which has presided to those measures, and of the springs which have been put in motion to effect them; much less can I foretel the ultimate result of this extraordinary transaction.

The present moment is one of awful crisis for Italy; her geographical position—the clashing interests of her several governments—and the confused state of the public mind increase her difficulties ten-fold, and any person acquainted with these circumstances, and who feels an interest in the welfare of nineteen millions of human beings, must look forward with anxious expectation to the approaching catastrophe, and wish it had not been rashly precipitated. Unfortunate Sicily has already dearly paid for her ill-judged attempt: the mind turns with horror from the repeated massacres of Palermo, which might have been in great measure prevented by conciliatory measures, and one cannot but regret, *at least*, that want of moderation which would have well become a government professing to be liberal, particularly at a moment when they themselves appeal to the equity of the other powers.

My sentiments are expressed as I have felt them ; my conceptions may be wrong, but I can conscientiously say, that my intentions are right. I profess myself an admirer of all that I have found amiable and good under every climate ; and I hate malice and wickedness under whatever disguise they may lurk.

“ *Les Italiens* (says Madame de Stael) *sont plus remarquables par ce qu'ils ont été et par ce qu'ils pourroient être, que par ce qu'ils sont maintenant.*” Assenting, as I do, to this general proposition of that illustrious writer, still, I think that the Italians are, even now, remarkable and interesting in many respects, and deserve more attention than the generality of travellers seem inclined to bestow upon them. Italy is still the land of genius and enthusiasm, and many warm and generous hearts are to be found under its glowing sky.

The following Letters contain an account of two different journeys made through Italy during the last two years, united with recollections of my former residence in that country : they embrace the greater part of Italy ; Naples, Tuscany, Lombardy, Piedmont, and Genoa. I have crossed the Alps by the two most celebrated roads, the Simplon and the Mont Cenis ; and I have made several voyages along the delightful shores of the Mediterranean sea, and in sight of its numerous islands.

I have also spoken of the literature of Italy. This subject must be interesting to the British public, now that that elegant, yet powerful language, forms one of the branches of polite education. I have added in the Appendix a few extracts from modern Italian poetry for the entertainment of amateurs.

The compass of this work and its title page, will, I hope, prevent the Reader from expecting any further details, or deeper information than I have been able to compress in these Letters. I must, however, ask his indulgence for my attempting to write in a language not my own, and for the imperfections he will find in the idiom. Having said so much, as an apology for my intruding on the Public, I rest satisfied, and commit myself to the liberality which is so truly characteristic of the British people.

I cannot conclude this Preface without expressing my grateful acknowledgments to the Subscribers to this little work, for the encouragement they have afforded me. A list of such respectable names as those which appear at the head of this Volume, could not but stimulate my efforts to produce, at least, nothing unworthy of them: should the following pages meet with their approbation, it will be to me the greatest reward for my labours.

ITALY,

AND

THE ITALIANS,

&c.

LETTER I.

Voyage from Malta to Naples.—Mount Etna.—Arrival at Naples.—Description of the Carnival.—Turkish account of it.—Theatre of San Carlo.—Theatre de' Fiorentini.—Affecting Drama of Adelaide and Comminges.—Teatro Nuovo and Prose Performances.—Policinella, the Neapolitan Clown.—View of the Bay of Naples and its surrounding Scenery.—Description of the City.—Strada Toledo.—Villa Reale.—Lent succeeds the Carnival.—Quaresimale, Neapolitan Preachers.—Visit to the Sepulchres on Holy Thursday.—Neapolitan Women.—Procession del Corpus Domini.—Excursion to Pozzuoli.—Grotta di Posilipo.—Quarantine Establishment.—Temple of Serapis.—Solfatara.—Baths of Nero.—Bajæ and Cuma.—Procida and Ischia.—Lago d' Agnano.—Convent of Camaldoli.—Malaria, terrible effects of it.—Grotta del Cane.

NAPLES, MAY 31, 1818.

I ARRIVED at this place in the month of February, in a vessel from Malta; our passage was short and pleasant. We sailed along the eastern coast of Sicily, and saw Mount Etna, that formidable volcano, covered with eternal snow, and which the Sicilians emphatically describe as *l' Arciprete de' monti che in cotta bianca al Ciel porge gl' incensi*: the high priest of the mountains, who, in his white surplice, offers incense to heaven. We passed the Faro of Messina, and admired the beautiful situ-

ation of that city and the fine view of the Apennines, which terminates the Italian peninsula. We passed the Lipari islands, close by Strounboli ; we saw at night the flames of the volcano, and at last entered the bay of Naples through the straits of Capri. Shortly after, I found myself again on Italian ground, after an absence of nine long years.

I arrived here in the middle of the Carnival ; which is the Bairam of the Italians, with this difference, that with them it precedes the fast or Lent, whilst among Mussulmen it follows the Ramadan. The Carnival is a time of mirth, pleasure and folly ; it is kept in most Catholic countries, but more particularly in Italy. It begins on the seventh of January and continues till Ash Wednesday, but its public diversions are in many places restricted to the last ten days, in which masks are allowed to go about the streets from two in the afternoon till dark. During that time, the whole city, but particularly the principal streets of it, exhibits a scene of noise and confusion. The very children of the lowest classes assume an easy and cheap sort of disguise ; putting a shirt over their clothes, a high pointed white cap, and a paper mask, which elegant costume is dignified with the name of *Policinella*, the dramatic title of the Neapolitan clown. Masks of all descriptions are sauntering about the streets, making strange noises ; stopping and addressing one another ; saying now and then some witty jokes, but more often uttering coarse and vulgar nonsense ; teasing and annoying the passengers, who have no power of checking them : for it is positively forbidden by government, to molest or offer any violence to the masks. If these, however, should carry the joke too far, and take improper liberties, the police then takes them up and punishes them severely. I often thought of the impression which the appearance of this people during the Carnival would make upon the mind of a stranger totally unacquainted with this custom, who might land here in the midst of this mad revelry. It puts me in mind of an anecdote which I heard at Malta. A Turk, who had been for sometime prisoner in that island, during the dominion of the Knights of St. John, after having been exchanged and sent back to Constantinople, was examined before the Divan, as to the

strength of La Valletta, and the most probable means of taking it. He said he thought it almost impossible to conquer it as long as the Christians were on their guard, but, added he, "there are three days in the year when the Infidels are subject to a fit of insanity, (meaning the last three days of the Carnival, which was the only time allowed by the Grand Master for that popular diversion) and should the Capudan Pacha contrive to be there at hand with his fleet and a body of troops, I have no doubt but he could easily take the place by surprise, as all order and discipline are at an end during that period. But the business must be done quickly; for on the fourth day a priest applies a pinch of ashes to each man's forehead, which has the wonderful power of restoring him instantly to his senses and rational faculties." *Se non è vero è ben trovato*, as the Italians say. The name of *Carne-vale* is originally Latin, *farewell to flesh*, meaning, probably, that these are the last days for eating meat, as the following Lent forbids either totally or in part the use of that kind of food. Some pretend it is the remains of the Roman Saturnalia, which were accompanied with the same scenes of dissipation and folly, only indulged to a much greater extent, and which the Christian rulers, who succeeded the Roman Emperors in Italy, thought it wise to retain, under some restrictions, for the satisfaction of the populace—addicted in every age to noisy and giddy diversions. The Carnival has not been very brilliant at Naples this year, on account of the bad weather; we had almost constant rains during that period, which prevented, in a great measure the display of masks in the streets. The *festini* or masked balls at San Carlo, however, were much crowded, but few *maschere di carattere* or interesting disguises were to be seen. This is to be attributed partly to the change in the national character produced by the events of late years. The Neapolitans have lost much of that harmless gaiety, and that openness of disposition, which were formerly some compensation for the want of more solid qualities. A gloomy diffidence and sullen dissimulation, the results of civil dissensions and foreign invasions—of political inquisition and bloody retaliation, have pervaded the ranks of this naturally thoughtless and careless people. They are as fond of pleasure as ever, but they take care not to shew their minds in

public or to strangers. I saw a great number of common masks, as black dominos, white polcinellas, richly dressed Turks, &c. Some females in the fanciful and rich costumes of peasant girls of the different provinces of this kingdom, appeared to great advantage. I saw one day in the street of Toledo, Prince L——, the king's youngest son, in a car, with a numerous suit in the garb of ancient warriors with shields and a kind of shovels, which they filled out of buckets full of *confetti*, discharging the contents against the company in the balconies. This is a favorite pastime of the season, although sometimes attended with unfortunate consequences; for, as sugar confections are expensive, many substitute imitations for them, made of clay, which are very hard, and some as large as common nuts, so that a shower of them becomes a very unpleasant compliment, and serious disputes originate in this absurd custom.

Soon after my landing, I paid a visit to the celebrated theatre of San Carlo, the first in Europe. The interior of it is shining with gold. The blue ground scarcely appears between the numerous gilt *basso relievo* ornaments: these, however, are said to be unfavorable to the effect of the singing, and whether this or any other fault in the construction of the house be the reason, it certainly requires a most powerful voice on the stage of San Carlo, to be heard by the further part of the audience. There are six rows of boxes, all private, and closed like so many apartments, as is the case in every theatre in Italy. Ten five-branched girandoles are fixed under each row, and on gala days they are lighted up, and the effect is dazzling. A superb chandelier suspended from the ceiling adds to this blaze of splendour, which, however, in my opinion, weakens much the effect of the performance and destroys the theatrical illusion. But they are not very nice here upon these matters. They do not come to the opera to take an interest in it, to have their feelings affected, or their senses deceived, but merely to admire the music. The house is seldom full. The seats in the pit are numbered and are very commodious. The price of admission is six *carlini*, about half-a-crown, except on illumination days, when the price is raised. For twopence more you have an additional cushion brought to you. No

entrance is paid to go to the boxes, so that many persons, particularly young men of fashion who have many acquaintances among the nobility, frequent the theatres all the year round without paying any thing for it. The boxes are very spacious, and occasionally suppers are given in them by some of the nobility. The king's box fronts the stage, and occupies two rows in height; it is most richly, though not elegantly adorned with crimson silks and gold, reflecting mirrors, &c. : the insignias of royalty are suspended above it. The whole is gorgeous and heavy. The curtain is finely painted with allegorical subjects alluding to the restoration of the theatre after the fire of 1816, under the auspices of Ferdinand I. I observed a want of perspective in some of the scenic decorations, particularly in those which represent streets and buildings. The orchestra is very respectably filled, and the first *coup d'archet* of the overture is truly imposing. La Colbran, a Spanish woman, is now the first singer, she has a fine voice, and understands music well, but she wants delicacy and grace. The ballet is the favorite part of the performance with the Neapolitans. They have a choicer company of French dancers; amongst whom are Vestris, Dupont, Henry, Taglioni, &c. The dance seems to engross chiefly the attention of the audience, and the opera is comparatively neglected. It must be confessed that an Italian grand *Opera Seria* is destitute of all illusion, and has no attraction but that of the music. The *libretto* or play, is generally a compound of nonsensical words, chiefly about love and revenge, put together just to run with the music; besides which, owing to the size of the house and the deficiency of the secondary singers, one cannot understand the third part of it; so that with the exception of a few ariettas or duos, which attract the general attention, the performance is allowed to go on as well as it can; while part of the audience are whispering, simpering, or yawning, and the rest sauntering about, paying visits to the ladies in the boxes, or resorting to the adjoining gambling table, or to the coffee room, until the time of the ballet arrives. The subject of the present ballet is *Barba blu*, Blue beard.

I have been several times at the theatre de' Fiorentini, the third in the city: La Canonici, a sweet singer, and a handsome woman with an interesting countenance, and a voice full of expression, is the chief attraction at that house. She is at present performing the part of Adelaide in the historical dramas of *Adelaide* and *Comminges*. The affecting tale of those unfortunate lovers has furnished three dramas, which are performed by turns: the music is by Fioravanti: they are called, 1st—*Gli amori di Adelaide e Commingio*; 2nd—*Adelaide maritata e Commingio Pittore*; 3rd—*La morte d'Adelaide*. The story is in a few words, as follows:—Adelaide is beloved by a young nobleman of the name of Comminges, with whom she had been acquainted from her infancy; but her father, either through pride or avarice, compels her, during the absence of Comminges, to marry a haughty baron, who takes her, a sad but resigned victim, to his feudal mansion in the province. She fulfills all the duties of a wife; but cannot entirely stifle her sighs, nor subdue a feeling of melancholy, which is soon perceived and closely watched by her jealous husband. Meantime Comminges discovers her retreat, and assumes the disguise of a painter, under which he is introduced to the unsuspecting lord, who engages him to work at his gallery: Comminges submits to this humiliation to obtain a sight of his beloved. The surprise and the fright of Adelaide in discovering him, is the more distressing, as she is under the watchful eye of her husband; however, she recovers herself, and in a second interview entreats him to respect her virtue—to forget the past, and to leave her to her duty and to death; but while the fond lover, despondent although resigned, is on his knees taking a last farewell of the object of his affections, the husband suddenly appears: Comminges rises and boldly discovers himself—they fight, and the unfortunate Adelaide, while intent on preventing them from their deadly purpose, is stabbed by her furious husband; upon which, Comminges growing desperate, kills his antagonist. He is carried off from that scene of horror by a faithful attendant, who conceals him in a neighbouring forest, and returns to the castle to learn the fate of Adelaide. He is apprised of her death in consequence of the wound received, and

of the orders given to search for, and apprehend Comminges. With these melancholy tidings he returns to the forest—the despair of Comminges is easily imagined; meantime a terrible storm arises, and while they are looking about for shelter, the tolling of a bell is heard at a short distance amongst the trees. Comminges follows in that direction, and finds himself at the gates of a solitary convent belonging to the rigid order of La Trappe. With that feeling but too common to an ardent mind which is bereft at once of all hope and happiness on earth, he thinks he hears the voice of providence calling him to repentance; and despair and religion throws him into that convent as a last refuge for afflicted humanity, and a necessary scene of preparation for that better world, where he will meet again his beloved Adelaide. He conceals his real name and is admitted by the superior to the noviciate. While this is passing at La Trappe, Adelaide, contrary to expectation, recovers from her wound, and proceeds with a fictitious name and under a man's attire, to make enquiries after her lover; and as these prove fruitless, she gives him up for lost and resolves upon taking the veil. While intent upon that plan, she enters by accident into the church of the convent where Comminges is secluded; the fathers are singing vespers; she hears his well known voice, and she soon after recognises his features, though disguised under the cowl. In the struggle of contending passions, her purity of mind prevails; she thinks him bound by everlasting vows; she feels she can never be united to him in this world; but having found him again, she will no longer part with him: her resolution is formed at once; she presents herself to the superior of the convent as a young man, willing to enter their order; after some difficulties occasioned by her youthful appearance and superior manners, she is admitted to a preparatory trial, and she assumes the dark uncouth attire of a Trappensis Monk, which effectually conceals her lovely features. A silence, which can only be broken by the permission of the superior, is one of the rules of the order, and Adelaide, although daily in company with her Comminges, remains unknown to him. She follows constantly and silently his faltering steps; she assists him in the performance of his several duties and even in the task of digging his own grave, which is imposed upon every brother

by the laws of La Trappe. She never utters a word, but she cannot entirely suppress her sighs nor conceal her tears. Her whole behaviour strikes Comminges, however, as he can never conjecture the truth, he attributes it to sorrows similar to his own; but the delicate frame of Adelaide cannot long resist the anguish of her mind and the fatigue and privations of her situation; she visibly decays and totters towards the grave. The superior perceives the weakness of the youth, and exhorts him to leave, while yet there is time, that mode of life not suited to his weakly constitution, but he persists in his resolution. Meantime the expiration of Comminges' noviciate approaches, and he is determined to take the vows and bid an eternal adieu to the world. The day of the ceremony arrives, and owing to the illness which prevents her from attending the church and the silence which surrounds her, Adelaide learns from the superior, only when it is too late, that a few hours before, Comminges was free, but that now he is for ever divided from her. This last blow destroys her remaining strength, and she sinks exhausted under the pressure of grief. The dying novice (Adelaide) is at last, according to the custom of the order, carried on a bier to the chapel, where the immortal soul will take its departure from its earthly frame, soothed by the orisons of the assembled community. The funeral bell is tolling, the friars, and Comminges among the rest, are singing the last prayers for the agonised brother; at last the venerable superior allows the youth to speak; approaching death frees him from his vow of silence; he is at liberty to utter his last sentiments, and to bid adieu to the companions of his earthly pilgrimage; with a faint voice he calls Comminges, uncovers his pale forehead, and the recognised Adelaide expires in the arms of her distracted lover.

Such is the interesting drama, founded on such facts, as are not uncommon in the records of Catholic countries. It is easy to imagine the effect that the last scene especially, must have on the stage, attended by all the insignia and awful accessories of La Trappe. Sobbing and crying were heard, particularly from the female part of the audience. I had then an opportunity of remarking that these people are not wanting in feeling; the

crowd of young men and *elegantes* who attended these performances which have been repeated for more than a month, is a proof of it. It is generally supposed that the Neapolitans, like other southern nations, have strong passions; I think, however, the definition is not accurate; they feel acute sensations; but the impression is fleeting like that which the wind traces on the surface of the water. Sincerely affected by the sufferings of Adelaide at the moment, they will an hour after feel as truly delighted with the splendour and the bustle of the *conversazione* or of the ball room. Before I leave the subject, I must mention an inconsistency of the Neapolitan stage. In all the three dramas of Adelaide, even in some of the most affecting parts of the last, a buffo appears in the character of Adelaide's brother-in-law, and by some coarse ill-timed jokes, sets the audience in a roar of laughter. Casacciello, an excellent buffo of the Neapolitan cast, performed that part; but I would rather see his talents employed on a fitter subject.

I have been several times at the Teatro Novo, a small neat house, where the prose company generally performs. They have some good actors, particularly De Marini, a first-rate performer. It is not very common in Italy to hear a good prose performance, although their language is so beautifully adapted for it: Goldoni has furnished them with a store of comedies, many of which are excellent, but seldom performed. The dramas of Metastasio afford also a plentiful supply; the tragedies of Alfieri, Pindemonti and others, are a treasure upon which they might draw, and thereby encourage others to follow the steps of those great writers. I look upon a good prose theatre as a great desideratum in Italy; it would help to form the character of the nation, to inspire them with noble sentiments, and to accustom them to the genuine taste and the sweet sounds of the pure Italian language, so often grossly and barbarously smothered under provincial jargon and pronunciation. Perhaps the too free sentiments of some of the dramatic writers are a great obstacle to the production of their works on the stage; still I have occasionally heard the *Saulle* of Alfieri performed at Rome, and his *Filippo* at Genoa, under the present governments of those countries, so

that I don't know whether the fault lies with the rulers or with the taste of the people.

There are two other theatres in this capital, the Royal Theatre del Fondo, a very fine house, next to San Carlo in size, and at which occasionally the same company performs, and that of San Ferdinando which is not so much frequented, being at the other end of the town, far from the fashionable world. Besides these five theatres there are two inferior ones, La Fenice and San Carlino, both in the Largo del Castello, and chiefly devoted to farces and pantomimes for the amusement of the lower classes: the performers speak the broad Neapolitan dialect. There you see the Policinella in his gennine colours. This Neapolitan clown, is something similar to the Arlecchino of Bergamo, pantalone of Venice, &c. but is not an honorable specimen of the national character of his country, of which it is intended as a caricature. Policinella is a servant from Acerra, a village in the neighbourhood of Naples, and he is so highly gifted by nature and accomplished by education, that he is at once a thief, a liar, a coward, a braggart, and a debauchee; still the facetious way in which he relates his various feats enraptures his grovelling countrymen. He delights in licentious *double entendre*, gross jokes, and dirty tricks; there is not a single good quality in him; his cunning is very low, and he is always outwitted when he meets with any person of sense, so that in the end he is generally discovered, imprisoned, whipped and hanged. Such is the celebrated Policinella.

There are many houses for puppet shows, where, at any time of the day, one may go in for a few *grains*, provided one's olfactory nerves are not too keen for the smell produced by the crowd of dirty fellows who resort to them. There are also ambulatory puppet shows in the streets.

As for the general appearance of this country, I have found it what I knew it already to be, the Eden of our world, but *un paradiso abitato da diavoli*, as the Italian proverb says. The climate is delightful, the views are magnificent. I live on

the sea shore, at one end of the town, where I enjoy a full view of this beautiful bay, the waves of which lave the sandy shore in front of my habitation. Before me I see the picturesque island of Capri; to my left, this vast city, commanded by the green hill of Sant'Elmo; farther on, the fertile plains of Campania felix, between which and the sea, rises the conical form of Vesuvius with its furnace of perpetual fire and smoke: at the foot of that formidable mountain I can perceive the white hillocks which surround the remains of Pompeii, farther on the mounts of Stabia and Sorrento, the country of the immortal bard of the Gernsalemme. What a display of classical scenery! What memories of sad tales or of brilliant history equally portentous! Close by me is the lovely coast of Mergellina, the verdant hill of Posilipo, with the tomb of Virgil rising on it, and lower down, the church where Sannazaro is buried. I have been looking for the castle of Paluzzi, described to be about this neighbourhood by Mrs. Radcliffe in her *Italian*; but I could find no traces of it: no such name is known to have existed. The church of La Madonna del Pianto, however, is to be seen near the Campo di Marte or reviewing ground, but its modern appearance does not agree with the account of the awful solemnity of its capacious aisles so finely described by that writer. The sketches she gives of the scenery of the country, however, are beautifully true to nature.

Naples is an open irregularly built city; its greatest length is along the sea shore, where it extends in a curving irregular line for nearly four miles from north east to south west facing the south. In the centre of this range stands the king's palace, and near it is the harbour, which is small and not very convenient. The breadth of Naples is very unequal: at the west end it is much contracted between the hills of Vomero and Belvedere and the sea, so as only to contain the breadth of one or two streets; it widens then towards the centre, and there it extends to the north inland as far as the hills of Capodimonte and Capodichino, between which and the sea the principal and most populous part of the town is built, including the old city, which is still partly surrounded with walls and ditches, and the extensive additions made to it in course of time, and now blended with it. Several

of the old gates are still existing, such as the gates of Nola, Capua, San Gennaro, &c. Its greatest breadth from the sea to the barrier of Capodichino on the road to Rome, is nearly three miles from south to north. The street of Toledo which runs in the same direction across the city for three quarters of a mile, is the principal street in Naples, although not exactly in a straight line, nor sufficiently broad comparatively to its length. It begins from a fine semi-circular square, called Largo dello Spirito Santo, and ends in the square before the king's palace. It was built by a Spanish viceroy of that name, who predicted that it would become the most frequented street in the city, as it has happened in fact. It is always crowded to excess with people, carriages, horses, asses, &c. and being destitute of pavements like all the other streets, is rendered a very uncomfortable place, especially for foot passengers. The number of retailers selling provisions and goods of every description in the street; the people working and cooking in front of the open shops for the benefit of the air; the quantity of *curricoli* or two wheeled chaises drawn by one horse, and driving furiously along; the swarms of vagrants and beggars infesting the place at all hours: all these mixed with the gay and splendid equipages of the nobility; the appearance of well dressed females at the balconies; the lustre and elegance of the numerous coffee and ice shops, exhibit an ensemble of contrast, confusion, and life, to which I have seen nothing equal in any other part of Europe. The naturally clamorous habits of the Neapolitans are strengthened by the continual noise which obliges them to vociferate in order to be heard by their immediate companions. With all this, Toledo affords a very curious appearance to a stranger by the variety of motley groups with which it is thronged: priests in black; friars in white and grey; officers in gay military uniforms; *paglietti* or lawyers in their professional costumes; sober citizens dressed in suits of a variety of colours, blue, green, brown, yellow, grey, &c.; women, some in the old Neapolitan black silk dress; others in the modern, which they have adopted from the French; those of the lower class, either with a handkerchief tied round their heads, or with the Sicilian *peddeme* or manto, a piece of calico thrown loosely over the head and shoulders; and half naked *lazzaroni* having

merely their shirts and trowsers on : I can hardly think myself in a civilized country, but feel at times as though transported to some of the European settlements on the coast of Africa.

The new structure not quite finished, which is intended for the bank of the two Sicilies, and for the finance or treasury offices, in *Strada Toledo*, is remarkably elegant. Very inferior habitations, however, scattered here and there, form a disagreeable contrast to the splendour of the neighbouring piles. The finest part of the city of Naples, is, without question, along the quay from the *Castel dell' Uovo* to the western extremity towards *Posilipo*. The range of buildings which lines it on one side, is composed, with very few exceptions, of elegant modern structures, whose stuccoed exteriors, contrasted with the spacious iron balconies and green venetian blinds, form a brilliant coup d'œil seen from the bay. In front of them for the space of a mile along the sea shore runs the *Villa Reale*, a beautiful walk, consisting of several avenues of trees, adorned with fountains, stone benches, and marble statues. But the principal beauty of that delightful spot consists in its unrivalled situation, commanding a view of the whole bay. When the trees are in full blossom, it realizes all that the imagination can conceive of this kind. This walk was considerably extended and improved by *Joachim Murat*. Towards the middle of it, there is a small projection running into the sea, which they are going to secure with an iron railing and to surround it with seats, so as to make a pretty terrace ; the idea of this improvement was suggested, I am told, by a German princess who lately visited Naples. In the middle of the central avenue, is placed the famous group of the *Toro Farnese* or *Farnesian Bull*, formerly in the gallery belonging to the family of that name at Rome, to whose inheritance the king of Naples succeeded. The *Toro Farnese* and the statue of *Hercules*, which is now at the *Museum of gli Studj*, formed the chief value of the gallery. This group was injured in the carriage, and restored by modern hands. The head of the bull, and the figure of one of the men holding it by the horns are peculiarly fine. But as these subjects of the fine arts have been so well and so often described by much abler pens than mine, I shall not presume to intrude with

any further observations upon them. I will endeavour to give some account of the inhabitants of this country, and of their manners and character in a future letter.

The Carnival was succeeded by the Lent; the penance and fast prescribed to this time, are now but loosely observed. The Pope, in consideration of the scarcity of provisions, and perhaps on account, also, of the diminution of fervour, gave this year an indulto or permission to eat meat as usual; however, the zealots did abstain from it and contented themselves with only one meal in the twenty-four hours. This is the way Lent used to be kept in former times by all Catholics. But now, *O! tempora! O! mores!* the greater number eat meat even on Fridays and Saturdays, which is actually a sin against the commandments of the Church of Rome. The lower classes are the strictest in the observance of their religious practices.

During the Lent there are preachers appointed to the principal churches, to deliver a new sermon every day on the most important topics of religion and morality. The principal dogmas of the church; the commandments; the sacraments; the seven mortal sins; death and judgment; hell and paradise; the most striking passages of the gospel; the passion of our Saviour: all these furnish subjects for the quaresimale, which is the name given to this collection of sermons. Two or three distinguished preachers are sent for on this occasion from Rome, Tuscany, or the north of Italy, and paid handsomely to deliver a series of sermons in some of the principal churches of Naples. The church of Santa Maria la Nova, belonging to the monks of St. Francis, has generally one of the best. There one may hear a good specimen of sacred eloquence delivered in pure Italian. Some of the sermons are really beautiful, although sometimes too flowery, and too much ornamented with figures of rhetoric. The manner of delivering them would also appear too pantomimic to a northern audience, but this is the taste of the country, and orators who wish to make an impression upon the minds of the people, must accommodate themselves somewhat to their dispositions. It is at Rome that I have heard the finest sermons during Lent, many

of them have been collected and printed. Italy, however, cannot vie with France in this respect—there is no Italian Bourdaloue, Massillon, or Bossuet. Father Segneri's quaresimale is one of the best specimen of the kind, although its style is rather old. As for the common sermons that one hears on Sundays in the churches of Naples, they do not give, in general, a great idea of the learning and oratorial powers of the Neapolitan clergy. They either bewilder themselves in attempting to explain some of the mysteries of our religion; such as the preacher I heard in the church of Lo Spirito Santo, who in order to render the idea of Trinity intelligible to his audience, employed comparisons drawn from the ancient mythology, such as that of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; or if they preach upon morality, they often enter into details either indelicate or degenerating into the hurlesque. One of them preaching before a numerous audience, chiefly composed of females, and descanting against the evil consequences of the passion of love, described in very lively colours the beginning and progress of it, the ogles, billets doux, assignations, &c. by way of warning his auditors against the danger of such practices. A stranger, and even an Italian from any other part of Italy, is scandalized at the grossness of the Neapolitan sermons, but I have heard some of the clergy pretend that it is the only way to make them palatable to the greater part of their audience. The itinerant preachers and missionaries who are often to be seen preaching in the streets of Naples mounted on a bench or stool, and addressing themselves chiefly to the lazzaroni, often reach the extreme of vulgarity in their expressions, to which their rude hearers listen with the greatest attention; and I have often seen these at the close of the exhortation fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and shed penitential tears: the consequence is, that many of them follow the priest to his lodgings, confess their sins, and make amends for their past misdeeds as far as lies in their power. We should not, therefore, in a foreign land condemn rashly whatever is not consonant to our own ideas of propriety, but rather look to the effects of such things, and judge from them of the methods employed. It is unnecessary to add that the sermons I have alluded to, are delivered in the Neapolitan dialect, and are consequently unintelligible to most foreigners.

In the afternoons of Holy Thursday and Good Friday the city of Naples affords a striking sight : people of all ranks go about visiting the different churches, where the lower part of an altar is fitted up with more or less splendour to represent the sepulchre of our Saviour. By an order from the police, which is regularly issued at this time every year, carriages are forbidden to pass by the Strada di Toledo, so that the people may quietly walk along without fear of being trampled upon by some careless or imprudent driver. The dress customary on these two days is black, both for men and women. Such a mixture as Toledo affords then, is not to be seen any where else. Young and old, ugly and handsome, rich and poor, elegant and shabby, beggars and lords, servants and masters, are all seen walking along promiscuously, with an air of decorum and sedateness very different from their general character. The King, Prince Leopold and the Princess his consort, went on foot, accompanied by the Court, through the same pilgrimage. The band of the grenadier guards was playing a dead march, and the soldiers carried their firelocks reversed. No bells are allowed to ring, no clocks to strike for forty-eight hours, from Thursday morning to Saturday. A wooden rattle is employed to mark the hours. All this is in commemoration of the death of our Saviour ; mixed with devotion, there is a certain dose of worldly spirit in this ceremony, which reminds one of Goldsmith's description of Italy :—

“ Processions formed for piety and love.”

I saw on that occasion, a greater display of female beauty than I had ever seen in this metropolis, and I acquired a better opinion of the Neapolitan fair sex. The fact is, that a great number of pretty women, particularly of the middling classes, very seldom are granted the indulgence of a walk through the city except on some great occasions, among which that of the holy week is never neglected. On the other side, the nobility, who, at other times, seldom go out but in their carriages, deign, on this solemn occasion, to mix with the pedestrians.

The Neapolitan women are generally short, and inclined to enbonpoint, their beauty is that of the rose in its full expansion,

no timid half-opened bud, but a proud full spread blossom, warning the admirer of its approaching decay. Their complexion is very sallow, with a strong tinge of yellow in many, fine eyes, black hair, noses generally aquiline, prominent chins, and mouths rather wide. There are few regular beauties to be seen, but those few are of the finest cast.

On the 28th instant there was a grand procession on account of the festival of the Corpus Domini. It was led by the band of the regiment of guards, then came a man carrying a great standard; the officers of the different corps of the garrison followed two deep, in their best uniforms, bareheaded, each holding a lighted torch, and accompanied by a dirty lazzarone who was carefully collecting the falling drops of wax on a kind of shovel made of brown paper, which these fellows afterwards sell to the candlemakers. Next to the officers came a company of Franciscan friars with lighted tapers in their hands, they were followed by the canons of the cathedral, and a band of church musicians with fiddles, bassoons, &c. playing at intervals, and last, a priest carrying the host and pacing along under cover of a white canopy carried by four assistants. It was not very brilliant on the whole, but rather an odd mixture of conditions and characters, and a strange contrast of devotion and show, of pomp and paltriness. Of all the ceremonies of the Catholic church, these processions are certainly the least edifying. The windows and balconies along Toledo were ornamented with old-fashioned tapestry, and crowded with gaudily dressed females.

I have begun my excursions in the neighborhood of Naples by going to Pozzuoli and Bajæ; passing by the grotta or tunnel through the Mount of Posillipo, which forms a promontory dividing the Gulph of Naples from that of Bajæ, a fine carriage road leads to Pozzuoli. The grotta is about half a mile in length, and in the middle of it the objects around are scarcely discernible, and people are warned of the approach of carriages only by the rattling of the wheels, which is echoed along the sides of the rock. A pavement would be here of the greatest advantage, as it would place the pedestrians in safety; as the road is now, I

am surprised we do not hear of many accidents. Curricoli or two wheeled carriage, of which there is a great number for hire at Naples, drive furiously in opposite directions and in the midst of darkness along this subterraneous passage, which is always thronged with persons on foot, and it requires the expertness of Neapolitan drivers and the docility of Neapolitan horses to prevent mischief. A pleasant coolness prevails in the grotta, and it would be a delightful retreat in the middle of summer. I often thought it might be made a pleasant place for lounging, by being well lighted up, and by having seats cut in the sides of the rock ; people might, after walking through the villa, resort to this subterraneous arcade to take shelter from the burning heat of Naples. On emerging from the grotta, you pass the village of Fuori grotta, and leaving to the right the road leading to the lake of Agnano, proceed through a fine avenue of trees straight towards the sea shore to the place called Bagnoli, which is opposite the little island of Nisita. At this island vessels perform quarantine, and there is a lazzeretto for expurgating suspected goods. They seem to be very particular here, but from what I have heard of the manner in which the quarantine regulations are enforced along the extensive line of coast of this kingdom, I think it is almost a piece of good luck that this country has hitherto escaped the contagious diseases which always rage in some part or other of the Mediterranean. In 1816, however, they had the plague at Noja near Bari, on the coast of the Adriatic, but it seems that the disease was not of the most malignant kind, and a cordon of the Austrian troops who then occupied the kingdom of Naples, prevented it from spreading beyond the place where it first broke out. I have often shuddered in thinking of the havoc the plague would make in a city like Naples, where such swarms of people, poor, ignorant and filthy, are huddled together ; it would rage in the same manner as in the Levant, and scarce any human efforts could put a stop to its ravages. How could government prevent these people from communicating with one another ? how separate the different families ? how support that part of the population, perhaps more than one hundred thousand, whose means of subsistence depend upon their daily labour ? and yet the least neglect of the qua-

rantine regulations might suddenly bring this dreadful calamity upon the country, and change these enchanting shores, now the abodes of gaiety and pleasure into a region of horror and death.

From Bagnoli we proceeded along the shore to Pozzuoli, a town finely situated, rising above the sea. Here there is a fine view of the Gulph of Bajæ, the scene of Roman greatness, luxury, and profligacy. Here we are on classic ground, surrounded by memorials of the rulers of the world; we see the remains of their villas, their temples, and their baths; we see the harbour where their fleets lay at anchor; we walk as it were in their pleasure grounds, and are as much among Romans as we should be if we were at Rome itself. But, alas! how the scene has changed! These once delightful shores are now uncultivated and deserted! These abodes of pleasure and of continual spring are now covered with wild vegetation! scarcely any human habitation is to be seen; and in the course of another month, the malaria will assume its dominion over the whole country and drive away, until the month of October, the few wealthy inhabitants of Pozzuoli. The magnificence of the decaying monuments, renders the present desolation more striking; but on considering them attentively, what do we see? An amphitheatre disgraced by the blood of the gladiators; a prison; and a tomb which reminds us of an imperial parricide; and far to the south, stands the rock of Capri, the lair of the infamous Tiberius. The unprincipled ambition, the want of feeling, the ferocity and the base corruption of the ancient Romans, with which so many pages of their history are polluted, reconcile us to their fall. We admire, but we cannot love them. They strove to elevate themselves above nature; but nature, which always vindicates her rights, plunged them at last into the lowest degradation and the most debasing slavery.*

The most important remains of antiquity at Pozzuoli, are the extensive amphitheatre, which is now in a great measure filled up

* See the Appendix, Note I.

with earth and rubbish, and the temple of Serapis. The latter, built in honour of the Egyptian Jupiter, after remaining several centuries buried under the waters of the sea, was covered by an eruption of the Solfatara, which drove the waters away, and it was discovered again and excavated about a century ago. Of this fine specimen of ancient architecture, three columns of fine cipolino marble only remain standing, and upon them one can perceive the height to which the waters once rose; the remainder are thrown down and broken and perforated throughout by the *dattili di mare*, a kind of shell fish which have made their burrows even in the Egyptian granite; the latter circumstance proves that the edifice must have remained a long time under water. The pavement is almost entire, and the whole plan of the temple may be distinctly traced. Its form was square with a portico before it, the altar and the place for sacrifice were in the centre on a raised ground. There were forty-eight cells constructed for the priests and their families in the outer wall which enclosed the temple. There were also baths and closets appropriated to their use, and great attention seems to have been paid to cleanliness and comfort. The altar and the steps are of Parian marble. It is singular to see a temple dedicated to an Egyptian deity in a city of Campania, and to think of the changes that this country has undergone.

There is a tolerably good inn in Pozzuoli at the farther end of the town towards Bajæ, where we took some refreshment on a terrace raised just above the beach, and enjoyed at the same time the cool sea breeze and a view of the whole coast. He who has not visited this country, can form no idea of the charms of such a situation on a fine day in the spring. An old Cicerone, of the name of Toby, came to offer his services, making a great parade of a few phrases of broken English, which he had picked up during sixty or seventy years intercourse with travellers of that nation. We went with him up the Solfatara. This extinguished volcano rises immediately behind Pozzuoli; on its summit there is a plain about a mile in circumference, which seems to have been made by the falling in of the top during some eruption. The soil consists of calcareous earth, and is broken into crevices,

whence issues a very hot stream strongly impregnated with sulphur, of which mineral, thick incrustations appear around. The ground seems by the noise your steps produce to be hollow underneath. Only one kind of bush grows in this region; the yellowish green leaves of which form a contrast with the whiteness of the soil.

We descended from the Solfatara, and proceeded along the coast towards Bajæ on foot, there being no road for carriages beyond Pozzuoli. We passed the temples of Venus and Mercury, and leaving on our right the lake of Averno, went to the baths of Nero. A steep descent of considerable length leads to the hot wells; the heat however is so great, that few persons can descend to the bottom, and most of the visitors return before they have reached half way down. The water in the well is sufficiently hot to boil an egg hard in a minute or two. A guard with torches should always attend on strangers, to prevent accidents. In the month of June, many people resort from Naples to make use of these natural steam baths; they half undress and descend until the heat becomes insupportable, then after a copious perspiration they return, and rest themselves in the upper part of the grotto; where, at that season, some accommodations are provided for them. This treatment is found to be beneficial in several disorders. At other times the baths are deserted, and there is merely a kind of keeper who shows them to foreigners, and gets what he can for his trouble.

From the baths of Nero, we ascended the hill and passed by the castle of Bajæ, which commands the roads where ships lie at anchor sheltered from the fury of the *lebeccio* or south west wind, which blows very hard in the Bay of Naples, and is always accompanied by a heavy sea. Bajæ consists of a few scattered houses besides the castle, in which there is a garrison. The neighbouring country is completely sheltered from the northern winds by surrounding hills, so as to be a most desirable residence during the winter; it was, on that account, the favorite retreat of the ancient masters of the world. The Appian way ran thence straight across the country to Rome. That road once so much fre-

quented, now runs through a marshy desert! From Bajæ, there is a cross road to Cuma, where an arch and some other remains of antiquity are still existing. This place, famous for its sybil, was built on the coast of the Tyrrhenian sea, opposite to the island of Ischia. Near it is the lake called del Fusaro, a famous place for oysters, which are the best that can be procured at Naples; and in the neighbourhood, there is one of the king's *caccia riserve* or places preserved for sporting.

Leaving Bajæ, we passed to the other side of the hill, and descended to the shores of the Mare Morto, a marsh formed by the water of the sea, with which it communicates by a narrow channel; it seems to have been once deep enough to receive the Roman galleys, which were stationed here in perfect safety. We had a fine view of the islands of Ischia and Procida. The Cape Miseno, abruptly projecting into the sea, terminates the land. Procida is a complete garden; its inhabitants are chiefly sailors or fishermen; and its women are reckoned the prettiest in the neighbourhood of Naples. Many of them resort to that city, where they employ themselves as servants. Ischia is a large island, containing several towns: a very high mountain, called Monte Epomeo, occupies its centre, and from its summit there is a very extensive view. The wines of Ischia are remarkably good; its baths are celebrated for their medicinal qualities, and are frequented in summer by people from Naples. The Ischiajole or women of Ischia, have a peculiar costume, which somewhat resembles that of the Greek women.

From the Mare Morto, we reascended the hill to see the Piscina Mirabile, which appears to have been formerly used as a reservoir of water for the use of the Roman fleet. The vaulted roof is supported by four rows of massive pillars, forty-eight in number, made of brick, and encrusted with the hard cement which was so much in use among the ancients. It is a singular building, and in pretty good preservation. Thence we went to the Cento Camerelle, a kind of prison divided into many cells, from which it has taken its name: some of the dungeons are really frightful. There is at the entrance a kind of guard room,

where soldiers were probably stationed for the security of the place.

We now returned to the shores of the Gulph of Bajæ and reached Baulis, close by which is the building called the tomb of Agrippina, where some remains of ancient rilievos are still to be seen. Here we hired a boat, and proceeded accross the Gulph to Pozzuoli ; we saw on our left the conical hill called Monte Nuovo, which was raised in one night by an earthquake ; and we passed close to several pillars of masonry built in the sea, which are said, I believe without foundation, to be the remains of a bridge which Caligula intended to build across the bay from Pozzuoli to Bajæ. That maddest of all the mad rulers of the world, did indeed construct a bridge, but it was a temporary one of boats. This is certainly a strange country ; a land of volcanoes and earthquakes ; of sulphur and hot springs ; fertile, yet uncultivated and deserted ; encumbered with the ruins of former greatness and with memorials of the crimes and follies of mankind.

Leaving Pozzuoli, we went to the lake of Agnano, a fine bason, about a mile in diameter, embosomed in hills rising immediately around. It is a very sequestered place fit for meditation and melancholy. The greatest silence prevails here ; the hills are covered with wild shrubs, and high above the rest rises the Monte Camaldoli ; on its summit stands a convent of the order of that name, which is among the most rigid of the monastic institutions ; one of its principal rules enjoins a rigorous silence. The pious Cenobites who inhabit those " deep solitudes and awful cells," were deprived by the French government of their lands, which lay round the convent ; and they are now possessed by one of the former ministers of Murat, who assumes the title of Count of Camaldoli. The banks of the lake of Agnano are very unwholesome during the summer, and the poor monks, notwithstanding their elevated situation, are not secure from the baneful effects of the atmosphere. Scarcely a year passes but some of them catch the fever and die of it : their convent is certainly not the abode of luxury. As I sat on the peaceful banks of Agnano, the calm waters of which were rippling against the shore, I

thought of the Roman conquerors who once lived in this very country, reclined in the lap of luxury and surrounded by almost eastern splendour; and then turning my eye to that lonely convent, that asylum where all terrestrial passions are forgotten, and where man only waits for death, I compared the two extremes of human condition, and as I weighed them in my mind they appeared to poise one another in the balance.

The malaria is a terrible phenomenon; it is an invisible fiend that extends its curse over that vast and beautiful part of Italy, which lies along the shores of the Mediterranean, and like the plague, changes some of the finest regions of the world into deserts. Is the want of population the cause of the malaria, or is it vice versa? However that may be, as the evil stands now, the thing most important to be ascertained is, whether any effort of man can destroy its influence. Several partial attempts have been made to colonize and cultivate the *maremme*, but the malaria has not decreased, and sooner or latter the settlers have become its victims. Its effects are various according to different constitutions and habits. Sometimes it is a violent fever which carries a man off in a few days, but more commonly it is an intermittent which destroys all the energies of the body, and enaciates the wretched sufferer, making his breath labour and his body swell. Some linger this way for years; the winter generally decreases the paroxysms of the fever, but they return with the returning heat, and at last, at the falling of the leaves, the helpless victims wither away and die. The appearance of these poor creatures during the summer is very distressing. The common traveller has a specimen of them at the post houses in the pontine marshes between Velletri and Terracina, on the road from Rome to Naples.

The natural unwholesomeness of the Lake of Agnano is increased by the quantity of flax put in it to steep during summer. Close to it is the well-known Grotta del Cane, a fissure in the rock, in which a vapour arises so noxious as to take away the senses and even the life of any animal which is compelled to inhale it for a length of time. The poor dogs upon which the

experiment is repeated for the satisfaction of every new traveller that arrives, are perfectly disciplined to this state of transition between life and death, and come whining to every stranger, offering themselves as it were to the torture. But when they are put to the trial the keeper is obliged to hold them down; they recover their strength on being restored to the open air. I feel a dislike for this exhibition; the satisfaction of one's curiosity is not worth purchasing at the price of the violent, however temporary sufferings of an innocent creature.

We left the peaceful solitude of Agnano with the last rays of the setting sun, and returned to Naples, having well employed our day in one of the most interesting excursions that a foreigner can make in the neighbourhood of Naples.

LETTER II.

General remarks upon national character.—Striking features of the Neapolitans.—Want of decency and decorum.—Laziness of the people, and misery arising from it.—Imprudent marriages.—Personal appearance of the Neapolitans.—Scarcity of beauty in the sex.—Character of Neapolitan women, contrasted with that of the Sicilian fair.—Thoughtlessness a general characteristic of this people.—Influence of the French upon them.—Fair side of the Neapolitan character.—Charitable institutions.—State of the sciences and literature.—Lawyers.—Literary characters now living.—Naples the country of music.—Neapolitan painters.—Mechanical arts neglected.—Yearly exhibition of national manufactures.—Concluding remarks on the preceding subjects.—Excursion to Castellamare and to the Monte San Michele.—Popular tradition about this mountain.—Magnificent view from the summit of it.—Chapel dedicated to the archangel.—Return to Castellamare.—Excursion to Sorrento.—Beautiful mountain scenery.—Piano di Sorrento.—House of Tasso.—Opera Seria at San Carlo.—Ballet of Hamlet.—Matrimonio Segreto at the Fondo.—Ballet de M. des Chalumeaux.—Strange scenes at Naples.—Remarkable Churches.—Palaces belonging to the Sovereign.—Caserta.—Ancient Capua.—Palaces of the Nobility.—Visit to the Chinese College.—Padre Giovanni.—Grand review of the Neapolitan troops.—Villeggiatura.

NAPLES, SEPTEMBER, 1818.

THE character of the Neapolitans has been described by several travellers of note, so that I shall confine myself to a few general remarks I have made during my residence in this country. If a correct outline can really be traced of the moral features of the whole of a population, so as to distinguish them from other nations, still so many exceptions are to be found, that one ought to be extremely cautious in expressing his opinion. Foreigners visiting Naples are mostly introduced to persons of the upper classes, who are (to appearance at least) pretty much alike all

over Europe, or to mercenary people, who have evidently an interest to show only the fair side of their character, and have, besides, that general desire natural to the Italians, of pleasing and captivating the minds of strangers : these two classes cannot therefore give a correct idea of a nation. For my part, acquainted as I am with the dialect and manners of this country, and having had frequent opportunities of mixing familiarly with persons of all classes and stations, I shall endeavour to sketch faithfully what I have collected from actual observation. I intend in this letter to speak chiefly of the capital and its neighbourhood.

A peculiar feature which strikes me in the character of Neapolitans, is their indifference to the opinion which strangers may entertain of them. The first expressions I heard from the natives on entering the harbour, and which I have since frequently heard repeated were violently abusive of their own nation, accusing their countrymen of want of honor, faith, charity, &c. A Neapolitan will often express his disdain of his own countrymen in the presence of strangers so as to puzzle these about the manner how to behave on such an unexpected occasion. I had a friend, who, finding himself in this awkward position, and not knowing what to say in compliment to his over modest guests, attempted, at least, to extol their sobriety, but he was immediately contradicted, by an assurance, that even this virtue, so generally ascribed to the Italians, no longer existed at Naples. My friend seeing his officious civility so bluntly rejected, now joined in abusing the whole nation, as he perceived it to be agreeable to the sentiments of his hearers. This disposition is not to be found, I believe, amongst any other people ; for in general we see that men of all countries, from the lowest and most contemptible hordes, up to the greatest nations, are eager to assert the superiority of their countrymen. The only explanation of this phenomenon seems to be, that these people are really persuaded of their degraded moral state, by the daily experience they have of it in their intercourse with their countrymen, and that by comparing their behaviour with that of the numerous strangers who visit their country, they cannot help expressing what they feel with

all their natural vivacity. Shame, that last loitering attendant of virtue, seems to be lost in the general corruption, and patriotism has fled from the polluted soil. There is a strong prejudice in other parts of Italy against the Neapolitans ; the latter are so convinced of this, as to appear unwilling, when abroad, to acknowledge themselves as such. A young gentleman, a native of this country, but of Tuscan extraction, while travelling in Lombardy, was introduced into a company where the usual question was put to him, " what countryman he was ? " He answered that he was a Florentine, which rather surprised his hearers, as he did not pronounce Italian with the Tuscan accent ; upon which he added that by an accident (*combinazione*) he was born at Naples. *Brutta combinazione*, a most unlucky accident, was the immediate reply. It happens, unfortunately for them, that of all Italians the Neapolitans are most tenacious of their broad accent, of which they very seldom divest themselves, even after a long residence abroad, so that they are generally found out on speaking a few words.

Decency and delicacy are not conspicuous in the manners of the inhabitants of this country. Every thing is done in public, the conversation runs upon the most extraordinary topics and with as little disguise as possible. Boys are seen running about the streets especially near the sea, in a state of nakedness or nearly so. The entrances and stairs of the houses and palaces are filled with every kind of nuisance. The windows and balconies are generally thrown open, so that every thing is to be seen which is going on in a neighbour's house. Neapolitans of every class, when they come home, during the summer, that is to say six months in the year, take off their coats and neckcloths, and sit down at dinner with a night gown on, or with their shirt sleeves tucked up to their elbows. Ladies perform their toilette with the doors of their dressing rooms ajar, in sight of servants and strangers. All this, however, admits of some excuse, as the heat of the weather is in a great measure one of the principal causes of such indelicate customs.

The greatest familiarity often prevails between masters and

servants. The former often joke and laugh with the latter, they talk confidentially of their affairs and intrigues before them, some even play at cards with them; it is natural, therefore, to expect no reverence nor subordination from domestics who are the confidants of all their master's foibles and vices. This renders Neapolitan servants perhaps the very worst in the world. They are dirty, lazy, and careless, insolent and unfaithful. They are great thieves, some of them will steal the paltriest things that fall in their way. Most of them, especially when out of livery, would think it beneath them to carry a bundle, or any thing in their hands through the streets, and will actually refuse to do it, or employ a porter for the purpose. Gambling, sleeping, and defaming their masters, are the pastimes in which they spend the greatest part of the day while loitering in idleness in the anti-rooms. By their means, all the secrets of their masters and mistresses are made known to the world. Still the difficulty of getting better, and the danger of falling into worse hands, make their employers put up with them. If threatened to be turned out they will answer with the greatest impudence that their masters will not be the better by the change; it is a general saying amongst them that they give the law to their masters. Foreigners generally provide themselves with servants from the north of Italy, who have a better reputation for honesty; most of the custom house porters are also from that part of the country.

A disposition to laziness prevails in the inhabitants of Naples, and it is a source of vice and indigence: *In otio nata Parthenope*. Work is done in a bad and slovenly manner, the principal object of workmen seems to be to cheat their masters, and labour as little as they can for their wages. A Neapolitan goes to dinner regularly at twelve o'clock, and scarce any prospect of gain will make him delay that most important business; after dinner he generally goes to bed for a couple of hours; most of the shops are shut from one to five o'clock during the greater part of the year. Thus these people slumber away their life, and they are consequently enervated and effeminate. Even the exercise of speech seems to be at times burthensome to them; and when not impelled by his passions or some other strong

motive, a Neapolitan prefers expressing himself by gestures. A stranger enquiring his way, or any other question, can hardly bring them to articulate a monosyllable in answer. I have seen a barber sitting gravely in his shop and dozing while his workman attended to business, and a boy was fanning him and driving the flies from his face. This general inclination to indolence and to the *dolce far niente* accounts in a great measure for the misery of the lower classes, which is greater here than I have seen it in any other country, and is particularly striking on holidays, and at their numerous festivals and processions, where thousands of ragged people are to be seen, with scarce a well dressed person amongst them. Another source of poverty is the thoughtlessness with which they contract marriages, without having any means of subsistence. The little money the parties can bring together, is often barely sufficient to defray the expences of the marriage ceremony and of the nuptial dinner, and to provide them with a straw pallet, after which they are left to meet the morrow as well as they can; and it must be observed that they have not the resource of parish relief. The women are very fruitful and give birth to swarms of little wretches, who run about the streets half-starved, half naked, and dirty, and of whom those that escape death, marry in their turn as soon as of age, and thus a mendicant generation is continually perpetuated. The mothers carry their little ones in their arms from house to house, endeavouring to excite pity and to support themselves by begging. A man earning a *tari* a day, about ten-pence English, will think of marrying without any scruple. All women, young and old, handsome or ugly, maids or widows, think of nothing but marrying, it is the only scope of their actions, the goal which they all have in view. How might this propensity be checked in a country like this, or rather, how could its fatal consequences be prevented without incurring greater evils, is a very difficult question for political economists; connected as it is with so many natural and moral considerations, it seems to baffle human wisdom to resolve it. It is perhaps one of the most striking instances in which one can hardly doubt of the existence of moral evil.

The peevishness arising from bad diet, want of comforts, and all the other sad effects of the thoughtlessness and imprudence of these hasty connections, shews itself with all the violence of southern temper, and the poor children are often sufferers by it. Capricious rebukes, imprecations and blows, are profusely dealt to them by their wretched parents. A stranger can hardly form an idea of the misery which the interior of poor Neapolitan families affords. Several generations are huddled together on the naked floor in a garret or stable; old and young; healthy and infirm; males and females, to the utter destruction of health, morals, and all remains of rationality. Some live actually in the streets, many in boats, and these are the best off. Such is the state of the lowest classes, including most of those who live by daily labour, and who constitute perhaps one third of the inhabitants of this city. There is nothing here to be compared to the middling classes of England. There are few intermediate steps between indigence and riches; between want and luxury. It is really distressing to see such a number of wretched beings, and appalling to think how easily they might be led astray to commit any crimes, as has been the case in times of political convulsions. The wonder is, how they keep quiet at all, and it must be said, that amongst all their vices, these people are not naturally, malignant nor sulk; and are, on the contrary, rather good natured when not provoked by immediate want or temptation. Women, particularly, have a look of carelessness and joviality in the midst of all their miseries which is truly astonishing. They are fully susceptible of a better condition, and the greater pity it is that they should be left in such a state of degradation. But many causes conspire to keep them down to it, and perhaps originate in part with the climate and nature of their country, and with their own physical and moral qualities.

The men of this country are a stout good looking race. As for the women, there is much less beauty among them than in any other part of Italy. One sees but few pleasing countenances among the young women; the expression of their features is in general far from agreeable; their looks are too bold and daring; their voices coarse and masculine; and their complex-

ions unhealthy. Corpulence seems to be here an appendage of beauty. One of the first observations upon a woman is about her being *bella chiatta*. This is also the Moorish idea of beauty, for which mothers in Barbary cram their daughters with *rous-koustou*, that they may attract some day the notice of their lords. I am tempted to believe, that in this as well as in other instances, one might trace at Naples the influence of the vicinity of Africa. The scarcity of beauty, and especially of grace in Neapolitan women, may be attributed to the joint effects of their gross diet; their want of comforts; the violence of their passions; their sedantry life; and their want of refinement and taste, especially in their dress and carriage. All these feelings are particularly striking to a foreigner coming from Florence, Rome, or Genoa, these three nurseries of fine women. The Neapolitans, however, find no fault with their countrywomen, on the contrary, the latter always find admirers, whether young or old, good looking or ugly; and in that respect, Naples might really be called the paradise of women. It is but fair to observe, that the heat of the climate and the volcanic and sulphuric atmosphere of Naples, must have their share in spoiling the complexion of females, in giving them that sallow hue that they all have, and in relaxing their fibres, so that a woman may be considered old at the age of thirty, while at fourteen girls are already full-grown. But, neither climate nor their mode of living can take away from them their dark shining eyes; their naturally pretty mouths, when not distorted by their broad lengthened pronunciation; and their delicate hands and feet, which almost rival those of the Spanish beauties.

The women in this country do not mix in general much illusion and spirituality in their tender passion. Love is not here —

“ ————— A light from Heaven
A spark of that immortal fire
With Angels shar'd, by Alla given
To lift from earth each low desire.” *

* See Appendix, No. 2.

The Neapolitan Cupid is of a lower cast ; he is the blind child of nature—the offspring of the earth and of the climate—he is terrestrial, undisguised, and bold. The want of instruction and of education in women ; the idleness in which they loiter away their time ; the indecent scenes they have continually before their eyes ; the bad example from their early youth ; and the corrupt morals of the men ; all these causes, united to the heat of the climate and the common use of wine and spices, are more than sufficient to account for the relaxed manners and loose behaviour of the sex in general : angels alone could remain pure in such an atmosphere of corruption. But, what I find particular in these women, is their want of that soul, which females of other nations equally corrupt, still preserve. Their neighbours and half-countrywomen, the Sicilian fair, living under the influence of a still hotter climate, and in the middle of a nature more luxuriant, are equally amorous, but they mix with their passion a great dose of feeling and enthusiasm. Their national songs are full of pathos and tenderness ; their pastorals * breathe the fire of real affection exalted by a burning imagination. Nothing of the kind is to be found at Naples. The gallantry of the Sicilians rather resembles that of the polished Athenians ; the gallantry of the Neapolitans is more like that of the Asiatics. The Sicilian women are bewitching dangerous creatures, susceptible of all the tenderness, the self-devotedness, and the madness of love ; there is often a romantic generosity in them, and they are capable of the greatest sacrifices for the object of their attachment. Absence is the only rock against which their constancy is wrecked ; for, as they shortly but frankly express it : *Lontano dagli occhi, lontano dal cuore.*

Marriages at Naples among the upper classes, are, as every where else, decided by considerations of rank and fortune, but the rest of the population run into the opposite extreme. Matches are imprudently made in consequence of capricious and sudden inclinations, the nuptial vows are soon forgotten, recrimination and disgust follow close, and thence to infidelity there is but a step.

* See Appendix, No. 3.

A striking circumstance often to be observed in Neapolitan families, is the great difference of complexion and features of children of the same parents ; it is a remark I have made myself and heard often repeated by others.

Indolence and carelessness are prevailing features of the Neapolitan character. They only live in the present, they drive away the idea of futurity as an unwelcome monitor, and whatever they do, is marked with thoughtlessness and want of foresight. If a funeral passes by, although it be that of a friend, *salute d noi*, long life to us, they exclaim, shrugging up their shoulders with a revolting selfishness. They pass by the most wretched objects of distress which abound in the streets of this capital, without paying the least attention to them ; the sight of misery and disease does not in the least damp their spirits, and they hurry unfeelingly on by the starving beggar to go and squander their money at a party in the country or at the gambling table. If they are in want of cash they contract debts which they have neither the means nor the intention of acquitting, without reflecting that this course of life will lead them ultimately to a prison or an hospital. They eat as if they were taking their last meal ; it is a common occurrence on Christmas eve among poor people to pledge or sell their clothes, their scanty furniture, and even their bed, to be able to regale themselves on the following day. All their desires are concentrated in the enjoyment of the moment ; *carpe diem* seems to be the universal precept. The same disposition renders them fond of gambling ; that exercise, by rousing their dormant energies, possesses great charms for them, and the deceiving hope of making their fortune in one night, attracts crowds to the fatal table, where they generally complete their ruin. It is a common practice among the people of this country to promise anything to captivate the friendship of a person present, without giving themselves the trouble of considering whether they will be able to perform what they have engaged themselves to do ; consequently little trust is to be put in their words. When Vesuvius thunders aloud, or an earthquake threatens them with destruction ; when fiery streams vomited from the roaring mouth of the volcano roll on, carrying

devastation over the plains below ; when the air is darkened by clouds of smoke and showers of ashes, the Neapolitans fall on their knees, fast, do penance, and follow the processions barefooted ; but as soon as the roar has ceased, the flame has disappeared, and the atmosphere has recovered its wonted serenity, they return to their usual mode of life, they sink again into sloth and corruption, and the tinkling sounds of the *tamburrello* calls them again to the lascivious dance of the *tarantella*.

A want of decorum and of good breeding is observable in their manners. They are noisy and disorderly in their parties, indiscreet in their questions and reflections, indelicate and vulgar in their language, vain, boastful, and exaggerating. Their broad stare in the streets is peculiarly offensive to a stranger. The shopkeepers of Naples are the rudest and the least complaisant I have met in all my travels ; they will hardly give themselves the trouble of reaching a package for a customer, nor of answering civilly his questions. Another of their customs is that of over-rating all their goods and asking you double and sometimes treble the real price. The natives are used to it and chaffer with them in consequence, but a stranger is often imposed upon ; indeed it is almost impossible ever to judge at Naples whether one has paid no more than the real worth of any thing.

From what I have said, it will appear that I look upon Naples as one of the most corrupt cities in Europe ; it is, however, a corruption quite different from that of other capitals, such as Paris or London ; it is a mixture of the rudeness of a people half savage, for such is the state of the lower classes, with the vices of luxury and civilization fostered among the upper ones. It is a sad remark that the Neapolitans seem to have copied from the various nations that have successively ruled over them, rather their bad than their good qualities ; and this observation is particularly applicable to their intercourse with the French their late masters. From these the young gentry have imbibed an ignorant contempt for the religion of their country, a restless disposition, with an additional dose of selfishness and vanity, without having been able to acquire at least the elegance of

manners, and the easy and pleasing address, which, although diminished since the revolution, are still qualities in great measure belonging to the French.

Having been obliged by a regard to truth, to trace such unfavourable features of the Neapolitan character, I think it but just to state what I have collected on its fair side. And first, I must say there is a great quantum of good nature and gaiety of temper in these people, especially in the middling classes. When not under the immediate pressure of want or grief the Neapolitan is good tempered, communicative, and social. Considering the state of ignorance and misery of the lower classes, heinous crimes may be said to be rare in Naples; the murders you hear of now and then generally originate in the passions of jealousy and revenge; and a man who does not make himself the object of these passions has nothing to fear. I have often passed late at night through some of the most solitary streets of this city without ever meeting an accident. They are more likely to pick your pocket in the streets than to assault you daringly, and they seldom add robbery to murder. Avarice is not the prevailing vice of this country, the people are rather inclined to its opposite extreme, and most of them live beyond their income. They are very fond of parties and of meeting their friends at the social board. The Neapolitans are possessed of natural good sense, penetration and humour; their shrewd and expressive eyes are often the only vehicles of conveying their sentiments, and a mute conversation is often carried on between two persons, of which a bystander who is not initiated in the mysteries of this telegraphic communication, has not the least suspicion. Their pantomime is excellent; they always accompany their words with gestures expressive of their ideas. Their repartees are generally ready and appropriate—even their *lazzaroni* shine in them. Under Murat's reign, a French general just arrived at Naples, had his trunk carried to the hotel by a porter, on the fellow's asking for a remuneration, which the Frenchman considered too much, the latter said he was well aware that Naples was a den of thieves; the *lazzaroni* shrugged up his shoulders, and with a half sly half simple look, turned to one of his comrades

who was standing by "*Non te l'aggio ditto,*" said he, "*che non ce ne stanno chian a Parigi de mariuoli, sò tutti benuti cd.*" Did I not tell you that there are no longer any thieves at Paris, for they are all come here.

Naples abounds with charitable institutions : many hospitals ; an immense workhouse called the Reclusorio or Serraglio, where more than a thousand poor are provided with shelter and food ; an establishment for the blind at San Ginseppello at Chiaja, which well deserves the attention of the philanthropist ; several colleges and seminaries for young men ; conservatorj or charitable houses for poor girls, among which that of the Miracoli, instituted by Caroline, Murat's consort, is one of the best managed ; the asylum for repentant women at L' Angelo Custode, and many others which it would be too long to enumerate. All these are possessed of revenues given to them either by government or by charitable individuals. I am sorry to say that the French rulers or the persons employed under them, did not always respect this sacred property ; when pressed for money, they did not scruple to seize upon a fund destined for the orphans, the blind, the aged and the infirm.

In point of science and literature, the Neapolitans, although generally speaking, they are behind the rest of the Italians, still can boast of many illustrious names among their countrymen. Some of their literary characters are unknown beyond the limits of their native country ; among those whose names have passed the Alps, are Giannone, the author of the history of the two Sicilies, Filangieri, who wrote on the science of legislation, Cerloni, the author of several comedies, Cavalier Filomarino, and the Padre della Torre, both celebrated naturalists, Nicola Valetta an eminent jurisconsult and poet, who has written a very curious work on the *fascino* or "evil eye," the two well known physicians Cirillo and Cotugno, and many others. The most learned class in Naples is that of the lawyers, among whom are to be found many who besides a deep knowledge of their own profession, have also cultivated the muses to advantage, and who claim an acquaintance with the literature of other nations. The

law is the only profession at Naples in which a man of abilities may hope to advance, and to reach the highest stations. The Neapolitan lawyers chiefly excel in availing themselves of the intricacies and subtilities of their own profession; they have in a certain manner the best part of the property of the kingdom in their hand, as there is not perhaps a landholder but what has two or three suits pending before the courts. This is one of the greatest evils of this country; a lawyer and a suit are indispensable appendages of property; some of the principal families have suits which have been continued for a century, and for which a certain sum is yearly appropriated, although the business never advances, and at last the expences swallow up the whole capital.

There are at present several literary characters in this country whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. Among the rest the astronomer Padre Piazzi, who, although not a native, is as it were, naturalized in this country; a naturalist of the name of Lippi, who has written a clever dissertation upon the manner in which the city of Pompeii was buried; Cocco, a man of distinguished literary merit, the author of *I viaggi di Platone in Italia* and of an eloquent account of the revolution of Naples in 1799; the Prince of San Giorgio, an antiquary and poet; the Marquis Berio, an elegant poet, and well acquainted with English literature; the Marquis Montroni, a distinguished literary character; the Marquis Canetto, and several others. The last-mentioned gentleman has just written an imitation of Othello in blank verse, the language of which is eloquent and powerful. The song of Desdemona "*Fui felice un giorno anch' io,*" is particularly fine, and written with all the softness and pathos of which the Italian language is susceptible*.

Naples is well known as the country of music; its *conservatorii* are nurseries from which many eminent professors of that science are produced. The list of the Neapolitan composers is very long; the names of Cimarosa and Paisiello shine above the

* See the Appendix, Note 4.

rest like two stars of the first magnitude. Among the living ones a young nobleman of the name of Caraffa, has composed several operas, which have been received with considerable applause.

Naples has produced many eminent painters, among which Salvator Rosa (who was also an excellent satirical poet) Solimene, Luca Giordano, and Cavalier Arpino, are the most distinguished names.

Mechanical arts have made little progress at Naples ; although they boast of the china of their royal manufactory, the cutlery of Campo Basso, the woollen cloths of Arpino, their guitars and musical strings, their carriages, which are certainly the best specimens of their workmanship ; still generally speaking, the arts are here in their infancy, and people who can afford to pay for the refinements of life are obliged to get them from France, England, and Germany. The articles of furniture made at Naples are clumsy and unfinished ; it requires hauds of brass to make use of them ; their doors, window frames, and shutters never close well, and admit the air through innumerable interstices, so that on a rainy or chilly day one is obliged to run out of the house to warm oneself. The best jewellers, milliners, taylors, and shoemakers, are all foreigners ; the best *restaurateurs* are Milanese, the only circulating library is kept by a Frenchman ; in the same manner the architect who is erecting the colonnade in front of the King's palace is a native of Lombardy ; a German has established a cotton manufactory at Piedemonte, a small town about fifty miles from the capital ; some of the best officers in the Neapolitan army are foreigners, and the principal merchants and bankers at Naples are also strangers ; all which is certainly not to the credit of the natives.

The best specimen of the state of the arts and manufactures in this country is the yearly exhibition of the produce of national industry, which is open to the public in the month of May, in the lower apartments of the National Palace de' Studj. This

was first instituted by the French in imitation of their own exhibition of the Louvre. This kind of display has been looked upon by some, more as a show to gratify national vanity, than as a useful encouragement to industry; but in a country like Naples which is so backward in all things of this kind, and where foreigners monopolize all the credit and profit of the mechanical arts, I think an exhibition of native workmanship must be productive of good effects, by stimulating the self-love and rousing the dormant energies of the people. I saw this year some good woollen cloth, from ten to twelve ducats the canna (which is a Neapolitan measure, something more than two yards English) some good silks of the royal manufactory at Santo Leucio near Caserta, some good tanned leather, some good hats, fine china ware, mathematical instruments, articles of furniture, &c. This people seem in general rather better imitators than inventors. There was also an exhibition of paintings by living artists, among which some good landscapes by Cali, and some historical pieces and portraits by Falciani; I saw also some very good miniatures by M. Comte, a French artist. Zuccarello, an eminent miniature painter, a native of Calabria, died a short time ago. There is now resident in Naples M. Huber, a landscape painter, and a Swiss by birth, a young man of great genius.

From all that I have said it will appear that the Neapolitans are possessed of many good natural qualities, which either are slumbering in them, or are not directed towards proper and beneficial objects; yet the elements exist with which many things might be effected: and the mass of the nation, particularly in the provinces, is rather below civilization than advanced to the extreme of corruption, and their minds are like an unbroken soil, which contains all its primitive strength and fertility, and which, with the help of a skilful labourer, would bring forth an abundant and valuable harvest. If this country continue to enjoy peace, if government apply itself to the encouragement of education and industry, and if the laws be found sufficient to protect property, Naples will certainly improve every year; and the

presence of foreigners of every description who resort to this place, will nurse the new-born spirit of emulation and patriotism in the hearts of its inhabitants.

On the 1st of August I set off with a party of friends to visit the peninsula opposite to Naples, which divides this bay from the Gulph of Salerno. We embarked in one of the *lancie* or long boats which set off every day about noon from Naples for Castellamare. This was the cheapest passage I ever had; the fare is only one *carlino*, about four-pence English for each person, besides which one is expected to give a few grains *per le anime del Purgatorio* : * the distance is about fourteen miles, and we went across in three hours, chiefly by rowing, as there was scarcely any breeze. We had in company with us a party of strolling musicians who were going to a little town called Gragnano, to attend a festival. They played some tunes when we were in the middle of the gulph, gliding through its blue waves in sight of the most delightful scenery in the world. On arriving at Castellamare, we proceeded to the inn on the *marina* or walk along the sea shore. This inn is the best in the neighbourhood of Naples. The accommodations are good, the charges reasonable, and the prospect which the house commands is beautiful. Castellamare is a place much resorted to in summer; its various mineral waters, which are beneficial in many complaints, and its fine cool situation, sheltered by the mountains from the Scirocco, are the chief attractions of the place. The most celebrated waters at Castellamare are the *acqua media*, which is impregnated with sulphur, the *acqua rossa*, which is chalybeate, and the *acqua acetosella*, which resembles the *acqua sulfurea* of Santa Lucia at Naples. The common method prescribed by the physicians here is to drink half a bottle of the first in the morning, a tumbler of *acqua rossa* mixed with wine at noon, and as much of the *acetosella* as one can drink in the evening. This treatment, assisted by the salubrity of the climate, a wholesome

* It is a general custom in Italy to collect money from charitable and religious persons for the purpose of having masses and prayers said for the relief of those souls which are doing penance in purgatory.

diet, and the romantic quietness of the place, is considered sufficient, when persevered in for a month or six weeks, to relieve a person from the liver complaint, if it be not too inveterate. The expence of the waters is a mere trifle. A person may live at Castellamare cheaper than at Naples.

On the morning of the 2nd of August we set out an hour before day-break, preceded by a guide, who carried some provisions, to ascend the Monte San Michele, which rises just behind Castellamare, and is the highest mountain in the neighbourhood of Naples, being more than four thousand feet in height. It takes its name from a chapel built on its summit, in honor of the Archangel St. Michael. We began to ascend by a very fine road, which winds up the hill between two rows of trees, and we passed a country house belonging to the King, about a mile distant from Castellamare. The gardens are extensive, but they seem neglected, as the King seldom comes here; grass grows in the courts, wild plants obstruct the walks, and every thing bears the marks of abandonment. We saw on our left Monte Coppola, so called because its shape somewhat resembles a sailor's cap. Beyond the villa, the road becomes steeper and more difficult, until at last it is lost in the woods and is succeeded by a path scarcely discernible. Owing to the presumptuous ignorance of our guide, who probably had never been up the mountain before, we lost our way, and lengthened our journey thereby about one half. The sun grew intensely hot, and as we emerged out of the woods, we found ourselves exposed to all its violence, which in the month of August, and in the latitude of Naples, is by no means inconsiderable. Two of our companions were disheartened by the disappointment of missing the road, and returned to Castellamare, while three of us pursued our journey. At last, at eleven o'clock we arrived at the top of the first ridge, whence we saw at once the Gulph of Salerno on one side, and that of Naples on the other, with the open sea beyond Capri. We were then higher than the summit of Vesuvius, and we beheld at our feet the rich plains of Nola, and the towns of Sarno, Nocera, and Gragnano. We turned to our left through a chasm in the rocks, and descended into a valley that separates

this first ridge from the upper summit, which is a naked cliff of calcareous stone almost perpendicular, and shaped like a fortress with two cavaliers, on one of which stands the chapel. Exhausted and thirsty as we were we thought of resting ourselves before we attempted to proceed, and to our great satisfaction we found a kind of recess or shelter under a rock with a cool spring issuing from it. Then we lay on the ground, and having recourse to our basket of provisions, we made a heartier meal than we ever did at the most epicurean tables in Naples. We were surrounded by a few sheep and goats, the only inhabitants of those wild regions. The spring is called L' acqua santa, from an old tradition which reports, that the devil having once established a school on the summit of the mountain, was driven from it by the Archangel, and that while satan was scampering down the hill as fast as he could, Michael threw his spear at him, which, missing its aim, fixed itself in the rock where it made the cleft from which the water springs. Without entering into the merits of this legend, one material objection to it struck me, arising from the circumstance of a projecting part of the rock situated so as to be in a line between the summit of the mountain where the Archangel is supposed to have stood, and the cleft in the rock said to have been formed by his spear, which could not well reach it without going round the corner: *Credat Judæus Apella.*

Some beautiful chesnut trees grow around this spot. A solemn stillness prevailed in the air, only interrupted now and then by the distant tinkling of the little bells fastened to the necks of the goats which were grazing in the valley below. A wretched object of distress, lying on the ground at a few paces from us was a sad drawback on this peaceful and happy scene; this was a poor man whom a swollen knee rendered incapable of moving from that uninhabited spot. He had come, he said, from Castellamare to carry provisions for some foreigners who went up the mountain, but the disease in his knee growing worse by the fatigue of the journey, he was obliged to halt and lie down where we found him. There he had remained for two days and nights, without any other food than what he acci-

dentally got from the charity of some straggling shepherd or traveller, and there he seemed to be calmly waiting for the breaking of the abscess, which would take, he said, two or three days more. He seemed contented to pass this time in that deserted place, where he might however die of hunger and illness, or be devoured by the wolves. Such scenes of wretchedness and helpless distress are frequent in this country, and perhaps they are not so severely felt by a native as we are apt to think. There was no means of having him conveyed down the mountain; but we gave him a share of our provisions, for which he expressed his gratitude with the warmth of a Neapolitan. After an hour's rest we left the Acqua Santa to climb the upper ridge. We ascended the naked rock by a flight of steps hewn in it, among stupendous masses detached from the mountain and hanging over the precipice, at the bottom of which the waves of the Gulph of Salerno were seen clashing against the shore. At last, at about one o'clock we arrived at the chapel, the goal of our excursion. There a most magnificent view rewarded us for all our past fatigues. An extensive horizon presented itself to our view; we saw to the east the whole Gulph of Salerno, about thirty miles in breadth, stretching towards Cape Palinuro, beyond which the distant mountains of Calabria terminated the view. To the west we saw the Bay of Naples, with the islands of Ischia and Procida, and beyond it the greater part of Campania Felix, the plains of Capua, and the low grounds towards the Garigliano as far as Gaeta. To the north, the view extended as far as the great chain of Apennines which divides the Terra di Lavoro from Puglia and Abruzzo; that majestic ridge, the spinal bone as it were of Italy, running in a south easterly direction till it joins the Calabrian mountains, bounded the prospect. Many inferior ridges detach themselves from the parent chain and extend in a sloping direction towards the sea. To the south, the whole peninsula of Sorrento and Massa, which divides the two gulphs, lay spread like a map; beyond it was the rugged island of Capri, and farther on, the Tyrrhenian sea terminated the view. We saw Parthenope and its palaces reduced to a miniature, and the eminences which surround it appeared like ant-hills. The dark head of Vesuvius lay far below us, and it did not appear to be

more than two thirds of the height of San Michele. The Bay of Naples encircled with a brilliant zone of towns, hamlets, and villas, contrasted in a striking manner with the Gulph of Salerno on our left. On the shores of the latter, nature is rude and wild; here steep craggy rocks, there marshy desolate plains, in the middle of which stand the solitary remains of ancient Pæstum: the plains are inhabited by herds of buffaloes, the only animal which thrives in those unwholesome regions. The Gulph of Salerno has a much wider entrance than that of Naples, its scenery is grand and romantic, but gloomy; there is much solemnity but little variety in it. The only spots that break through the broad surface of that immense bason, are two or three small rocks called I Galli, which were notorious places of resort for privateers during the last war. Opposite to them stood the little town of Positano, apparently almost under our feet; it seemed as though we could have thrown stones on the terraces of its houses. The city of Salerno was concealed from our view by some hills. The stillness of the air and the clearness of the deep blue sky on which the glorious sun was shining in its meridian splendour, gave an indescribable grandeur to the scene. The busy world and all its bustle, its pleasures and its cares appear insignificant, when contemplated from these heights.

After having feasted my eyes with one of the most extensive views I ever saw, which embraces perhaps the sixth part of the kingdom of Naples, I and my companions went into the chapel to shelter ourselves from the heat of the sun, the good friar gave us admittance and regaled us with a draught of water as cold as ice from the well. The chapel is very small, and a little dwelling house is annexed to it for the use of the friar who comes here every Sunday to say mass. What recommends this sanctuary to the popular devotion is the shrine of St. Michael, over which there is a statue of the Archangel, which is said to perspire regularly every year on the first of August; the friar collects the drops of this holy dew by rubbing cotton on the stone, fills a vial with them, and parsimoniously distributes them to the devotees. A large crowd of people collects on that day in the chapel, and naturalists have from this circumstance explained the

phenomenon. An inscription attests the miracle ; but in spite of this puerility, the simplicity of the poor chapel of St. Michael, and the solitude of the airy region in which it is built, struck me with a certain awe, and I entered its precincts with more reverence than I had felt under the gilded roofs and marble aisles of the gorgeous churches of Naples. Such a spot as this reminds one of that elvation from which satan displayed the pomps of the world to our Saviour.*

As we came out of the chapel we saw the vapours rising from the sea and the plains, and forming themselves into clouds ; they ascended and spread very fast, and soon concealed the base of Vesuvius. At the same time the sky was beautifully clear above our heads, but it was rather hazy towards the edge of the horizon. I sat myself on the highest point of the rock to behold, once more, the magnificent landscape around me, and many classical recollections crowded to my mind. The scenes of the Eneid and of the Roman history stood present before my eyes ; on one side, Cape Palinuro, the grave of Eneas' pilot ; on the other, Gaeta, where Eneas' nurse was buried ; Torre di Patria, memorable on account of Scipio's exile and death ; Parthenope, Pozzuolo, Bajæ and Cuma, all places of resort and pleasure for the masters of the world ; Pompeii, Stabia, Herculaneum, and Torre del Greco, famous in the annals of the terrible volcano ; Pæstum, celebrated for its wonderful monuments ; Salerno and Amalfi, cities well known in history. The latter claims the honor of the invention of the mariners compass for one of its citizens, Giovanni Gioja. At last we thought of returning, and we started about three o'clock to that effect. I could not help regretting the necessity of descending from such scenes of sublimity to the haunts of men. The mind feels a pure satisfaction in being elevated, as it were, above the world, and in approaching the ethereal regions. I consider this feeling as one of those mementos which providence gives us, to remind us of our better destiny. Opportunities of this kind occur but seldom in the course of life, but they remain

* The chapel St. Michael was struck by lightning and in part destroyed a few months after the date of this letter, but it has been rebuilt since.

impressed on the memory, and serve as bright landmarks through our earthly pilgrimage, as palm-trees scattered through the African waste.

We were about three hours and a half in reaching Castellamare, where we arrived about sun-set, weary and hungry, but unfortunately, being Sunday, the mistress of the house had gone to church; an old servant that remained at home with a mulatto girl, could, or would do nothing for us, and to crown our misfortunes, Teresina, the landlady's neice, a stout dark-eyed lass that had attended us the day before, had eloped that very morning with her lover, the waiter of an adjoining coffee-house, so that we could obtain nothing to satisfy the cravings of appetite. We patiently adjourned to our bed-room, which was also our parlour, and there waited until our *padrona* returned; we had at last a good supper, and after a good night's rest I and a friend proceeded next morning to Sorrento by land, and the rest of our company returned to Naples.

The road, or rather path to Sorrento, leads over the mountains, which form the peninsula between the Gulph of Salerno and the Bay of Naples. We passed the church of Pazzallo, about a mile from Castellamare, where a telegraph is placed, which communicates on one side with the one on the hill of Camaldoli, above Torre dell Annunziata, and on the other with Nocera. It forms part of the telegraphic line between Naples and Palermo, by which I am told that in the former capital they receive news from Sicily in eight hours. From Pozzallo, we began to ascend by a rugged half-traced path over the broken crags, until we reached half-way up the mountain, where the path turns in an horizontal direction, winding round the side of the hill, and suspended as it were over a deep precipice, the foot of which is washed by the sea waves. The stillness of the air, only interrupted by the faint report of the distant surge, the solitude of the place, and the wildness of the scenery around, contrasting with the distant view of the opposite coast of Naples, lined with buildings glittering in the rays of the sun, all these reminded me forcibly of Lord Byron's beautiful lines.

"Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam."

The effect of mountain scenery in Italy, although less awful and striking than that of Switzerland, is, in my opinion, more romantic and pleasing, owing to the charm of a lovely climate, to the brilliant colour of the southern sky and sea, and to the gay aspect of nature,

The appearance of Vesuvius from this place is very grand, its side towards Ottajano rises more boldly than that towards Naples, it stands opposite like a frowning giant, dark, terrific, and alone. I would recommend this excursion from Castellamare to Sorrento, to all lovers of beautiful and sublime scenery, and especially to landscape painters, who will find here an abundance of subjects for their art. We saw the clouds gathering on the other side of the gulph, and the loud roar of the thunder, repeated by the echoes of the mountains, added to the solemnity of the scene. After three hours walk we arrived at Vico, a considerable, but straggling town built on several hills; it is the see of a bishop. From Vico we ascended again through a thick plantation of olive trees, among which we lost sight of the sea; but on arriving at the highest part of the ridge, which forms on this side the boundary of the plain of Sorrento, we had another view of Vesuvius through an opening between the mountains and at the end of a long vista of trees. Descending the hill, we arrived at Meta, a large village in the plain. This lovely region, "*Il piano di Sorrento*," embosomed between the mountains and the sea, and secluded as it were from all the rest of the world, is a complete garden planted with orange and lemon trees, through the foliage of which are seen glimmering the white tops of the houses, and the spires of the churches: this sequestered spot seems to realize all that has been sung by poets of the valley of Tempe, or of the gardens of Armida. The plain is about five miles in length, it contains eighteen thousand inhabitants, and is divided in three districts, called Terzieri, from the Spanish word Terceiro. Besides the city of Sorrento, placed at the far-

the extremity of it, there are three large villages, Meta, Carotto, and Sant' Aniello.

There is a striking difference of manners and morals between the inhabitants of this spot, and those of Naples, although the distance is so very short. Two hours sail across the bay, carries you from a busy, noisy, and corrupted city, into a kind of Eden, where tranquility reigns; simplicity and hospitality are still to be found; where no crimes are heard of; and where young men and girls appear gay, innocent, and happy. The men repair to the capital now and then only for the purpose of commercial intercourse, but their stay in town is short, and solely devoted to business. They talk, however, now of making a carriage road from Castellamare to Sorrento, which would prove a great misfortune to this district; the Neapolitans would then be enabled to drive to it, and bring with them their luxury and their other vices, to contaminate these peaceful inhabitants, and they would besides raise the price of necessaries, which is now extremely moderate.

We proceeded to Sorrento, an ancient town surrounded by walls and ditches, and famous as the birth-place of Tasso. The house in which that child of genius and feeling came into the world, is situated on a cliff that rises perpendicular from the sea. Its present owner, a Neapolitan nobleman, has had it repaired, and the keeper admits strangers to visit it. The bust of Tasso remains as a memorial of its former inmate.

Many strangers of distinction repair to the Piano di Sorrento in summer, as to a cool and pleasant retreat from the heats of the season. Apartments are to be found on very moderate terms. In rambling over the country we saw the villa of Mariano Stinca, an extraordinary man, who, from a captive slave, rose to be the favourite of the Bey of Tunis, where he made an immense fortune, with part of which he had the good luck to repair to his native country, but afterwards returning to Barbary, he was murdered in one of the revolutions so common in that country.

After spending two delightful days in the Piano di Sorrento, we reluctantly departed in one of the boats that sail every day for the capital.

The opera which is now in vogue here, and which has been repeatedly performed at San Carlo, is the *Tancredi*, by Rossini. La Malanotti performs the part of *Tancredi*, and La Festa that of *Amenaide*. They are both first rate singers; the former has a fine contralto voice, which at first is not pleasing, but which, after the ear gets accustomed to it, becomes very attractive, and is full of pathos and expression. She sang beautifully the arietta *di tanti palpiti*, which is her favorite. The first night she appeared on the stage of San Carlo she did not please, but now she is always applauded. I observed, on this occasion, that the voice, unless very powerful, is lost in this immense theatre, perhaps less on account of its size, than of some fault in its construction. The persons who have the misfortune to get back seats, can, with difficulty, make out a few words of the whole opera. The grand Opera Seria is, after all, a dull performance; people generally go there to hear only one or two fine airs, and the rest passes on unheeded by the majority of the auditors. The Opera Buffa is more adapted to the Italian music and the taste of the people. We had also a ballet, the title of which was *Hamlet*, but the subject was sadly disfigured. The ghost appears to Hamlet in his palace, and to explain the circumstance of the murder, points to a sort of mirror on which the horrible transaction is reflected; this contrivance has certainly a very striking effect. Hamlet becomes raving, and attempts at once to kill his uncle; the king is prevented by his wife from putting him to death, but has him confined in a dungeon, where he and all his court pay Hamlet a visit, and where a repetition of the same violence takes place. But the last scene is full of noise and confusion; peals of thunder are heard, clouds of smoke arise, the king is frightened, and Hamlet avails himself of this opportunity to stab him. The queen swoons, and to crown the whole, the ghost appears again surrounded with phosphoric light to testify his satisfaction, and to give, as it were, his blessing to the

audience. This is the substance of the plot ; the piece is intermixed with dances and grotesque exhibitions, which have little to do with the story. The dresses are gaudy, according to the taste of the country. The music however is very good, and atones in part for the silliness of the performance.

I went the other evening to hear the *Matrimonio Segreto* of the immortal Cimarosa. The delightful music of that opera, is just what I conceive music ought to be, not merely a scientific art, but a soft recreation calculated to affect the feelings of any man who has ears and sensibility. The *Matrimonio Segreto* is truly an Italian composition ; it speaks the language of nature, it is by turns gay and affecting, serious and burlesque ; it expresses the different passions by which the characters are actuated, so as to make one forget they are the works of fancy, and mixes with its charming sounds the theatrical illusion which music has always a tendency to destroy. The Italian recitativo resembles so much common conversation that we almost forget people do not talk in music. David, Porta, and La Dardanelli performed the principal parts : the first sang with exquisite feeling the celebrated air, "*Pria che Spunti in ciel l' Aurora.*" Porta excelled in the duo "*Se m' ascoltate un poco un poco.*" After the opera we had for a ballet "*Le retour de Monsieur de Chalumeaux,*" which I had heard much praised, but which disappointed me. Tognino, a famous clown, a native of Bergamo, who accompanied the manager Barbaja in his journey to Paris and thence to London, has composed a kind of pantomime in which he pretends to mimic English and French manners ; but his caricatures are strained and exaggerated. He appears on the stage with his wife, as just arrived from London, both dressed *d' Anglaise*, at least according to the ridiculous notions entertained here of the English fashions. He affects to imitate English customs, but rather unsuccessfully, except that of shaking hands, which he repeats every moment, whether to the purpose or not. He changes his dress on the stage, and makes a *dandy* toilette, pulls on his buckskins by means of a pulley, and goes through a great deal of disgusting farce. Then he gets into a quarrel, and being challenged to fight, he refuses at first,

and offers to box, and when presented with pistols he appears not to know how to handle them. At last all is settled amicably, and he goes down an English country dance, in a ridiculous and affected manner. This precious composition was intermixed with dances performed by the *elevés* of the royal school. A sense of respect for Prince Leopoldo, who was present, prevented the audience from hissing the performance, which, however, they did heartily as soon as his Royal Highness left his box, and the hisses accompanied Monsieur de Chalumeaux in his Apotheosis which terminated the farce. There was, however, a certain party, that seemed pleased with these gross and false allusions to the English, which agreed with their splenetic sentiments against that nation, and they attempted to applaud this miserable performance, but to no purpose; the greater part of the audience had already expressed their dislike of it. The Neapolitans, although accustomed to very low buffoonery, felt this to be too much even for their not over nice palates.

Naples is the land of contrasts. There are strange sights in this place which are not to be met with elsewhere. We meet with spots in the skirts of this town where nothing reminds one of being near a great European capital. Houses of good appearance are contiguous to ruinous walls. On one side of the road you see fine gardens and an open country, and on the other a row of hovels crowded with swarms of the poorest people. Proceeding on, you ascend a steep flight of broken steps, through a chasm between rocks almost perpendicular—a most solitary place, which you might mistake for a recess in the Apennines—you ascend a hundred steps, and you immerge into a large and fine street well paved and lined with convents and churches, whence you see at once Vesuvius, the city, and the bay. These scenes are frequent in that part of the city which rises on the slope of the hills of Sant' Elmo and Capo di Monte, in the districts called I Monti, La Salute, Lo Scudillo, I Cinesi, Le Vergini, &c. Another peculiarity of this town is, that nothing is finished. You see a vast palace, that for instance near the Mercatello, at the beginning of Toledo, the first floor of which is built with a princely magnificence, underneath there are many

shops all occupied—but the building has been for some years stopped—the second floor is only half raised, no *lastrico* or roof covers it; the rain stagnates in the half-built apartments, and penetrates through the ceiling into the first floor; the beams are already rotten, and in a short time, the tenants of the shops below will be driven out of them: the building is falling to ruin without ever having been completed. There is an extensive square, *Il largo delle Pigne*, of which only a small part is paved, and the houses on one side of it present the appearance of a city which has been bombarded. The Largo dell Spirito Santo is decorated with a colonnade, in the centre of which it has been intended these twenty years, to place a statue of Charles III. of Spain, the conqueror of Naples, and the head of the present Neapolitan dynasty. The unoccupied pedestal stands there surrounded by all kind of filth and nuisance. In the docks of Castellamare there is a two-decker, the frame of which was built by the French several years ago, but to which nothing since has been done, and the lower timbers are already decayed, so that nothing now remains for them to do but to break it up. In the fine street of Toledo you often see in the same line, magnificent carriages, and dung carts, and asses laden with vegetables; princes and beggars; friars and lazzaroni; elegant ladies and common trollops jostling one another in the same crowd. At the entrance of a splendid palace, stands a porter covered with lace and embroidery, and close by his elbow under his master's windows, you see a paltry chandler's shop, with a cobbler's stall before it. There is also a strange mixture of oddity in the appearance of the people: you are walking quietly through the streets—all of a sudden you hear piercing screams and a dreadful yell, and you see seven or eight half naked lazzaroni with inflamed eyes and clenched fists running after one of their comrades; you think they are going to murder him; no, it is merely fun that shows itself in such a threatening form. But the effects of the anger of this people when their evil passions are stimulated, have been seen in the revolutions of their country.

Naples contains a great number of churches; few of them are remarkable for their exterior architecture, but their interior

is generally splendid, and rich with marbles, gilding and painting. The principal are, the cathedral dedicated to *Sau Gennaro*, the church of the *Annunziata*, annexed to which is the establishment for the foundlings; the churches of the principal religious orders, such as *Il Carmine*, *St. Apostoli*, *S. Domenico*, *S. Maria la Nova*, *I Gerolimini* and *Gesù Nuovo*; *Santa Chiara*, belonging to a convent of noble nuns, a fine church, but too rich and gay. Most of the above churches contain valuable paintings, chiefly by *Solimene*, *Luca Giordano*, *Doménichino*, *Santafede*, *Lanfranco*, and *Spagnoletto*. The church of *San Paolo*, built on the remains of an ancient temple dedicated to *Castor and Pollux*, of which two fine columns remain in front of the modern building, particularly deserves attention on account of the fine works of *Solimene* which it contains. But one of the finest churches of Naples is that of *San Martino*, situated on the hill above the city and close by the castle of *Sant' Elmo*. It belonged formerly to the *Carthusian* monks, and was reckoned the richest church of this capital in paintings. It suffered during the late invasions of this country; now the convent is appropriated to the military invalids who there enjoy a salubrious air and a quiet retreat. From a terrace at one of the angles of the convent facing the south, there is a magnificent view of the city and Bay of Naples.

The King of Naples has perhaps more and finer palaces than any monarch of Europe. Besides the *Reggia* or Royal Palace of Naples, he has in his possession in the neighbourhood of the capital, the palace of *Capo di Monte*, that of *Portici*, and the immense and splendid mansion of *Caserta*, which has few rivals in Europe. Its great staircase is particularly magnificent. The palace of *Caserta* is situated in a plain near the foot of some inconsiderable hills, about fourteen miles from Naples, and about five from the city of *Capua*. The gardens annexed to it are very extensive, but except the *Giardino Inglese*, and the *Bosco*, which is an enchanting place, are in a bad taste; and so is the artificial cascade, the water of which is brought over a superb aqueduct, which crosses a valley near *Maddaloni*, and which rivals in its kind the works of the ancient Romans. Three miles

to the west of Caserta, is the place where stood ancient Capua, the capital of Campania, where the star of Hannibal first began to wane. The remains of the amphitheatre and of a triumphal arch which stands over the road, are the only things to be seen ; “ *Sic transit gloria mundi.*” The little town of Santa Maria di Capua, which is built close by, has not inherited any of the splendour of its proud predecessor ; it is a dirty ill built place, and were the Carthaginian warriors to visit this spot again, its attractions would certainly not prove dangerous to them.

Besides the palaces we have mentioned, belonging to the King of Naples, he has at his disposal a number of delightful country houses and hunting seats, as those of Carditello, Persano, near the ancient Pæstum, that of Castellamare, and the Castle of Procida, &c.

The palaces belonging to the Neapolitan nobility are very numerous and some of them spacious and lofty, but their architecture is in general deficient in regularity and taste ; and the same remark may be applied to all the buildings in this city ; they make but little impression upon persons accustomed to the elegant proportions of the edifices in Rome. After feasting the eye on the churches and palaces of the latter city, a person becomes cloyed and difficult to please, and is obliged to resort to the ancient monuments to feel any satisfaction. The obelisks and fountains of Naples are particularly offensive to any man of the least taste, and form a wretched contrast to the fine works of that kind with which Rome abounds. One need only have a glance of the obelisk opposite the church of Gesù Nuovo, to feel the truth of this remark. The palace of the Duke of Gravina, in the street of Monte Oliveto, those of the Marquis Berio and the Prince of Stigliano, in Toledo, and that of the Marquis del Vasto, near Chiaja, are among the best. The palace of Francavilla, in Chiaja, is a stately building, singular for its Moorish architecture, and for its insulated situation, almost surrounded with gardens.

I went lately to visit an Institution in Naples, which is the

only one of its kind in Europe—the Chinese college, where young natives of China are brought up for the ecclesiastical profession, to return afterwards to their country, to propagate the Christian religion. The founder of this establishment was D. Matteo Ripa, a Neapolitan missionary, and a companion of the blessed Alfonso de Liguori, a name well known in the annals of the Catholic Church. Ripa went to China, and resided several years at the missionary-house at Peking, where his skill in painting recommended him to the Emperor and Court. While living in that remote land, he conceived the plan which he afterwards executed, of establishing a college in Europe for the education of young Chinese. Several trials were made, and at last Naples was the place fixed upon for this institution, as the climate appeared to be the most favorable and congenial to these children of the east. The youths destined for this place are smuggled out of their country at the age of thirteen or fourteen, by means of the missionaries, who send them first to Macao, and thence they are conveyed to Europe, generally in Portuguese vessels bound to Lisbon, from which place they proceed to Italy. The expenses are defrayed partly by this institution, and partly by the College de Propaganda Fide, at Rome.

The Chinese college is situated on the slope of the hill of Capo di Monte, in a quiet retired spot, which commands a fine prospect of the bay. The house and the adjoining church are simply but neatly constructed; the apartments are comfortable and airy, and the whole place is kept remarkably clean, and in the best order, so as to form an agreeable contrast with the generality of Neapolitan establishments. The rector, a Neapolitan missionary, and a sensible well-informed man, politely shewed us every thing deserving attention. We entered first the hall, which is hung round with the portraits of the Chinese who have resided in this house since its establishment; they are about forty, and among them is that of Ripa, the founder. It is the custom before any of the inmates of this college depart, to have their likenesses taken. They are all dressed in the garments of the institution, which is a loose black robe, with a red sash round the waist, and a crucifix in their hands. There is a strong

national likeness among them. Under every portrait there is an inscription, which states the name of the individual, the province he was born in, the year in which he came to Naples, that in which he departed again for China, and the epoch and mode of his death, when known. Those who suffered martyrdom are represented with the instruments of their *supplice*, others have chains round their necks, as a sign of having suffered imprisonment. Such a collection, in such a place, is apt to make a solemn impression on the mind, and to raise a train of new and awful ideas. I thought of the singular destiny of these children of a distant region, of these young men snatched from their native country, their homes, and their friends, and hurried away by religious zeal to a country, the people, manners, and language of which are unknown to them, there to spend the best part of their youth in study and retirement, and who afterwards, when in the noon of life, recross the ocean to revisit the scenes of their birth, as apostles of that faith, whose propagation is the sole business of their lives: on account of that faith they are hated, and often persecuted, by their own countrymen; they fall under the intolerance of the laws, are scourged by order of a haughty and cruel Mandarin; and they at last finish their career of privations and pain, either in a dungeon or on a scaffold. There is something sublime and imposing in religious enthusiasm, and in that disinterested spirit of abnegation and self-devotedness, which sees nothing but the glory of the Creator, and the welfare of his creatures. An air of calm resignation, an interesting sadness, are spread over all these portraits, that express at once the feelings by which the originals have been actuated in this world.

There are now six Chinese in the college, one of them is insane, and another blind. I had a pretty long conversation in Italian with the latter, who appeared a very sensible man, and superior to the others; his address was genteel and prepossessing, his disposition appeared easy and obliging, his answers to my questions were appropriate, and he showed himself well informed of European affairs. I understood afterwards from one of the attendants, that he was the son of a Mandarin of rank of Pekin.

He said that his voyage from Macao to Lisbon had lasted nine months ; that the vessel was a very long time in passing the Straits of Malacca ; that his sight suffered severely during the voyage, and that latterly he had the misfortune of losing it entirely. He cannot therefore return to China ; he will never see again his country, his home, or his kindred ; he will die in a foreign land, unknown, and unmourned ; he cannot even aspire to the crown of martyrdom, nor can he pursue the accomplishment of his apostolic duties ; his career is closed on this side of the grave. Hard is his fate, indeed ! and this man, in his own country, might be perhaps now enjoying wealth, honor, and happiness. Still he did not seem dissatisfied ; he was cheerful, and resigned to his lot ; he spoke of his country with calm remembrance, mentioned with veneration the name of the great Kang-hi ; he talked of the present emperor, and of his court : I asked him about the diversity of dialects in his own country ; he said that every province, and almost every district, has a particular one ; that the farther he went from Peking, the more difficult it was for him to understand the common people ; that the language of the Mandarins is the same throughout the empire ; and he contended that it is not very difficult. He appeared to have correct notions of geography ; among other questions, he asked me whether the differences between America and England were entirely made up. He said that Peking, although under the same latitude as Naples, is much colder than the latter city, which he attributed to the immense plains that surround the former, and to its distance from the sea. I was much pleased with his conversation ; he spoke pure Italian with a very good accent ; I felt towards him that sympathy which approximates all persons of feeling, whatever be the spot of their birth. The hour for shutting the gates of the convent was approaching ; I parted with regret from Padre Giovanni, the blind Chinese, and his remembrance will remain impressed on my mind as long as I live. We held our conversation on a terrace, a fine view of the bay and of the mountains opposite lay before us ; but all this magnificent scenery was lost on the poor Chinese, and was hardly heeded by me ; my fancy was soaring all the time over the plains of Peking.

The College for a long time has received no new inmates, on account of the war; some young Chinese are now, however, expected from Macao, and, as soon as they arrive, the four who are now here will take their departure for China; one of them, a good looking man, was brought over to Europe by Sir George Staunton, of whom he speaks highly. I asked him whether they ever receive letters from their friends in China, and he answered, "but very seldom." They were lately apprised of the death of two of their predecessors, who suffered martyrdom. What will be the fate of those four who are now preparing to go?

The good rector showed us a few curiosities from China, such as silk tunics, and robes, some earthenware of the imperial fabric, several tea services, some of bamboo, and some of tin; other utensils, made of tortoiseshell, coconut, and ivory; some wind instruments, paintings of men, women, and masks, some Chinese prints, representing the emperor's country-houses near Peking, with the usual deficiencies of perspective, and a large Chinese map of the *Celestial Empire*, which unfortunately was placed too high to be attentively examined. The rector told us that the young Chinese who are brought to Europe, are generally born of Christian families, and that it requires great secrecy to get them out of the country: when they leave Naples, they proceed first to Rome, to be examined and approved as missionaries; after which the college of Propaganda furnishes them with the means of returning home, by the way of Macao, where they assume again their native dress, to be enabled to penetrate into the empire. To my question about the natural abilities of the Chinese students, the rector answered, that in general they are possessed of moderate capacities; but that there are now and then some superior minds among them; that they are in general patient, phlegmatic, and submissive, and excel chiefly in any thing mechanical. They are taught Latin, rhetoric, philosophy, and theology. They talk Latin to their masters, and Chinese among themselves; Italian is purposely avoided, to prevent their communicating with the Neapolitans, for fear that it should lessen the high opinion which they are taught to entertain

of Europeans. The institution is possessed of a revenue of six thousand ducats, which has always been respected. Leaving the Chinese college, with a feeling of sympathy for its inmates, I found myself again amidst the Lazzaroni of Naples.

On the ninth of this month we had the grand annual review of the Neapolitan troops, called the Parade of Piedigrotta. The infantry was drawn in a line three deep along the Marina of Chiaja, facing the houses, and turning their back to the sea. There were about twelve thousand men under arms, in general good looking fellows, well dressed and equipped: how far they might be depended upon, should circumstances require their services, is rather an awkward question to resolve; especially if we look to the history of the last twenty years. However, I am of opinion, that if properly commanded, and under good discipline, the Neapolitans, and especially the natives of Abruzzo and Calabria, would prove as good soldiers as any. At five in the afternoon, Captain General Nugent, commander in chief, rode along the line, and shortly after the King drove slowly along in his state carriage, followed by his Court. When his Majesty had arrived at the beginning of the right wing, the troops began to retire, marching off by divisions from the left. This was the grand review so much talked of in Naples, for which some of the regiments came from the most distant parts of the kingdom. The King appeared as stout and healthy as usual. The balconies of all the houses on the Riviera di Chiaja were filled by the gay and the fashionable: there was on this occasion the usual display of music and martial pomp. The Captain General gave a dinner to six or seven hundred officers, at one of the *restaurants*.

This is the season here for the *villeggiatura*, when the people repair to their country-houses, where they remain until the month of November. The Neapolitans, however, have no idea of true country life; what they call by that name is a sad *misnomer*. The country-houses to which the Neapolitans resort are in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital; some on the hills of Vomero, Arenella, and Capo di Monte; and these are by

far the best ; but the fashionable resort is Portici, where people are almost as much in town as if they lived in Toledo. The seats of the nobility are there situated chiefly on the high road, and exposed to all the inconveniences of dust, noise, and intruding curiosity : ladies dress in their gayest apparel, drive about in their carriages, receive visits, and give parties : to see and to be seen is the only object. There is nothing attractive in the residence of Portici except its fine view ; you see splendid palaces, few gardens, and nothing of the country. What a difference from the delightful villas of the Tuscan gentry, with which the hills in the neighbourhood of Florence are covered ! As I am going shortly to repair to the banks of the Arno, I shall then speak more particularly of that country, the real garden of Italy.

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LETTER III.

Arrival at Leghorn.—Pisa, a desirable residence.—Journey to Florence.—Remarks upon the political changes in Italy.—Situation of Florence.—Churches.—Santa Croce.—Tomb of Alfieri.—San Lorenzo.—Michel Angelo.—Gardens of Boboli.—Delightful walks in the neighbourhood of Florence.—Character of the Tuscans.—Appearance of the women.—Country houses around Florence.—Government of Tuscany.—Grand Duke Leopold.—Elisa Baciocchi.—Feelings of the Italians towards the Austrians.—Florence an agreeable city to live in.—Tuscan language and pronunciation.—Gallery.—Journey to Bologna.—Vetturini.—Apennine scenery.—Arrival at Bologna.—Digression upon Italian women.

Bologna, October, 1818.

I SAILED from Naples in a Genoese vessel, which brought me to Leghorn after a voyage of eight days. Leghorn is a place entirely mercantile. The town is neatly built; the people have an air of affluence and comfort; the streets are crowded and busy; it is the town of Italy which bears the greatest resemblance to England. The shops are fitted up almost like those in London; but a stranger, who has nothing to do with mercantile concerns, soon gets tired of Leghorn, as he cannot find many resources for the mind. The country about is flat and heathy; the hill of Montenero is the place of resort for the wealthy inhabitants, who have there their country houses. There is a pleasant walk round the walls of the town, and it leads by the English burying-ground; among the tombs in the latter, that of Smollett claims the attention of the English traveller.

From Leghorn I proceeded to Pisa, in one of the open coaches called *timonelle*. The distance is about fourteen miles, the road is beautiful, and the fare is but a trifle. Pisa, one of

the most celebrated cities in the history of Italy, is now depopulated, and melancholy ; the grass grows in its fine streets, and at the very entrance of its marble buildings. This city is renowned for its mild and salubrious climate, especially in winter ; living is cheap ; the people are sociable and courteous ; the place is quiet ; it is altogether a residence well adapted for an invalid, or for a studious man. There are several of the nobility who have *conversazioni*, and give parties, to which strangers may easily get admittance. The Cathedral, the Campo Santo, the famous bell tower, have been so often described by travellers, that I shall say nothing about them. The view from the summit of the tower is remarkably fine. The tower of Ugolino is still to be seen.

From Pisa I went to Florence, by the diligence. The road runs along the beautiful banks of the Arno, and offers some of the most beautiful prospects of Italian scenery. The peasantry look cheerful, the country girls dress neatly and smartly. I arrived at Florence in the evening. So much has been written upon this celebrated city, that I shall content myself with a few remarks I made during the short time I remained in it. I had known Firenze la bella in better times, before the rapacious hand of the conqueror had pressed hard upon its peaceful citizens ; before exotic vices and follies had wofully swelled the catalogue of their national failings, and impaired their sociable and elegant manners. Whether the intellectual state and civil condition of the Italians in general, and of the Tuscans in particular, have improved or deteriorated during the years of French dominion, may appear a question to some ; but to me it seems evident, that foreign invaders, military despotism, conscriptions and contributions, increase of taxes, and annihilation of maritime commerce, could not promote the welfare of a nation ; and that they must, on the contrary, have been the ruin of domestic happiness, as well as of private fortunes, which is an evil not easily compensated by refinement in the luxuries of life, nor by the construction of a few roads and public buildings ; nor even by some improvement in the laws of a country, especially when the government remains arbitrary. The French have at last derived

some real advantages, though dearly purchased, from their successive revolutions ; but the unfortunate Italians have lost by the last changes even those scanty compensations which palliated to their eyes the miseries of a foreign yoke ; they have for the most part returned to their ancient system of government and laws, without that tranquility of mind, and that unimpaired wealth, which made Italy a happy country, even under its divided and imperfect political system, before the French invasion. Contented with their humble destinies, although a faint sigh now and then escaped them at the recollection of former glories, the Italians wisely turned the efforts of their genius to the peaceful pursuits of the arts and sciences ; a lovely nature, and all the wonders of man's creation, were to them a happy compensation for the loss of turbulent liberty and bloody triumphs ; their governments, secure in their comparative insignificance, held with gentle hands the loosened rein ; opposite parties had blended together, in consequence of long peace ; despotism existed more in theory than in practice ; even the inquisition was stripped of its terrors, and travellers who visited Italy bore witness to the freedom which was enjoyed in that happy land. By the French invasion all was changed. Discord revived ancient feuds under new names ; political dissensions ran higher perhaps in Italy than in any other country of Europe ; and these are still far from having subsided. Military habits, while they took away that elegance and suavity of manner for which the Italians were so remarkable, added a grosser load of corruption to their already loose morals, and by destroying the principles of religion, removed that salutary check, remorse, which often leads to repentance and amendment. The open gaiety of the Italian character sank under the miseries they suffered ; its softness was lost, and even the delicacy of their language was impaired by the encroachments of a foreign domineering tongue, ill adapted to the genius and to the feelings of the children of music and love. The French introduced their multifarious and captious system of civil laws, where form eternally obstructs the march of justice ; they established their oppressive inquisitorial police ; they loaded the people with taxes unknown before ; they sowed discord between the different classes

of society : the French, their armies, and their generals, are gone ; but the evil remains, a sad memorial of their baneful visit. And what have the Italians acquired in exchange for peace, happiness, pleasure, and wealth ? Alas ! nothing : for it had never been the intention of their invaders to re-establish the ancient independence and power of Italy. Its sun has set long since, and its glories are gone, beyond recall. The Italian youth, it is true, distinguished themselves in the ranks of the French armies, by their bravery and abilities worthy of a better cause ; but on all occasions the profit turned entirely to the advantage of their oppressors, and the loss alone was theirs : Italy fought "*per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta.*" And well the French knew how to stimulate the noble passions of the Italians ; they addressed themselves even to the vanity of the weaker sex, and Bonaparte gravely said in one of his proclamations that in future the Italian fair should only listen to lovers covered with honourable scars—scars received in fighting for a foreign despot ! What a perversion of sense ! This reminds me of the impressive lines of a great modern poet, addressed to the Greeks, but equally applicable to the Italians :—

" Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought ?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !

Greece, change thy lords, thy state is still the same ;
Thy glorious days are o'er, but not thine years of shame."

May the truth of the above sentiments be impressed on the Italians by their last misfortunes, and may they never in future seek to better their condition by means of dear-bought foreign assistance ! But now to my journal.

Florence is beautifully situated. That verdant amphitheatre of smiling hills, surmounted by the frowning dark Apennines, those fertile vallies watered by the Arno and its tributary streams, and strewed with elegant villas and neat cottages, the air of

cleanliness and gentility by which the inhabitants distinguish themselves from the rest of the Italians, the purity of their language; that city, full of statues, monuments, and remarkable buildings, which have acquired her the name of the Athens of Italy; all these render it a most delightful residence. The churches of Florence do not generally appear to advantage on the outside; the coarse appearance of the bricks in front ill corresponds with the magnificence of the interior. The cathedral of Santa Maria in Fiore is a vast building, the façade of which has never been finished, and the interior appears naked, when compared with the magnificent churches of Rome. The square detached steeple is striking, by its bold structure and the profusion of marbles of various colours with which it, as well as the outside of the church, is entirely covered. In Santa Croce, the Pantheon of Florence, are the mausoleums of Galileo, Machiavelli, Michel Angelo and Alfieri. That of Michel Angelo, ornamented by the statues of the three sister arts, architecture, sculpture, and painting, is particularly beautiful. The tomb of Alfieri, a name dear to Italians, is by Canova, and made of fine white marble: the statue of Italy, with the mural crown on her head, is leaning upon the tomb, in the attitude of lamenting the loss of her favorite son. This monument was erected during the time the whole of Italy was under the dominion of the French: the figure of Italy is dressed in a fine drapery; a wit wrote on the pedestal the following epigram:—

“ Canova, questa volta l' hai sbagliata ;
Fai l' Italia vestita, ma è spogliata.”

The church of Santa Croce contains also a fine fresco painting, which represents the *limbo* or place of penance where, according to Catholic theology, the righteous of the Old Testament were detained until Jesus rescued them, and where the souls of infants unbaptized are confined till the day of judgment; some of the figures are beautiful, although damaged by time; the painting is kept covered, but by application strangers may see it.

I shall not describe here the finery of the sepulchral chapel of the Medicis in St. Lawrence, too rich and gaudy for the object of its erection, but I must pause in the sacristy to admire Michel Angelo's works. Reclining on one side of a tomb, her left arm supporting her head, sits the statue of Night; she sleeps, but breathes as if she were going to awake the next moment; her bosom and legs are bare and beautiful: anatomical perfection was the forte of Michel Angelo, but here he has added softness of features, gracefulness of form, and an exquisite polish, not surpassed perhaps by any. Unfortunately he left it unfinished, and no one has attempted to try his 'chissel on it after that of Buonaroti. Some verses which were written at the time about this statue, alluding to its expected awakening, gave occasion to Michel Angelo's reply in the following verses, which he put in the mouth of Night, and which relate to the political dissensions of his age:—

"Grato mi è il Sonno e più l'esser' di Sasso;
Mentre l'inganno e la vergogna dura;
Non veder' non sentir' mi è gran' ventura;
Percio' non mi destar': deh parla basso."

The gardens of Boboli, annexed to the palace Pitti, which is the residence of the Grand Duke, are very extensive, and are inclosed within the walls of the town: all is art in them, nothing is left to nature; the avenues are straight, the trees cut into walls and ornaments; the two basons are surrounded with marble; all is symmetrical, rich, and pompous; but how inferior to some of the Roman villas, particularly to the villa Borghese, and to its delightful groves and its beautiful lake, such at least as they were some years ago; for now, I understand, they have made sad alterations in them. The gardens of Boboli are adorned with many statues; the group of Adam and Eve, by Bernini, is particularly admired.

Florence abounds with beautiful walks in its neighbourhood; every gate leads to some of them; there is the Prato, out of Porta San Gallo, or Bologna Gate, Poggio Imperiale out of that

of Rome ; but the Cascine, out of Porta di Prato, is the most delightful of all. While the central avenues are crowded with splendid equipages glittering through the foliage of the trees, how pleasant it is on a fine summer eve to ramble on the solitary path which follows the bank of the peaceful Arno, while the sun is setting beyond the woody hills of the west. The hill of Fiesole, out of Porta Pinti, affords also some romantic walks ; the tributary stream Mugnone has its source thence, and forms some pretty cascades in miniature ; the view of the country about Florence, from the ancient town of Fiesole, on the top of the hill, is very grand. In short, the neighbourhood of Florence affords an inexhaustible supply to the pedestrian, and to the admirer of nature, with the advantage, above other Italian countries, that he may ramble at any time, or to any distance, without being afraid of unpleasant encounters.

The Tuscans are the gentlest of the Italians ; they seem well calculated to inhabit their fine country, which is justly called the garden of Italy. Their superiority above the other Italians is striking. They are sociable, polite, and courteous to strangers, and their conversation is both instructive and attractive. They are lively and witty, especially the Florentines, and rather inclined to satirical effusions. There is no real populace in Florence ; the lower classes are as cultivated, as polished, as the middle classes of other Italian cities. Their dress is neat and becoming, and they have greater taste for cleanliness than any of their neighbours. Crimes of a black dye, such as murder and highway robbery, which disgrace the southern states of Italy, are very rare amongst them : their natural mildness had probably a share in the determination of the late Grand Duke Leopold, to abolish the pain of death. I was assured, that in the course of many years under his reign, only one instance of murder occurred in his dominions, and that was committed by a foreigner, belonging to the Papal territories. Criminals were, then sent to work at the *ferriere* iron mines, in the *maremme*, or low lands of the province of Sienna, a very unwholesome country in the summer, and that punishment was perhaps greater than death itself.

As a balance for their amiable qualities, the Tuscans are accused, it seems not without some reason, of having an ample share of the vices which often attend a highly refined state of society. Effeminacy, libertinism, dissimulation, selfishness, and avarice, are imputed to them by the other Italians. Tuscany being a small state, under an arbitrary though mild government, obliged to keep peace, and to court the friendship of its more powerful neighbours, it is not extraordinary that the Tuscans have not been renowned for military character; but the history of their republics, and of their wars in the middle ages, sufficiently shows what a great share the form of government has in modelling the character of a nation. The same causes may be assigned for their insincerity and craft; and corruption of morals is a natural consequence of a long peace upon a gay people, living under a lovely climate in one of the finest regions of the world. As for their excessive parsimony, which is proverbial in Italy, it may in great measure have originated from necessity, and from the smallness of their income; few families in Tuscany are possessed of large fortunes, but a moderate competence and comfort are generally spread throughout the land, which I think is the happiest state of society.

The Tuscans are a well made race of men; their women are remarkably handsome; they have generally fine complexions, and are rather inclined to *embonpoint*: the country girls are sun-burnt; but they have fine figures, and brilliant eyes, and the whole play of their expressive physiognomy is very attractive. They are spirited and witty, and it is not safe for a man to enter the lists with them, for they have such a fluency of speech, and their memory is so stored with sayings, proverbs, and *bon mots*, that they generally get the laughs on their side. There is an appearance of comfort, and a cheerful look amongst the peasantry, one does not meet frequently with in the rest of Italy. Their manufactories of straw hats, which are very common amongst the country people, and at which the females work, is an additional resource to them. Straw hats are the common head-dress amongst them, and the addition of a few flowers or

showy ribbons, tastefully arranged, sets off to advantage the pretty features of the country fair.

* The upper classes, although living economically in the interior of their houses, make a great display of their carriages; and they show a great taste in their country-houses, which, if not magnificent, are certainly very elegant: It is astonishing to see the number of these in the neighbourhood of the capital; they amount to several thousand, scattered over the beautiful hills which surround Florence; which made Ariosto say, that if they were all collected within walls, they would make a city twice as large as Rome.

“ Se dentro un mur sotto un medesimo nome
Fosser racchiusi i tuoi palagi sparsi
Non ti sarian da pareggiar 'due Rome.”

The Tuscans are a people easily ruled by a gentle sway. They are still gratefully mindful of the reign of Leopold, the predecessor of the present Grand Duke; he was really a liberal-minded despot, and strived to render his people as happy as he could. He diminished the influence of the Court of Rome, without breaking with it; he suppressed several convents, without annihilating the monastic orders; he distributed the taxes equally; encouraged trade; allowed a reasonable degree of freedom to the press; in short, he deserved the title of the father of his people. Many anecdotes are related of him. One day he was speaking to some Mussulman envoy from the Levant, about the Saints or Fakirs of Egypt, who are held in veneration often for the sole reason of their being supposed to be mad. *In our country*, says he, *we have also those kind of madmen, but we shut them up in buildings like that*, pointing to a convent which was over the way.

The present Grand Duke Ferdinand seems to have inherited, if not the abilities, at least the softer virtues of his predecessor; the people at large are attached to him, as they are to all his family, whom they look upon as Italians, as born and brought

up in Tuscany. They were pleased with his restoration, although they complain of his having been since too much influenced by his relatives of the House of Austria. The great mass of the Tuscans, and in general of all the Italians, were never friendly nor heartily attached to the French. Elisa Baciocchi, Napoleon's eldest sister, ruled Tuscany for several years, with the title of *Grand Duchesse*, although she was in reality no more than a subordinate agent of her brother. As such she cannot perhaps with justice be made accountable for the arbitrary acts which she enforced, in obedience to her imperial relative; but she displayed a haughtiness and a harshness which disgusted the gentle Florentines. She took frequent opportunities of humbling the nobility, who in this country are more unassuming than in other parts of Italy; and many anecdotes are related of her haughty overbearing disposition, by which, as well as by her features, she appears to resemble her brother Napoleon more than any of her sisters. Abundance of scandalous reports also circulate about the manners of her court. She certainly did not conciliate the minds of the inhabitants, who at her departure in 1814, gave her unequivocal marks of dislike. Her husband, Baciocchi, originally an Italian, and formerly a commissary in the French armies, was a mere cypher, and had no share in the business of government, for which he did not seem calculated, and of which, happily for him, he was not ambitious. He, however, on his being appointed Prince of Lucca, was persuaded to change his christian name of Pascal, which in Italy is vulgar, and subject to ridicule, being often used as synonymous to dunce, into the more dignified one of Felix the First; upon which occasion some Tuscan wit produced the following epigram:

“Quando tu eri Pasquali, noi eravam tutti felici;
Or che tu sei Felice, noi siam tutti Pasquali.”

He was a harmless insignificant *bon vivant*, and seems to have fully understood his own mediocrity, for when the gentlemen of Lucca apologized to him for their possible deficiencies in their new capacity of courtiers, saying that they were not accustomed to the situation (Lucca having been until then a republic), he

good-humouredly replied : " We will excuse one another mutually, gentlemen, as I am also a novice in my present profession."

The Austrians, who succeeded the French in the temporary possession of Tuscany, did not, however, know better than them how to win the affections of this people. The Florentines were glad to get rid of them, although they say that their Grand Duke paid several millions to the Court of Vienna as a compensation. The Austrians seem to have disgusted the Italians in general, by their moroseness, parsimony, and pride ; and by their living at discretion upon them, not as deliverers, but as conquerors. The following sonnet was circulated at Florence some time ago, on the last peace :—

Tradito, o vinto, da virtù, o da inganno,
Chi vinto ha molti, chi tradito ha tutti,
Cesari de' troni vacillanti i tutti,
Ogni Prencipe pote' farsi tiranno.
I Russi artigli sul Polono stanno,
Prussia vuol d' Elba dominare i flutti,
Britannia ha i mari in servitù ridutti
L'Italia a gottizzar' gli' Austri sen vanno.

Di Francia al trono un Re Borbone riede
Acclamato dal popolo, che ardio.
Torre vita e corona al vero crede.
I Frati a generar ritorna Pio ;
Spagna ai dotti minaccia Auto da fe ;
Quest' e la pace che ci ha data Dio.

The angry feeling displayed in the above verses is in great measure founded upon misconceptions and exaggerations ; but still it is no incorrect specimen of the state of mind of many Italians upon the present state of politics.

The government of Tuscany, like that of all the Italian States, is arbitrary, but tempered with so much mildness and moderation, as to render this country the happiest of Italy. Besides which, living is cheap, the climate temperate, the country

beautiful, and adorned with the monuments of the arts ; society agreeable, an air of gaiety and satisfaction is spread on the countenances of men and females ; amusement and instruction are both easily procured ; what can a man wish for more ? Although impoverished by foreign rapacity, this country will soon recover from its losses, if left in peace : nature is so bountiful to it. The harbour of Leghorn, the only real free port of Italy, is a source of wealth to Tuscany ; it is the grand *dépôt* of foreign produces, and the whole town is included in the freedom. It is frequented by vessels of all nations, and its commodious lazzarettos, and wise quarantine regulations, afford security against the plague, that dreadful scourge of the Mediterranean. All religions are tolerated at Leghorn, and enjoy the free exercise of their worship ; there are chapels of the different Christian sects ; synagogues for the Jews ; and until lately even the Musselmén had a mosque there. There are every day *diligences* between Leghorn and Florence, in which one rides a distance of sixty-seven miles in about ten or eleven hours ; the charge inside is three dollars a head. This is the only establishment of the kind in South Italy, that is to say beyond the Apennines, where the *vetturini* monopolize still the travelling business.

The language of the Tuscans is considered to be the pure Italian, and it is spoken nearly as perfectly by the lower as by the upper classes, an agreeable peculiarity not to be found in any other part of Italy, where the dialects of the vulgar are quite distinct from the Italian which is spoken in good company. It must be observed, however, that the Tuscans employ many words obsolete and *recherchés*, which are discarded by the Italian literati of other countries, who consider the use of them as the effect of affectation, and of a too scrupulous adherence to the dictionary of La Crusca. A striking and amusing contrast between the jargon of a fanatical *Cruscante*, and the plain elegant Italian of Tasso, is found in Goldoni's comedy, called *Torquato Tasso*, one of the best productions of that celebrated dramatist. Another strong objection against the Tuscan language, is its guttural pronunciation, by which the letter c, when

placed before the vowels *a*, *o*, *u*, is changed into a strongly aspirated *h*, and which gives to their words a twang far from agreeable to the ear, and certainly not consistent with the Italian harmony and softness. It makes their conversation at first unintelligible to a foreigner; so much so, that an Englishman of my acquaintance, who understood Italian tolerably well, said, on his arrival at Florence, that he thought the people were talking Spanish. *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, is an old hackneyed proverb; still I am of opinion that it is at Rome, amongst the better classes, that one hears the genuine Italian spoken in its purity; the Italian of Tasso and of Metastasio.

Florence is a most agreeable residence for a person fond of the arts; indeed such is the display of statues, relievos, &c. that I almost think any man would acquire a taste for them in this atmosphere. The gallery is one of the richest museums in Europe; the collection of busts of the Roman Emperors is the most complete, in the best preservation, and arranged with great judgment and taste; those things, however, have been so often described, and are so well known, that I shall not dwell any longer upon them.

I left Florence in a *vetturino* coach, and proceeded across the Apennines to Bologna. The carriage was old fashioned and uncomfortable, as the generality of them are, holding six people inside, and drawn by four horses, which dragged us along at the rate of thirty miles a day, making a halt of two hours in the middle of the day, and stopping at night. The horses are never changed during the journey, and they generally keep on at an easy pace, which is seldom altered into a trot. This is the only means of conveyance for travellers over the greater part of Italy, unless they choose to ride post. This last way is, however, preferable, and not very expensive, if two or three people join together. There are good post-chaises to be bought in almost every town of Italy, which, after carrying you all over the country, may be sold again at a very little loss. The *vetturino* is but a poor substitute for an English stage-coach, or even for a French *diligence*. These *vetturini* are to be found in

every part of Italy ; some of them are possessed of considerable property, having a great number of carriages, which they send all over Italy, and often into France, Germany, Poland, and even Russia. There is a man at Florence, of the name of Pollastro, who does considerable business in that line ; he enjoys a great reputation for his attention to travellers, the goodness of his coaches, and the superiority of his mules (for such he mostly employs); and the honesty of the drivers who are in his service. Travellers generally bargain with the *vetturino* to carry them and their baggage to such a place for a certain sum, by which he is to provide them also with their dinner, and bed at night. That makes it very convenient for people of moderate income, as they are thereby free from any extra expense on the road. A certain experience, however, is required, to make a good bargain with the *vetturini*, as they will ask at first a great deal more than the regular charge. They have no fixed days of departure, but will set off as soon as they have engaged a sufficient number of travellers to defray their expenses, and to afford them a moderate profit. The common charge of the *vetturino* is about half a *louis d'or*, or ten shillings a day, every thing included, which is very moderate.

The distance between Florence and Bologna is about sixty-five Italian miles, and the road is entirely mountainous, as it passes over the great ridge of the Apennines. These mountains, which may be called the spinal bone of Italy, begin in the Genoese territory, where they are joined with the Alps of Piedmont, and continue in an uninterrupted chain down to the furthest extremity of Calabria, where they are only separated from the corresponding mountains of Sicily by the narrow straits of Messina, and they keep all along at a nearly equal distance from the Adriatic and the Mediterranean Seas. The Apennines give to Italy that variety of climate, productions and landscape, for which this country is so remarkable ; so that the traveller departing from any point of the sea shore may, in one day's journey, find himself transported, as if by enchantment, from sultry plains and sun-burnt fields, into cool verdant groves and cloud-capped summits. These mountains have a sloping conical shape ; the

highest part of them is mostly naked, and bears a dark cheerless aspect; but the vallies at their base are delightful beyond description, and realize all we read of rural beauties in romances and fairy tales.

Between *Le Maschere* and *Scaricalasino* is the highest part of the mountain, called the *Giogo*; and there the road is rather dangerous, as it hangs over tremendous precipices, without any kind of parapet; the sudden gusts of wind, and the mists which rise frequently in those upper regions are not apt to quiet the alarms of the unexperienced traveller. At *Scaricalasino* we left the territory of Tuscany, and entered the Papal States; our baggage underwent an examination by the custom house people, and our passports were inspected by the military officer on duty; two tiresome formalities which one must put up with frequently in travelling through Italy, as they occur every time one passes from one state into another, and sometimes twice in the same day. We descended from the Apennines into the fertile plains of the Bolognese, which have given to this city the epithet of *Bologna la Grassa*. I have seen very little of this place, and I shall state in my next letter the few remarks I have made during my short stay in it. Meantime I will say something here of the Italian women a subject particularly fertile and interesting.

Much has been said of the grace and beauty of the women of Italy, and much also of the levity of their conduct and of the looseness of their morals. The latter, I am inclined to think, have been often exaggerated; many travellers form their opinion merely from the inhabitants of towns, and of these from one or two classes, of which they have only known a few individuals. It is necessary to be well acquainted with the manners, language, and humour of the inhabitants of a country; to live with them for a long time; and to identify oneself with them, in order to estimate them properly. A stranger is apt to infer criminal conduct from appearances of indelicacy, and to measure every thing by the standard of his own land. The middling classes which form a most numerous and respectable part of every nation, are

generally less known to him than the upper and the popular ones.

Italy and England are undoubtedly possessed of a greater share of female beauty than any other country in Europe. But the English and the Italian beauties, although equally interesting, are very different from one another. The former are unrivalled for their complexions, their bloom, the smoothness and mild expression of their features, their modest carriage, and the cleanliness of their persons and dress ; these are qualities which strike every foreigner at his landing. On my first arrival in England, I was asked by a friend how I liked the English women, to which I replied that I thought them all handsome. This is the first impression they produce. There is something so calm, so chaste about them, that to a native of the south they appear almost more than terrestrial. They look

“ With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark vice would turn abash'd away ;
 * * * * *
 Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires
 Of other worlds, with all the bliss
 The fond weak tenderness of this.”

The Italian beauties are of a different kind. Their features are more regular, more animated ; their complexions bear the marks of a warmer sun, and their eyes seem to participate of its fires ; their carriage is graceful and noble ; they have generally fine figures ; they are not indeed angelic forms, but they are earthly Venuses. It has been supposed that the habitual view of those models of ideal beauty, the Greek statues, with which Italy abounds, may be an indirect cause conducing to the general beauty of the sex ; be that as it may, I think the fine features and beautiful forms of the Italian fair have a great influence upon the minds of young artists, and this is perhaps one of the principle reasons why Italy has so long excelled in figure painters. A handsome female countenance animated by the expression of the soul is among the finest works of nature ; the sight of it ele-

vates the mind, and kindles the sparks of genius. Raphael took the models of his charming Madonnas from nature. Titian, Guido, Caracci, and others derived their ideas of female beauty from the exquisite countenances so frequent in their native country.

In the north of Italy women are taller and fairer than in the south, and the difference is particularly striking in the peasantry. The Tuscan country girls are in general handsome; those of Lombardy and Piedmont are more homely, but still ruddy, healthy, and gay; while the female peasantry in some parts of the Roman and Neapolitan states, worn out by a life of toil and want—scorched by a burning sun, and labouring under the influence of a poisoned atmosphere— sunk in ignorance, apathy, and filth, are mostly remarkable for their pale looks and squalid appearance; yet, even amongst them, one may trace the fine contour of the Italian features, and a vivid expression which still lingers in the half-extinguished eye. But, if from the low and unhealthy regions of the *marcma*, one proceeds to the mountains of Abruzzo, Sabina, and Umbria, a striking difference is immediately perceived in the women, owing to the beneficial influence of a wholesome air, and the Italian glance and the Italian smile are expressed on every countenance.

With respect to their character, the Italian women have several qualities in common with other southern females, such as those of Spain and Greece. Love is the predominating passion in Italy, almost every other is subservient to it; its influence and power and the different shapes in which it affects its votaries are shewn by the national poetry and songs, in which sentiments are frequently found that to a foreigner seem exaggerated, but which are perfectly natural to the Italians. Love with them is the business of life; it is the source of affection or hatred, generosity or revenge, of joy or despair, of life or death. Young and old submit to its sway, and no one is ashamed to confess himself its slave. *Fate l'amore? chi è la vostra innamorata?* are common questions in Italy, and ordinary topics of familiar conversation. What are the causes of this universal bias, especially

among women? Nature, climate, and education: the influence of the first two cannot be doubted by any observer of mankind, and that of the last is very powerful in Italy. Girls from their infancy are in a certain manner taught to love; the books that are put in their hands are full of the tender passion, which forms the chief interest and main spring of all their poetry; they are unacquainted with those more serious studies which strengthen the mind; their principal accomplishment is music, and they learn to breathe their first half-suppressed sighs, in singing a tender *canzone* accompanied by the soft tones of the guitar. Kept under the watchful eyes of their parents or guardians, debarred from the intercourse of men, their principal resource is the balcony, which is thrown open during a great part of the year; there they pass whole hours, working and looking on at the same time, at the people in the houses opposite, or at those who pass in the street; there they often make acquaintance with some young man, and keep up a sort of mute dialogue with him, from which begins the whole drama of courtship and love. The *Passeggio* or public walk, which, in most Italian towns, takes place in some of the principal streets on Sundays and other holidays, affords young women a good opportunity of seeing and of being seen. The *Corso* at Rome, *Toledo* at Naples, *Porta Orientale* at Milan, *I Portici* at Turin, *Strada Nova* at Genoa, &c. are all famous places for the display of female beauty.

Devotion and love are often closely allied in an Italian woman. A religion full of mysteries; myriads of saints of both sexes, whose images are painted in the churches with all the magical art of Raphael, Guido, Correggio, and of other great masters; but above all, the idea of the Virgin, that mystical being, so pure, so modest, and yet so lovely and so exalted: all these spread over the Catholic worship a kind of poetical charm which softens the hearts of its fair followers, exalts their minds, and often connects sentiments that the natives of colder climates, and the votaries of sects more austere would think incompatible with one another. The character of Clementina in *Grandison* is founded on nature, and by no means rare amongst Italian females. When deprived of the object of their affections, they fade like roses de-

prived of the dew of heaven, and they resort to the bosom of religion, as the only consolation which is left them in this world. They embrace with a romantic ardour the monastic life, and submit willingly and almost cheerfully to its privations and tediousness ; even the idea of death loses its terrors for them, and they see in the next world an asylum of bliss, where, freed from all the obstacles created by men and by men's laws, they will join their lovers for eternity, and when they will say with the poet :—

“ Questi che mai da me non fia diviso.”

This exquisite sensibility of the Italian women, is generally allied to a certain degree of the melancholy which is characteristic of the natives of the south, and which makes them sometimes feel the emptiness of the pleasures of this world, and wish for the purer and more exalted enjoyments which are promised to us in the next. This disposition of the mind—this void of the heart, is one of the sources by which nunneries are filled. Several years ago a Neapolitan lady of rank ; rich and independent, and in the bloom of life, and who had led a life of pleasure, and mixed in all the gaities of the world, assembled her friends one day, and after entertaining them with a sumptuous dinner, she retired apparently in high spirits. An hour afterwards, having ordered her carriage she drove to the convent of *Le Eremita*, where, after dismissing her attendants, to whom she delivered a sealed letter for her brothers, communicating to them her final resolution, she entered the gates of the nunnery, which, closing behind her, separated her for ever from the world. No one knew the reasons which led her to this strange determination. The convent of *Le Eremita*, is the strictest in Naples ; the nuns have no communication with any person without their walls, excepting with their confessor ; they are not acquainted with any thing that happens in the world, and their friends are not even apprised of their death. The house is enclosed within the precincts of another nunnery, that of *Suor' Orsola*, and it is by means of the inmates of the latter, that they receive their provisions and other necessities of life. They enjoy, however, from their grated windows, the splendid and animated scene of

the Bay of Naples, which, it is to be hoped for the peace of their minds, does not recall memories of past happiness, and that longing after terrestrial pleasures, which would disturb the tranquil resignation so necessary to a recluse.*

The sketch I have attempted to draw of Italian women may appear fanciful and romantic, yet I can assure my readers that it is taken from facts, though I by no means intend to imply that it is applicable to the generality. I have represented their minds in a state of exaltation, to which the females of this country have certainly a natural tendency, but which is more or less developed according to circumstances. This disposition leads many of them out of the regular path, it is true, yet even in their errors there is often a spirit of generosity, which keeps them above total degradation. There is always a degree of refinement attending passionate feelings, but there is nothing but mean baseness in selfishness and vanity. An Italian woman when led on by passion follows blindly the dictates of her heart; she sacrifices herself—her reputation—her all—to the object of her affection: *womanhood or fame* are nothing more to her, and if she meets with coldness and dereliction she is miserable beyond description. We may blame, but at the same time must pity her, and leave her failings to the mercy of that Being who can best read the secrets of the human heart.

If, however, an Italian female is so favoured by circumstances, as to meet with a worthy object, and to legitimate her attachment, then she becomes the most amiable of creatures. There is a treasure of affection in her heart, her looks are so impassionate, her language is so soft, her ideas are so glowing, her manners so engaging, that she must actually be a blessing to the man who knows how to appreciate her. She can put up with any inconvenience and privation, and will cheerfully follow her husband all over the world. The Italian women are in general good natured, compassionate, and kind; they are naturally gay, more inclined to smile than to frown; like pretty children, they

* See Appendix, No. 5.

wish to be amused ; their understandings being little cultivated, they want something to occupy their thoughts, but this void lasts only as long as their hearts are disengaged, the passion of love changes their character, and they become serious, thoughtful, and melancholy.

The southern nations are more inclined to enthusiasm than those of the north ; the contemplation of nature in all her beauty, that kind of listless weariness which is the effect of the climate, nights of calm and loveliness, the little want one feels for society, in a country where an evening walk or a lounge on a terrace are substituted for crowded assemblies and close parties ; all these render solitude agreeable, and solitude produces pensiveness and enthusiasm. The mind uninterrupted by the trifling cares of vanity, and unfettered by the shackles of the world, has full leisure to nurse and cherish one single idea, one remembrance, which, by degrees, becomes an essential part of existence.

To those who are well acquainted with Italy, it is not unknown that Italian girls, notwithstanding the temptations to which they are exposed, come to the nuptial altar unspotted and unsullied. As for married women, the custom of having a *patito* or *cavalier servente* (the name of *cicisbeo* has been long out of fashion) must be understood as confined to the inhabitants of cities, and among these chiefly to the upper classes. The bourgeois, and the lower people, even at Genoa, which is the very land of *cicisbeism*, never adopted the custom, and husbands and wives of those classes, live in as good domestic understanding as in any other country. As for the inhabitants of the provinces, that is to say, the three-fourths of Italians, they still entertain much respect for marriage vows and marriage duties, and if instances occur of their breaking them, the infraction is attended with as much disgrace, and as many evil consequences, as in any transalpine country. The provincial husbands retain much of the old proverbial jealousy of the Italians, and their wives show great submission and respect towards them. In this respect, the occupation of the country by foreign military has, in a great measure, increased the corruption ; but in the remote and moun-

tainous provinces there is yet a great deal of patriarchal simplicity and virtue. In the *Riviere* of Genoa, in the valleys of the Alps, and even in many districts of the Roman and Neapolitan states, the people are simple, virtuous, and religious ; attached to their governments, regular in their conduct, peaceful, satisfied, and happy.

Resuming all what I have stated, I am really persuaded that, with the exception of some great cities, as Venice, Milan, and Naples, there is not much more corruption in Italy than in other parts of the continent, and that it is chiefly owing to the free, unreserved manners of the inhabitants, their mode of living as it were in public, and their constitutional joviality and familiarity, that strangers are apt to form hasty conclusions, to the disadvantage of the Italian sex, of which a more intimate acquaintance would shew them the fallacy.

LETTER IV.

Description of Bologna.—Bolognese.—Their political feelings.—Modena, Parma, and Piacenza.—Superior appearance of the country about Milan.—Description of Milan.—Theatre of La Scala.—Duomo or Cathedral.—Fine view from the summit of it.—Character of the Milanese.—Literati at Milan.—Public walks and places of amusement.—Basilica Ambrosiana.—Hospital.—Political sentiments of the Milanese.—Murder of Prina.—Country about Milan.—Journey to the Lago Maggiore.—Borromean Islands.—Alpine scenery.—Departure from Italy.

ISELLA, in the VAL DI VEDRO,
at the foot of the SIMPLON, Nov. 1818.

MY last letter was written at the foot of the Apennines, in the smiling plains of Italy; the cheerful songs of the vintage were then resounding around me, a brilliant sun was vivifying all nature, and calling every faculty of the soul and every sense of the body into action. I write this in a humble village, situated in a narrow valley enclosed by mountains coeval with the world, which thrust their granite peaks here and there through lakes of never melting ice; the only music here is the deafening noise of the foaming torrents; the sky is cloudy and gloomy, the cold rain pours down in streams and keeps me confined in a dark room of the inn, where we are to pass the whole of this day to wait for better weather to cross the Alps. I cannot better employ this time than in finishing this epistle that I began at Bologna.

That city is situated in a most rich country, watered by a multitude of rivers which empty themselves in the neighbouring Adriatic. The principal amongst them is the Reno, which flows

by the walls of Bologna. Industry has well improved those natural advantages for the purposes of agriculture and commerce. A number of canals have been cut to join the different rivers, and there are packet boats called *corriere*, which go regularly from Bologna to Venice and back again, and by which passengers may proceed in a pleasant and economical manner. They pass from the Reno into the Po, from the Po into the Adige, and from the latter river into the Lagune.

Bologna is a considerable city, containing above sixty thousand inhabitants; the streets are narrow and dark, and rendered more so by low arcades with which they are lined on both sides; these are however convenient to shelter the pedestrian from the rain in winter and the heat of the sun in summer, although they certainly do not add to the beauty of the town. There are in the middle of the city two towers remarkable for their great height, the Asinelli and the Garisenda, the latter of which, like the celebrated tower of Pisa, is so constructed as to lean considerably on one side; but the resemblance ends there, for it cannot boast of the elegance of architecture of the Pisan steeple, being built with brick and without ornaments. I had not time to see any of the curiosities of Bologna; the churches contain many excellent paintings of the Lombard and Venetian schools. The Institution or University of Bologna has produced many distinguished characters, especially in physic, medicine, and surgery, among whom are some ladies. Much has been said of the famous Zambecari, an intrepid aeronaut, and a nobleman from Bologna. He has devoted his life to the improvement of that modern discovery, and has been several times in great danger in his aerial excursions, particularly once, that his balloon was driven into the Adriatic sea, where he was nearly lost. He was rescued from his perilous situation by some fishermen.

The Bolognese form a medium between their neighbours the Tuscans and the Lombards or Milanese. They have something of the fire and wit of the former, and much of the easy good humoured disposition of the latter. Although long subject to

the Popes, they always enjoyed considerable privileges, and the name of *Libertas* still continued to appear on their arms and on their coins. A Cardinal Legate sent from Rome acted as governor, and that situation was looked upon as one of great trust and importance in the Papal administration. When the French invaded Lombardy in the name of liberty, the Bolognese could not resist the temptation; they became enthusiastic admirers of the new system; their wishes were at last gratified, and they became citizens of the short-lived Cisalpine Republic. I rather suspect, however, they soon found out their mistake, and began to see through the arts of their pretended liberators; an epigram that was circulated about that time, after a hail storm which destroyed their harvest, seems to bear witness to the cooling of their sentiments towards the French and their General Bonaparte, who is in it profanely but sarcastically alluded to as a second Almighty.

“ L’ Altissimo di sù ci manda la tempesta,
 L’ Altissimo di giù ci mangia quel che resta ;
 E’ fra questi due Altissimi
 Noi siamo poverissimi.”

After the republican farce, followed first the consular and next the imperial and royal systems of government. Bologna followed the fate of the other states of Upper Italy, and became a part of the kingdom of that name under the Viceroy Eugene. It continued so until the unforeseen reverses of the French armies in 1813 caused Murat, then King of Naples, to think of profiting by his brother-in-law's errors and misfortunes, in securing to himself the friendship of the allies. He moved towards the north of Italy at the head of a fine army, and acted in concert with the Austrians and English, in the campaign against the Italian army under Eugene. Murat occupied Bologna in his progress, and established his head-quarters there for some time during that momentous crisis. His troops fought at Reggio, between Modena and Parma, and for once in modern history, a Neapolitan army gained a victory, and that, over Eugene's veteran soldiers, the sharers of Napoleon's military fame. When

at last, after Napoleon's first abdication and Eugene's capitulation at Mantua, Murat returned to his own dominions, the Austrians occupied Bologna and the whole country as far as the Rubicon on the frontiers of the Marca d' Ancona. Those provinces were provisionally governed by Austrian military commanders, who, it should seem, did not find the means of gaining the affections of the Bolognese, for on Murat's second advance into Upper Italy in the spring of 1815, no longer as an ally but as a conqueror, pretending to re-establish the unity and independence of Italy, these magical words had again their wonted effect upon the minds of the Bolognese, who showed with more eagerness than prudence their zeal for what they looked upon as the common cause of the country. Many young men of respectable families, and even the students of the university enlisted themselves in the ranks of Murat's army, and the consequence was, that a few weeks after, when that army was thoroughly beaten by the Austrians in the actions of Occhiobello and Carpi, and obliged to retire precipitately towards Ancona, those Bolognese who had so rashly compromised themselves, were left to the cruel alternative either of expatriating or of remaining exposed to the retaliation of an incensed conqueror. Many preferred the first, and the families of Bologna will long recollect and lament the mad attempt of Murat. That city is now restored to the civil administration of the Pope, its former sovereign.

From Bologna we proceeded by another vetturino through Modena, Reggio, Parma, and Piacenza; the country is quite flat all the way, although we saw almost constantly the Apennines of Tuscany at no very great distance on our left. Each of the four last mentioned cities have had their times of political independence and splendor in the middle ages, when they were ruled by their native princes of the houses of Este, Farnese, &c. At present Modena and Reggio are governed by the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, who is married to a princess of Sardinia; and Parma and Piacenza form the sovereignty which has been bestowed upon the Ex-Empress Maria Louisa, as a compensation for the thrones of France and Italy. I saw but little of those cities, only stopping a short time in each of them. They

appeared to me remarkably dull and gloomy ; although situated in a fertile country, there seems to be but little trade and industry. The grass grows in several of the streets of Modena, and even in the square in front of the ducal palace. But how can it be otherwise ? little states encompassed on every side by a line of custom houses, destitute of capitals, of resources, at a distance from the sea, obliged to pay heavy taxes to maintain a court, an administration, and an army ; their sovereigns under the paramount influence of a foreign power ; such is the condition of those inland sovereignties ; and can it be wondered at if the people do not thrive ? From Modena there is a direct road to Florence across the Apennines, without passing through Bologna.

Parma is a large city, but very thinly inhabited, surrounded by walls and ditches. The river Parma runs through it. Of a great number of rivers which we passed in our journey, all of which empty themselves into the Po, the most considerable is the Taro, which we crossed in a ferry a few miles beyond Parma. This river has its source in the Ligurian Apennines, and there is a road from Parma which follows its course through the Val di Tarro, and leads across the mountains into the Genoese territories, and to the shores of the Mediterranean. It was, I believe, through this road that General Macdonald, now Duke of Tarentum, led his army, coming from the furthest part of the kingdom of Naples, to fight against the famous Suwarrow, at the bloody battle of La Trebbia, under the walls of Piacenza, in 1799. Piacenza is finely situated, on the right or southern bank of the Po, being built on an elevated ground and in an open country, it is seen at some distance ; that is not the case with the other towns of Lombardy, which, being surrounded by gardens and trees, are not perceivable until one arrives at the very gates. Piacenza is a fortified town, and it commands one of the passages over the Po. The palace of the ancient dukes is a remarkable building, with a covered gallery running all round it ; the brass equestrian statues in the square before it of two members of the Farnese family, are very fine. The Po forms the boundary of the Austrian dominions in Italy. We passed that

noble river on a bridge of boats, and after going through the usual inspection of our baggage and passports, proceeded through the Milanese territories. We passed by Lodi, an apparently populous and bustling town, and arrived at Milan on the fourth day after leaving Bologna. The whole distance is about one hundred and twenty Italian miles. I thought I saw a great improvement in the appearance of the country and of the inhabitants after crossing the Po, and particularly in approaching Milan. An air of neatness and comfort, cleaner houses, improved looks of the peasants, the roads frequented by people going from one town to the other, wealthy farmers riding in their *cabriolets*, fields well cultivated, canals cut in every direction for the purpose of irrigation; all this made an agreeable contrast with the solitude, the squalid looks of the people, and the gloomy towns on the south of the Po. The females too were fairer and handsomer than those I had seen in the states Modena and Parma. As for the language, it is all bad enough: since I left the frontiers of Tuscany I have not heard any Italian spoken; a succession of the most disagreeable dialects, such as the Bolognese, Modenese, Parmesan, and Milanese, all broad and harsh, and differing only from bad to worse, have tormented my ears. At Milan, the better people speak good Italian, but still with an accent, of which they seldom can divest themselves.

Milan is a very fine city, the first in the north of Italy, for its importance and population, the capital of the late kingdom of Italy, and now of the Austrian territories in that country, which are united under the name of Regno Lombardo Veneto, a denomination much inferior to the former. It is built in the middle of the immense plains of Lombardy, at an equal distance from the Alps and the Po. The rivers Oloua and Lario flow by its walls; besides which there is the canal called Naviglio which runs through the town, and which affords a communication with the Ticino and the Adda, and through these with the Po, and with the lakes Maggiore and di Como. This canal is to Milan a great source of commerce and wealth. The ancient city is irregularly built, and is surrounded on all sides by the Naviglio,

beyond which are the suburbs or modern town, built in an elegant and splendid style. The whole is surrounded by ramparts planted with trees like the Boulevards of Paris, and used as a public walk. Milan is not a fortified city; it had a citadel or castle which was razed in the late wars; a part of it still exists and has been converted into barracks for soldiers. It stood on the place where the Campo di Marte or reviewing ground now is. The avenues of Milan are fine; the roads good, and lined with double rows of trees; every thing prepares you to expect a great metropolis; it is the gayest city in Italy next to Naples, but at the same time much more civilized and refined than that southern capital. Milan is remarkable above other Italian cities in general, for an air of wealth, splendour, and luxury, full of bustle and life, participating of foreign taste, elegance, and improvement, which may be ascribed to the long residence of the French, who called it *le petit Paris*. The population of Milan is above one hundred thousand inhabitants; it was still more considerable when the Viceroy Eugene resided there. The principal gates or rather barriers of Milan are the Porta Romana, the Porta Marengo, which opens into the road to Pavia and Genoa, the Porta Vercellina, which leads to Vercelli and Turin, the Porta Sempione, so called on account of the famous military road of that name, and the Porta Orientale, leading to Bergamo and Brescia. The road leading through the latter gate, called il Corso di Porta Orientale is much frequented as a walk by the fashionables of Milan on Sunday evenings. Splendid carriages, elegantly dressed pedestrians, all proceed there, to display their finery. Many handsome females who resort here from every part of Italy for no creditable purposes, mix in the crowd with the citizen's wives and daughters. Women do not wear any thing over their heads, but a great profusion of real and false hair divided into tresses and ringlets. The women of Milan are generally fair, they have full features, fine eyes, are much inclined to *embonpoint*. Great dissipation, looseness of morals and a thirst for pleasure, prevail at Milan, and every facility is given to these propensities. Licensed public gambling houses are daily opened at Milan, where people may go and ruin themselves with the approbation of the legislature.

I went to see the celebrated Theatre della Scala, one of the finest in Europe, and which rivals San Carlo of Naples. There are besides several other theatres for the Opera Buffa and prose performances.

The Duomo, or Cathedral of Milan, is one of the largest in Europe. It stands in the centre of the town, and its spire, which serves as a directing post to strangers, may be seen from every part of it; the exterior of this edifice is one of the most laboured extravagances of Gothic architecture. It is a mountain of marble cut for the most part into diminutive ornaments, obelisks, columns and statues of all sizes. The front has been built at three different times and in three different styles; the Roman, the Gothic, and the modern are contrasted together. The interior of the church is grand and imposing, but not much ornamented, and is kept very dirty. It is divided into five naves. I ascended to the top of the church; it is like a forest of marble, if I may be allowed the expression. There are more than a hundred spires or obelisks of various dimensions, with a dozen or two of small statues placed in niches round each obelisk, so that a great number of them are lost to the sight. One may imagine what an immense labour and expense! It is not yet completed however on one side; the revenues allotted for the purpose of terminating this monument of bad taste, were seized by Napoleon, who, if he had only been guilty of such spoliations, might have been easily forgiven. The stone used for this colossal building is a kind of white marble, and has been taken from the mountains which surround the Lago Maggiore. There are five hundred and twenty steps to ascend up the dome to a small gallery that runs around the spire, from which I had a most beautiful view of the plain of Lombardy and of the chain of Alps which border it in a semicircle on the northern side. This panorama is the grandest and most extensive I have seen, and I would recommend to all travellers not to miss it in passing by Milan, for it is well worth the trouble; but it must be seen on a clear morning, a thing not very common in this city. Turning to the north, I saw that barrier of mountains covered with eternal ice, from the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont on the left,

down to the Rhaetian and Tyrolean Alps to the east, a few peaks such as the St. Bernard, the St. Gothard and others, were conspicuous by their towering height, and by the snowy waste spread around their sides, which seems to forbid our approach. Sublime in their wintry horrors, they frown on the world below ; but their heads rise above the region of storms and share the brightness of the ethereal skies.

“ ————— Ces monts sourcilleux,
Qui pressent les enfers et qui fendent les Cieux.”

At their feet, the fertile plains of Piedmont, Lombardy, and of the Venetian States, lie spread like a vast parterre cut by rivers, interlined with trees, and chequered with towns, villages, and hamlets : far to the south the chain of Tuscan Apennines, extending across the peninsula from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, appeared as a faint line, half lost in the horizontal vapours ; still the imagination penetrated beyond that line, for on the other side lies the sacred ground of Italy, the classical land of Etruria, Rome, and Campania Felix ! While I was lost in contemplation, a mist arose, and at once the Alps and the Apennines, Lombardy and its towns, all vanished, as a momentary dream of bliss.

The Milanese are a good natured quiet race of men, fond of ease and comfort, they like good eating, drinking, and all sorts of pleasures. That disposition is the natural consequence of living under a mild climate in a land of plenty, for such is Lombardy above all other countries, and of being deprived of the stimulus of national spirit and ambition. Very few beggars are to be seen in the streets of Milan, a pleasing exception from the rest of Italy. All kinds of provisions are good, cheap, and plentiful at Milan ; the plains produce abundance of corn, rice, wine, and vegetables, the valleys of the Alps afford excellent pasture for cattle ; and meat, milk, butter, and cheese, are excellent in this country. It is a matter of astonishment to a stranger how, after such a period of wars and invasions as that which has just closed, during which myriads of troops have lived at discretion

in this devoted country, and enormous contributions have been exacted by foreign rulers, how, I say, Lombardy is still one of the richest countries in Europe; a year or two of tranquillity being sufficient to make up for all those calamities; so bountiful has nature been to this land! The tables of the Milanese are copiously supplied; they make at least three substantial meals a-day; they are therefore looked upon by the more frugal Italians of the south as gluttons and epicures. *Minestra* or soup, is not here, as beyond the Apennines, the first dish and the *sine qua non* of an Italian dinner; but they have a first course composed of entremets, saussages, fried or boiled meat, liver highly seasoned, &c. to whet the appetite, after which comes the soup, *bouilli*, and the more substantial dishes. Their way of dressing their victuals is also less Italian, oil is almost discarded, and instead of it they use a great deal of butter, which makes me think myself almost out of Italy. Common wine is very bad, but wines from Brianza and the hills near the lakes, as well as from Piedmont and other provinces, are very pleasant, wholesome, and reasonable. One of the most favorite dishes with the Milanese is the *risotto*, or rice made up in a kind of pudding with hashed meat, butter, eggs, saffron, &c. and highly seasoned.

I have heard the Italians of the south call Lombardy, and particularly Milan, the *Bœotia* of Italy; I think the appellation unjust, particularly now, as that city is become the centre of Italian literature. Lombardy has produced of late many names illustrious in the republic of letters, and Milan, since it was made the capital of the kingdom of Italy is become the general resort of learning and genius. Cesarotti, Monti, Parini,* Gianni, and other modern Italian poets made it their principal residence. More books are published at Milan than in the rest of Italy, and periodical publications on scientific, classical, and literary subjects, a thing before unknown to the south of the Alps, are now printed at Milan, Padua, &c. I went to the university and academy at Brera, where I saw the *Epinoteca*,

* See the Appendix, Note 6.

or museum of the fine arts ; there are many paintings by Guido, Titian, Andre del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, Caracci, Veronese, Rubens, Vandyck, &c. a Raphael in his early style, representing the marriage of the Virgin Mary, which shows how inferior are those early specimens of that great master's powers to his subsequent works, particularly in softness and delicacy. In the sculpture room there are a great number of casts, but few statues. The library is a fine one, divided into several rooms ; I was shewn editions of Dante, Horace, &c. of the first era of typography.

The Circo or amphitheatre, which stands on one side of the Piazza d' arme or reviewing ground, is a modern building erected during the French dominion, in imitation of the Roman amphitheatres, and intended for the display of public games, such as chariot races, bull fights, &c. It is of an oval form, the arena is about one hundred and twenty French toises in length ; on one side is the *pulvinare* or covered gallery, magnificently ornamented with painted stuccoes, and where the sovereign and his court take their station to see the games. The arena is so constructed, as to be filled occasionally with water, and to be transformed into a naumachia for rowing-matches, &c. On some remarkable occasions under the French government, the amphitheatre was opened to the public gratis ; this is the way they contrived to lull the people asleep, by affording them amusements and dissipation, much in the same manner that the Roman emperors gave fights of gladiators, to captivate the affection of the populace, and make them lose sight of their oppressive tyranny. At the farthest end of the Piazza d' arme, is the triumphal arch intended for Bonaparte, but which has not been finished ; the bassi relievi representing his victories, are huddled together under temporary barracks, and the whole arch is surrounded by a wooden shed.

One of the finest walks of Milan is the Foro, in the neighbourhood of the Piazza d' arme, it is planted with trees that afford a pleasant shade. Near the Porta Orientale there is a palace with gardens, formerly called Villa Bonaparte, and now

the residence of the Austrian governor. By degrees the obnoxious names are dropped and every thing modelled to the taste of the present rulers.

The Basilica Ambrosiana, dedicated to Sant' Ambrogio, Bishop of Milan, is a very ancient and extensive building, situated in a romantic, solitary part of the city. One of the peculiar charms of Italy is, in my opinion, that every part of it contains monuments and buildings, which waft our imagination to times and circumstances of uncommon interest, to ages of greatness of which we can form but an imperfect and obscure idea; our curiosity is interested, and solemn reflections succeed. The name of Ambrose, that undaunted defender of the orthodox church, carries the mind back to the times when Milan was the capital of the western empire, when emperors and Cæsars kept their court in that city, and thence ruled civilized Europe. The library attached to the Basilica is rich in manuscripts; among them I observed a copy of *San Gregorio Nazianzeno*, of the eighth century, beautifully written: they had several *papirii*, which were taken away by the French.

One of the most interesting buildings in Milan is the great hospital. It is a long parallelogram, of considerable extent, situated close to the canal Naviglio. It has the disadvantage of being too much in the centre of the city, an inconvenience common to many ancient institutions of the same kind, formed in times when the knowledge of medicine was still in its infancy. In the middle of it is a spacious court surrounded by porticoes, under which, on certain days of the year, are exposed the portraits of the numerous benefactors who have contributed by liberal legacies to the support of this charitable foundation. A singular but harmless distinction is made in these paintings. Those worthies who have contributed below a certain sum are represented standing; those whose benefactions have been more considerable, are painted sitting comfortably at their ease. It is a pleasant sight to behold that offering of gratitude to those philanthropic minds who have honoured their age and their country. Every town in Italy had similar institutions, but the modern republican philan-

thropists seized the revenues of many of them. These philosophers of our days, wholly intent to enlighten the minds of their fellow-creatures and to expel from them the darkness of ignorance, its prejudices and superstitions, have sometimes forgotten that men so spiritualized, are still encumbered with a body ; that they are apt to fall sick, that they are subject to grief and misfortunes, that sometimes they are likely to wish for a quiet retreat to meditate and study, and that, therefore, hospitals, churches, and even a few convents, are very useful institutions in their proper place. In those dark ages which we are so apt to look upon with a kind of horror, many a benevolent man thought of alleviating the bodily sufferings of his fellow-creatures ; there is then some good to be derived even from the example of our ancestors. Every age as well as every nation, has its peculiar vices and follies ; good is always to be found by the side of evil, and I believe providence has balanced the good and bad things with nearly an equal scale.

La Zecca or the mint of Milan, is a remarkable building. Its distribution, the excellence of the engines employed in the process of coining, the number of workmen, and the regularity of all the parts of its administration are admirable. It owes these advantages to the French government, which generally carried these national institutions to a great degree of perfection and splendour.

From the sketches I have given of what Milan was under the late government, it is easy to conceive that the Milanese were attached to it, and have regretted its fall. They are in that respect differently situated from any other people in Italy. The French made Milan the capital of a great state, a second Paris, the residence of a brilliant court, the centre of arts and sciences : they enriched the city, they adorned it with magnificent buildings ; they flattered the vanity, the ambition, and the interests of of its inhabitants. Milan was the place of resort for people from all parts of Upper Italy, to sue for situations, promotions, honours, and pensions. Nor did the advantage rest here. The Milanese thought of their city becoming one day the capital of

the whole of Italy. Although placed under the paramount influence of France, they fondly and credulously hoped that at the death of Napoleon, the kingdom of Italy would become independent, under the sway of a separate dynasty, and that all the brilliant dreams cherished by Italian minds for centuries past would then become realized. All this glorious vision has vanished, the gay structure has fallen to the ground, and Milan has returned to the condition of a provincial city, under foreign rulers, whose manners, language, and ideas are less congenial than those of the French; and the Milanese have no prospect of seeing their fate altered. Can they feel satisfied? The other great cities of Italy, Turin, Florence, Rome, and Naples, have each a court, they behold their ancient sovereigns, Italian sovereigns, residing amongst them. Milan has none of these advantages, for the retinue of the long expected Archduke, is not to be compared to a kingly court. The Milanese are, therefore, looked upon, and with foundation, as being generally partial (with the exception of some of the nobility and clergy) to the French system. But they are a quiet sensible race of men, and they seem thoroughly persuaded that any attempt to change their present condition would only make it worse; so they sit down contented, eat, drink, and submit to their destiny. They are not by nature either revolutionists or conspirators, although they talk willingly and freely; indeed, Milan has, during the late wars, constantly and quietly submitted to the conqueror of the day. The only instance in which the people of Milan have shewn a mutinous and vindictive spirit, was in the murder of Prina, the minister of finances under Eugene. That ill-fated man was a Piedmontese by birth, and he had rendered himself odious in the time of his power, by acts of severity and oppression. When the Austrians approached Milan in 1814, after the capitulation of Mantua, the people began to shew symptoms of restlessness; those individuals belonging to government, who had reason to believe themselves obnoxious, seeing the storm gathering, thought prudent to conceal themselves, until the Austrian army should enter and overawe the populace, as few or none of the Italian troops had remained in the capital. Prina was advised to take similar precautions, but he affected to hold the Milanese in too great contempt, and

remained quietly in his palace. At last, the multitude assembled in front of it, demanding vengeance on the devoted minister. He then thought of escaping, but it was too late. The incensed populace rushed into his sumptuous apartments, destroying every thing in the house and throwing the furniture out of the windows; they did not, however, offer any personal violence to any of its inhabitants, but looked into every recess for Prina, whom alone they wanted. They found him at last concealed in a garret, half undressed, and then the work of vengeance began. The wretched victim was made to feel all kinds of abuses and humiliation, and he, who three days before saw the whole of Milan trembling at his feet—who disposed of the properties and liberties of its citizens, was now at the mercy of the meanest of the rabble. They dragged him through the streets. General Pino came forward to harangue the multitude and to persuade them to give Prina up to the proper authorities, but to no purpose; and the General himself was warned to retire; the mob increased, but in the confusion Prina contrived to escape, but only to feel the bitterness of death protracted. He took shelter in a shop, thence he passed into an adjoining house, but the people, who were resolved on his destruction, had already surrounded every avenue. They found him out a second time, as he was disguising himself in a priest's dress, and then "mercy sighed farewell!" They beat him, threw him down, dragged him by his feet along the pavement, upbraiding him with abuses and reproaches, and striking him with the ferrules of their umbrellas, for many a well dressed person was seen taking part in the horrid butchery. Night added to the horror of the scene; at last, one more violent, or more merciful than the rest, gave him a final blow on the head with a club, and thereby terminated his sufferings. Such was the end of Prina, a terrible instance of popular revenge! His house was entirely demolished on the same day. I have seen the place where once it stood. Throughout the whole transaction, revenge and not pillage was the object, and the people accomplished it with the most astonishing coolness and perseverance.

When Murat advanced to the Po in 1815, inviting all Italians to take up arms for the independence of Italy, the Milanese re-

mained quiet, as if they had foreseen the end of that rash expedition. When Murat's pompous proclamation, dated from Rimini, arrived at Milan, General Bellegarde, the Austrian governor, published immediately a well written answer in refutation of it; and the two printed manifestoes were circulated together through the city, that people might compare their contents. There were at that time very few Austrian troops in the capital, still the theatres and public places continued open and were frequented as usual, and the general tranquillity was not in the least disturbed, although from Milan people might almost hear the firing of the cannon of the Neapolitan army on the banks of the Po.

The country around Milan is flat and monotonous, but well cultivated; some parts of it are unhealthy on account of the *risiere* or rice fields, which require much water. The nobility and men of wealth have their country houses at many miles distance from the town, on the hills of Varese and Brianza, or on the delightful shores of the lake Maggiore, or of the lake of Como. Monza, a few miles from Milan, was the favorite residence of the Viceroy Eugene; it has a noble palace with fine gardens annexed to it. The atmosphere of Milan is thick and misty, but not unwholesome; it suits particularly people affected by pectoral or pulmonick complaints, who are frequently sent from Genoa and other maritime places, to try the air of Milan. Milan being in a low situation, in the middle of an immense plain, the climate is very hot in summer, and as at the same time it is too far from the Alps to be sheltered by them, the cold northerly winds coming over the glaciers of Switzerland are felt in their full force in winter. Upon the whole, it is an agreeable place to spend a few weeks in, but it has not, like the more southern Italian cities any lasting attractions for a foreigner.

I left Milan by the usual conveyance of a vetturino, to proceed to Switzerland over the Simplon. This famous road was constructed by Bonaparte's orders, to have at all times a free access

for his armies into the very heart of Italy, and to be able thereby to say, *il n' y a plus d' Alpes*, as Lewis XIV. said, *il n' y a plus de Pyrénées*. It is certainly the grandest work of the kind effected by Napoleon, who employed in its construction many millions, the labour of several thousands of people, and seven or eight years of time. That part of the road which crosses the great chain of Alps that divides Italy from Switzerland, is equal to the greatest works of the ancient Romans. But to return to my journal.

We travelled the first day's journey along the dusty roads of the Milanese territory; the country is fertile, the fields are planted with corn, and crossed at equal distances by rows of vines and mulberry trees. The latter is a very important produce, as silk forms one of the principal revenues of Lombardy. Travelling through this country is very dull, the long straight avenues of trees which line the road, afford no prospect; few country houses are to be seen, and I was glad when we approached the lovely hills that border the Lago Maggiore. We arrived in the afternoon at Sesto, a small town built at the place where the Tesino comes out of the lake, there we had a beautiful view of the St. Gothard and its adjoining mountains, all covered with snow; we crossed the river and entered the territories of the King of Sardinia, in which we now are. This province is called *il Novarese*, from Novara, its capital, it chiefly consists of a number of vallies branching in different directions between the Alps, some as far as the foot of Mount Rosa, and others to the Furca mountains. It is a land rich in pastures, and it participates of the respective nature of Swiss and Italian countries. It has all the bold romantic scenery of the former, while it enjoys the genial sun and milder sky of the latter. The whole of this remote part of Italy between the lakes and the Alps, is a most delightful region. We slept that night at Arona, a neat little town very prettily situated on the lake. I saw many boats and small vessels before it, as a considerable trade is carried on with the opposite coast of the Milanese, and the remoter one of the Swiss Canton of Tesino. On a hill above Arona stands a brass colossal

statue of St. Charles Borromeo, the patron of Milan ; it is sixty Milanese braccia in height, including the pedestal, and is seen at a great distance. Near it is a college founded by the holy Archbishop.

From Arona to Baveno, we followed on a fine level road the shores of the lake ; the beautiful mass of waters, of an irregular shape, about fifty miles in length, varying from four miles to eight in its breadth, is inclosed by hills covered with all the produces of Italian vegetation, full of villages and cottages, while it stretches its northern extremity to the very foot of the Rhætian Alps. The scenery is fine beyond description. At Baveno we took a boat and went to see the celebrated Borromean islands belonging to the Milanese family of that name. The Isola Bella, where we landed, is certainly deserving that name ; its gardens rise upon terraces one above the other in gay succession ; in the middle of them stands the splendid palace of the owners ; the apartments are richly and elegantly decorated ; those of the ground floor have their walls incrustated with a curious kind of mosaic, made of rough pebbles and shells of various colours ; the gardens are laid out in the old unnatural style of geometrical compartments and ornaments, which form a most striking contrast with the wild natural beauties of the opposite shores. There is a fine grove with *giuochi d' acqua*. I saw a very fine laurel tree, upon the trunk of which Bonaparte, in one of his first campaigns in Italy, cut the word *battaglia* ; some of the letters are still to be traced out. While looking from the terrace in front of the palace over the whole island, the wide lake around, and the amphitheatre of hills and mountains beyond ; here near the shores the calm reflection of the woods and white walled cottages in the peaceful waters ; farther on, the towering summits of the Alps, with *their ten thousand years of snow*, the stillness of the scene, the singular beauty of this sequestered spot—every thing carried the imagination to the enchanted gardens of Armida, while the heart owned with a sigh, that nature is ever beautiful, though man is often wretched.

I left with regret the Isola Bella, and returned to Baveno. The other two Borromean islands are called Isola Madre, and Isola de Pescatori; but they are scarcely noticed on account of the superior charms of their fair neighbour. At a short distance from Baveno, we left the Lago Maggiore, and turned to the left into the deep vallies, following the course of the Toccia or Tosa, a considerable river which rises in the Alps and empties itself into the lake. Here we exchanged the Italian for the true Alpine landscape. Black rocks overhanging the narrow valley, the foaming river below, fir trees covering the sides of the mountains, wooden hamlets scattered here and there, the distant noise of the cataracts, and the tinkling of the cow bell; such are the characteristics of the Alps. We slept the second night at Domo d' Ossola, a considerable town, tolerably well built, and finely situated in the valley, surrounded on all sides by mountains: this morning we left it, to enter the dark glens of the Val di Vedro, the gloomiest defiles I have seen. We passed the Tosa at Crevola, on a fine stone bridge, one of the many on this road: there is a considerable glass manufactory near that place. These vallies offer the most suitable spots for such establishments. Abundance of wood and water, a fine road, the convenience of the neighbouring lake, and of the canals communicating from it to the Po; all these are strong encouragements to industry. From Crevola to this place we have been continually ascending; the scene becoming still wilder and gloomier. Isella, whence I write this, is the custom house of the Sardinian states on this side, as the frontier of Switzerland is but a little further on. The inn where I now am is built against the rock; a foaming torrent dashes itself at the bottom of the precipice several hundred feet deep, the noise is almost deafening, and the air is loaded with vapours incessantly rising from the abyss below.

Eggs, cheese, and some fish from the river, with sour wine, have composed our dinner; it is more than one would expect in these deserts. To-morrow evening I shall be in Switzerland, if the snow and wind allow us to pass the Simplon. This

mountain is about five thousand feet above the Lago Maggiore, which is seven hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea. These are the frontiers of Italy, how easily they might be guarded by a brave and patriotic race ! *

* See Appendix, No. 7.

LETTER V.

Return to Italy.—Arrival at Pont Beauvoisin.—Piedmontese custom house officers.—Smugglers.—Pass of les Echelles.—Chambery.—Savoyards, their character.—One of them returned from India.—Montmelian, its important situation.—Valley of Maurienne.—Approach to Italy gradually felt.—Mont Cenis.—La Ramasse.—Hospice.—Italian side of the Alps.—Change in the dress of the people.—Susa.—Sabbath respected.—Plains of Piedmont.—Rivoli.—Turin.—Remarks on the neglect of travellers about this city.—Advantages of Turin.—Its fine situation.—Theatre Carignan.—Excursion to Superga.—Magnificent view from it.—An Italian holiday.—Great theatre.—Piedmontese ladies.—Character and appearance of the people in general.—Fertility of the country.—State of morals.—Religion.—Epidemic diseases at Turin in 1817.—Processions.—Buildings of Turin.—Royal palace and chapel.—Neighbourhood of Turin.—University.—House of Savoy; present King and Queen.—Regularity of the court.—Reflections on the subject.—Government of Piedmont.—Abuses complained of.—Ministers.—Police of Turin.—Charitable institutions.—State of the prisons, remarks on the subject.—Political sentiments of Piedmontese.—State of the army.—Piedmontese good soldiers.—Dialect of the country.—Italian language.—Cheapness and goodness of living at Turin.—Commerce and manufactures.—Conclusion.

TURIN, SEPTEMBER, 1819.

IT is with heartfelt satisfaction that I find myself once more on this side of the Alps, in the beautiful plains of Piedmont, and this too in a most delightful time of the year. I left Lyons in the evening of the same day I had arrived from Paris, and I was glad to avoid a delay in the former dull city. We travelled the whole night, passed through Bourgoin and la Tour du Pin, two small French towns, and arrived at Pont Beauvoisin, on the frontiers of Savoy, next morning by ten o'clock. There we were detained four hours by the Piedmontese custom house officers, who

examined every part of the baggage. They are civil to passengers when they have no suspicion of their concealing any contraband articles; they do not empty their trunks, but merely overlook the contents, taking great care not to injure them. I have found the custom house officers of the King of Sardinia, the best behaved of any I have met in the whole of my travels. They are well clothed and well paid, and are little susceptible of bribery; indeed, I have met with the same disinterested spirit in the Piedmontese police officers, and in the gens d'armes, who do their duty very well, and keep the roads perfectly safe; and I am happy to be able to pay them this compliment; they reflect credit upon their government and upon their country.

Pont Beauvoisin is a small town divided in two by the river Guiers, which forms the boundary between France and Savoy. On the bridge which unites the two quarters of the town, there are on each side sentries of the respective nations. The French part is the best built. As I was standing in the middle of the square near the post, I could read the inscriptions of eight or ten inns, coffee-houses, and billiard rooms dignified by high sounding names. I suppose that the military, the custom house and police officers, and the other people employed by government, form the principal part of the inhabitants of the place, and that they spend their frequent leisure hours in public places to kill time. The situation of Pont Beauvoisin is low, and surrounded by high ground, and I think it must be rather unhealthy in summer. The part of it belonging to Savoy, seems poorer and of less consequence than that on the French side.

While the custom house officers were visiting the goods with which the diligence is generally loaded, we got our dinner, and at two o'clock we started again. We soon arrived at the *pas du Chail*, which is the first defile one meets in entering Savoy. The road is narrow and cut out of the perpendicular rock on the brink of a fearful precipice, at the bottom of which, runs the river Guiers. It is over this frightful chasm that smugglers venture often in the depths of night, climb the rocks at the risk of being precipitated into the abyss below, and wading through the river,

they pass from one territory into the other, where the gens d'armes are in watch for them, and where they run the chance of losing their property, and with it their liberty, and sometimes their lives. Still the temptation is so great on account of the heavy duties by which the governments of Europe have now thought proper to fetter commerce, that numbers of people are known to live by smuggling all along the frontiers. Guilty as they are of breaking the laws of the country, I cannot help compassionating in some degree many of these people whom real necessity and want of resources in these inland districts lead to follow this dangerous and illegal course of life. What nights of watching, fatigue, and anxiety they must pass when engaged in their expeditions; the profits of which very often serve to enrich their employers who rest secure at home, and who give them such a poor share as is barely sufficient to support existence. With what throbbing hearts must their families be waiting for their return! The subject is certainly very sad, and one of the evils of the present system. The gens d'armes trace out the smugglers, like hunters after their prey. I perceived the manoeuvres of some of them who had got scent of a depôt of contraband goods concealed in a solitary house situated on the Savoy bank of the river, near the road; those who were on foot surrounded the place at a distance, concealing themselves behind the bushes, and then one who was mounted galloped to the house, when all the rest rushed in. Our carriage driving on, I could not learn any thing of the success, but I felt that the scene was a most unpleasant one to reflect upon.

We arrived at sunset at the great pass of *les Echelles*, one of the most romantic I have seen. A range of table mountains, which I take to be a secondary chain of Alps, runs across Savoy, between the Rhone and the Isere, and seems to forbid the approach to Italy on that side, appearing like an outwork of the great Alpine barrier. Formerly, the only way to proceed was by steps cut in the rock, accessible only to pedestrians, and resembling ladders, from which, the pass took the name of *les Echelles*. Charles Emmanuel II. Duke of Savoy, had a road opened by mines through this mass of rocks for a length of about

two miles ; a most useful and noble undertaking. An inscription remains in commemoration of the sovereign who had it constructed. The road is winding, the cliffs are in some places nearly a thousand feet high and almost perpendicular. A solemn stillness reigns in this region. At a tremendous height above your head, a few sheep and goats, scarcely distinguishable by the sight, are straying on the crags which hang over the precipice, and higher up, the azure sky contrasts with the grey colour of the rocks by which you are enclosed on every side, so as not perceive any issue. The whole forms a most wild and dreary scene. In the midst of these horrors, the singular appearance of a beggar stationed on one side of the road, strikes the traveller. This man has lived twenty years in this place, in a kind of wooden hut built against the rock, ten feet in length and six in breadth, there he sleeps, works, cooks his scanty repast, and collects the alms of the passengers. A strange existence, which still must have its attractions !

The ascent is very steep and fatiguing for the horses ; to avoid it a gallery has been cut through the rock, which will be passable in a short time ; it is more than eight hundred feet in length by twenty-five in breadth. It was begun by Bonaparte, and has been finished by the present King of Sardinia, who seems not to neglect these kinds of improvements in his territories. After twenty minutes walk through the rocky glen, we saw the sun again ; the pass became less steep and the mountains lower, and we began to descend towards Chambéry. Les Echelles forms on this side a natural defence to Savoy ; but the country is open and accessible on the south, towards Grenoble. We passed the night at Chambéry. I had seen the town on a former journey ; its situation is romantic, in a valley closely surrounded by the lofty Alps ; the town itself is poor and indifferently built ; Count Audezeno, the present governor of Savoy, resides in it ; it has a senate, which is the supreme court of justice of the duchy. There are many noble families in this place, but generally they have but small incomes ; they retain, however, much of the pride of feudal times ; they were once overbearing to the peasantry, but this is now over, and things tend

rather to the opposite extreme. The Savoyards are sincere, but passionate; honest and faithful, but headstrong; charitable amongst themselves, but the lower classes, notwithstanding this, are much inclined to beg from the traveller, without even having the excuse of real want. A great number of them leave their country, and wander about Europe, subsisting by different kinds of labour. The country women are the most submissive servants of their husbands, as in all rude countries; they stand waiting behind their chairs while they are at table, and never take their meals until their lords have finished.

The inhabitants of Chambéry and of other towns of Savoy, speak very good French. The men of letters write with great elegance and purity of style. One of them, Le Chevalier Maistre, published some time ago a curious little work, under the title of "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*;" in which he has imitated with success the style of Sterne's sentimental journey.*

The Savoyards have acquired much of French manners and ideas during the last twenty years, and consequently a certain prepossession in favour of their late masters.

On leaving Chambéry, as I and my fellow-travellers were walking before the diligence, we met a young peasant carrying a bundle of hay:—" *Ah messieurs, si j'étois comme vous, je ne porterois pas cette botte de foin*," said he, with a significant look of envy, and an expression of ill restrained dissatisfaction, at the supposed superiority of our lots.

A short distance from Chambéry, I was struck with the appearance of a fine country house and gardens on the right of the road, which belong to a native of this country, who made his fortune in India. A curious story was told me of his having been high in rank in the service of Tippoo Saheb, and of his having betrayed his master into the hands of the English; and although I replied that Tippoo had perished on the breach at the

* See Appendix, No. 8.

storming of his own capital, the Savoyard who related me this tale, did not seem persuaded of its untruth. The nabob, as he is called, has lived for many years at this place, in complete retirement; his countrymen are prejudiced against him and avoid his company. He succeeded lately in marrying a natural son of his, to a young lady of Chambéry, to the great disapprobation of the people; but money is as great a temptation in Savoy as elsewhere. It must be said in his favour, that he employs a good part of his fortune in charitable purposes.

The country about Chambéry is the most fertile part of Savoy. On approaching Montmelian, I noticed the curious appearance of a rock on the left, which resembles the head of a sphynx, and preserves the same resemblance on every side. The situation of Montmelian is picturesque, and seems important in a military point of view. It is built at the foot of a steep mountain on the right bank of the Isère, and commands the pass of that river. Four deep valleys open from it, the one by which you come from Chambéry, another to the left, leading into the high Alps of Tarentaise, the third, to the right, following the course of the Isère to Grenoble, and the fourth, opening into the province of Maurienne, through which the road to Italy leads. The Austrians and the French had some hard fighting at this place, in 1814.

The road after crossing the river, ascends slowly, winding between two chains of Alps, which rise higher and higher, and seem to close at Aiguebella. The situation of this town would afford a fine subject for an Alpine landscape.

We dined at Aiguebella, and proceeding on our route, turned round a mountain into the valley of Maurienne, a poor barren country. The river Arc, which descends from Mont Cenis, runs through the whole of Maurienne, and empties itself into the Isère near Montmelian. The road keeps by the banks of this stream all the way to the foot of Mont Cenis. We passed in the evening Saint Jean de Maurienne, the principal town of the province. The approach to Italy is here gradually felt; the sounds of the

patois become more like the Piedmontese; the appearance of the people is more Italian; there is more expression in their countenance, and more warmth in their address. The sky was pure and brilliant, and the moon shone brighter than I had seen it for a long time. We passed the night at Saint Michel, a small town with a tolerably good inn, where the diligence to and from Italy regularly stops. Starting early in the morning, we passed the forest of Bramant, and found ourselves in the very middle of the Alps, some of their highest peaks covered with eternal snow towering above the rest; we saw to the left Mont Iseran, whence the Isere takes its source, Mont Cenis before us and the Col de Sestrieres on the right, over which in summer there is a passage leading to Fenestrelle. After passing the village of Lanslebourg, we began to ascend Mont Cenis, the road winds along the side of the mountain, the ascent is easy, it was free from snow, and we had a beautiful sunny day. In about three hours we were at the summit of the ascent. This is the place where in winter time people slide down over the snow, on little sledges directed by a man in front, and they reach the bottom in eight or ten minutes, while it would take them an hour and a half by the carriage road. There have been instances of English travellers, so very fond of impetuous motion, as to repeat the experiment two or three times following, reascending the mountain for the purpose of being hurled down again from the top of it. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, is a common proverb in Italy. This place is called La Ramasse from *ramasser*.

The road striking across to the left, we lost sight at once of the valleys of Savoy, and saw nothing but craggy summits covered with snow, and a few fir trees scattered round the sides of the mountains. As we proceeded, however, towards the little plain on the summit of Mont Cenis, the view became more extensive and varied. A lake of the most brilliant azure, and of about a mile in length, occupies the centre of the plain; its banks are covered with green pastures mixed with wild flowers and aromatic herbs, and the scenery is inclosed on all sides by Alps rising upon Alps. We passed the post house and went to pay a visit to the *Hospice*, which is an extensive building, for

the purpose of affording shelter and assistance to travellers. We met two regular priests belonging to a house of their order at Turin; they regaled us with some excellent trout from the neighbouring lake, some Mont Cenis cheese, stale bread, sour wine and fruit. They make no regular charge for the refreshments they give, but those travellers who can afford it, leave a small discretionary present for the benefit of the institution. Poor people are sheltered and fed gratis. Napoleon supported this establishment, which was useful to his troops passing continually in this road, and the present government continues to maintain it. There are revenues attached to the institution, besides the monopoly of the fishery of the lake. We parted very friendly from the monks and continued our journey, following the course of the Dora, which takes its rise in this mountain. We were now on Italian ground, but nothing was to be seen as yet of the plains of that delightful country. Italy, like a pretty coquette, seems to retreat before you; you have a glimpse of her in descending to Susa, but you do not see her in her loveliness until long after you have passed that town, and are arrived in the plains of Turin.

The Italian side of Mont Cenis, as well as that of the Simplon, is wilder and more abrupt than the opposite side. The rocks are steeper, the precipices are more sudden and deeper; nature has surrounded her favorite Italy with these horrors, as so many dragons watching the entrance of the garden of the Hesperides. We passed the plain of Saint Nicholas, a deep valley, encompassed on all sides by valleys almost perpendicular; it is a dangerous pass in stormy weather, when the snow is drifted about, so as to cover all traces of the road, and bewilder the poor traveller. To prevent these accidents, long poles are stuck in the ground at short distances from each other, and refuges or shelter houses of strong masonry have been built to afford asylum against the fury of the elements. We passed the new fortress of Bramante, constructed on the left of the road, on a rock surrounded on all sides by dreadful precipices, the batteries of which command the pass completely. The descent becomes steeper and steeper; it forms a zig-zag with very sharp angles. We

arrived at five o'clock at Le Molaret, the first Piedmontese post-house. Here nature assumes a milder aspect, we leave behind us the dreary horrors of Alpine scenery, and there remain only the romantic, pleasing features of the valley. We noticed also the different dresses of the postillions; the embroidered military jacket of the French gives place to the short Italian jacket of striped velveteen, trowsers of the same, instead of the enormous French jack-boots, and the red sash of the south, begin to make their appearance. The language is the Piedmontese, and the better sort speak Italian.

We arrived at Susa about sunset. It was a Sunday evening, and for the first time since I had left England, I perceived visible signs of the Sabbath. The shops were shut, and numbers of cleanly dressed females, in their holiday garbs, were returning from church. I felt real pleasure in seeing this; the Italians, with all their frailties and follies, still preserve that respect for the religion of their forefathers, which is connected with the best feelings of the heart.

Susa is an ancient looking town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Dora, and at the very foot of the Alps, and surrounded by gardens and vineyards. It had an ancient castle, called La Brunetta, which was considered very strong, but it was razed by the French in the late wars. Here the climate, the architecture, the appearance of the people—every thing is Italian.

We left Susa next morning early, and traversing a narrow valley, along the river Dora, we passed Aveglia, beyond which the landscape becomes wider and the country finer, until at last, on approaching Rivoli, you see at once the wide fertile plains of the Po, opening before you, with the majestic Alps forming a crescent at a distance; the fine avenue of Rivoli, the domes of the capital, and the stately sanctuary of Superga. The whole constitutes a magnificent amphitheatre: this is real Italy! this is the land

"Ch' Appennin parte, e 'l mar circonda e 'l' Alpe."

The road between Susa and Rivoli is bad ; the King has given orders to repair it, but government seems not to be seconded by its subalterns, for instead of mending the old road, which might easily be done, they are constructing, at a great expence, a new one, at a short distance from the former, by which means the commissioners enrich themselves, the people grumble, and all parties complain, to the satisfaction of the ill intentioned. This is the way in which most things at present are carried on in Italy.

Rivoli is a small town, about seven miles from Turin ; it has a palace belonging to the king, where he spends a part of the year. A superb, straight avenue, with double rows of trees, leads to the capital. We arrived at Turin at eleven in the morning, we entered by the Porta Susina, and the fine street of Dora Grossa.

Turin is perhaps of all the Italian capitals, the least noticed by travellers, although, in my opinion, it deserves a distinguished place among them. This unmerited neglect is probably owing to the short stay that English and other travellers make in it. A foreigner arriving by Mont Cenis, feels generally such a strong attraction drawing him towards the south ; Florence, Rome, and Naples, are objects of such magnitude to his view, that he cannot linger on the very threshold of Italy, and after a day or two spent in visiting the gallery of paintings in the king's palace, in sauntering under the arcades in Strada Po, and in peeping in at the theatres, he hastens to quit Turin, with few lasting impressions of it remaining in his mind. At his return, he either takes the road by Milan and the Simplon, or if he retraces his steps by Mont Cenis, he is so full of what he has seen in the classical parts of Italy, that Turin is again disregarded, and he passes through it with the same listless indifference as before. For my part, having visited this city several times, and made some stay in it, I have learned to appreciate it, and I consider Turin as a very interesting place, equal in point of situation, to any inland town of Italy, and as a most comfortable residence for a stranger. It is called *Il gioiello dell' Italia* ; and is, upon the whole, the

best built city in that country ; the greatest part of it being on a regular plan ; the streets are broad, straight, and cross one another at right angles. The two principal squares, Piazza Castello, and Piazza San Carlo, are magnificent, and the fine lofty arcades around them, and those along the Strada Po, afford a great convenience in bad weather : there every day after twelve one meets the fashionable part of the population, walking up and down, there one finds the best shops, coffee-houses, inns and *restaurants*, and after crossing in this manner the greater part of the town, and arriving at the end of the Strada Po, one sees at once the river, the noble bridge over it, the verdant hills on the other side covered with country houses, and their highest point crowned with the splendid church of Superga.

The situation of Turin, is extremely pleasant, and the landscape round it, bold and varied. The city is built on the left or western bank of the Po, in a beautiful plain, bounded on the north and west by the Alps, at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles ; to the south it opens into the fertile province of Saluzzo, and to the east, the view is agreeably terminated by a range of hills rising immediately from the right bank of the Po, and which afford during the summer, a pleasant retreat in their verdant groves and well cultivated gardens. As soon as you pass the bridge, you ascend to the church and convent of La Madonna del Monte, and from the terrace in front of it you see to the greatest advantage the whole amphitheatre I have mentioned. The city of Turin is laid before you as on a map ; it is small, but elegant and neat, and the country around is well cultivated ; you trace the course of that noble river the Po, which takes its source from the glaciers of Mont Viso, the highest and boldest peak of the chain which divides Piedmont from Dauphiné ; then turning to the north the sight is bewildered in that formidable mass of Alps that divides Switzerland from Italy. You easily distinguish the hoary summits of Monte Rosa, the highest mountain in Europe next to Mont Blanc, rising proudly above the rest. It is a scene indeed worthy of admiration ; such a variety of yellow plains, green hills, dark woody mountains, and white icy peaks : you follow nature through all her gradations from the banks of

the Po to inaccessible regions beyond the clouds, from the heart of genial summer to the depth of eternal, deathlike winter ; here are seen united the wild boldness of the Swiss, with the softer feature of the Italian landscape, the whole enhanced by a warm sun and brilliant sky. The sight of this magnificent panorama puts me in mind of a circumstance which happened here a few years ago, when the French ruled this country. A general of that nation, accompanied by his valet de chambre, the latter a true Parisian, arrived at Turin in the dead of night, and went to lodge with a friend who resided on the hill beyond the Po. Next morning La Fleur gets up, throws open the windows of the apartment, rubs his eyes, and sees before him the plain of Turin, the city, the Po, and the Alps, *C'est beau ! cela ressemble au Parc de l'Empereur*, cries out the astonished Frenchman, intending a compliment to the lovely and sublime country spread before his eyes.

But to return to Turin ; in the evening I went to the theatre Carignano, situated opposite the palace of that name ; it is here that the operas are performed during a great part of the year, the grand theatre being only open during Carnival. The theatre Carignano is small but neat ; the subject of the opera was "Messer Gianni," taken from the French of "Jean de Paris." It is now the predominating taste in Italy to borrow their dramas and comedies from the French, English, and Germans, instead of choosing Italian ones. This is another instance of the want of national spirit.

Next day, 8th September, being the nativity of the Virgin, in whose honor and under whose title the church of Superga was built ; high mass was performed in that church, at which the court attended. On that day the population of Turin and of the neighbouring country flock to that sanctuary. The church is built on the summit of a very steep hill, about four miles to the north east of Turin. I descended the Po in a boat for about two miles, and landing at the foot of the hill, began to ascend by a rugged path. Numbers of pedestrians, citizens, and rustics, men and women crowded along the way. They were all in their

best dresses, jogging merrily on; an air of liveliness and contentment shining on their countenances; the clear brown complexions of the females, were flushed by exertion and the heat of the weather—it was a real Italian holiday. In little more than an hour I arrived at the summit and proceeded to the church. It is a neat and elegant temple, with a fine portico in front, and crowned by a lofty dome, the interior of the church is covered with rich marbles, and the whole is far superior to any of the churches in Turin. It was built in consequence of a vow made by Victor Amadeus, on the eve of the memorable battle, won by Prince Eugene over the French, in the beginning of the last century. The tombs of the kings of Sardinia are in the vaults underneath. When I entered the church high mass was being performed, at the end of which a statue of the Virgin covered covered with a gaudy dress, was carried round in procession. The King and the Duchess of Genevois followed, escorted by their officers. The music was fine, and the whole ceremony went off with much decorum and solemnity. The people seemed to feel real respect and devotion; and after all that has been said against the introduction of images, and the forms of Catholic worship, I donbt much whether the southern nations who are by nature more sensual and less metaphysical than those of the north, could do well without these emblems that strike the senses, and thence find a way to the heart.

I visited the adjoining cloisters, an extensive and well planned building, from the windows of which I enjoyed a most splendid view, far more extensive than that of La Madonna del Monte, although perhaps less interesting on account of the diminutive appearance of the distant objects, owing to the greater elevation. From the north-east side of the building I had a view of the plains of Lombardy, and I was told that in very clear weather the spire of the cathedral of Milan is to be seen. More to the right the hills of Montferrat, covered with vineyards, closed the view. The south-east prospect ranges over the plains of Alessandria, as far as the distant Apennines of Genoa. From the corridor on the south-west I saw the fine plains of Saluzzo, and the western Alps, with the peak of Mont Viso overtopping them,

and nearer, the city and plain of Turin. To the north-west I observed the remarkable opening in the mountains which leads to the valley of Susa, and farther to the right the colossal chain of the Swiss Alps, appeared like a massey wall, the summit of which was lost in the clouds. This view is somewhat of the same character as that from the Duomo of Milan, and the two convey a pretty accurate idea of the immense plain watered by the Po.

A little below the church, on a small flat, there is an inn, where the joyous peasantry repaired after their devotions to refresh themselves, and enjoy the rest of the day. Temporary sheds were placed round, under which all parties sat indiscriminately at table, eating and drinking, talking and laughing. Others were spread in groups about the neighbouring meadows, and were busied in cooking the victuals they had brought with them by a fire of branches and leaves hastily collected. Parties of strolling musicians went about, receiving as their fee a share of the collation. After their frugal repast, the junior part of the assembly collected themselves in various clusters, and began dancing their national *moufredina*, or rather *monferratina* (from *monferrato*) a lively kind of country dance. All this scene was so animated, so pastoral, and so full of innocent and genuine gaiety that I felt its influence operating powerfully upon me. A pure atmosphere, a fine country, a magnificent view; surely, this is happiness, if happiness can be found on earth. These people are naturally good and generous; no malignant passions, no splenetic vapours were to be traced on their features. Italy with all her ills, is a happy country still; let peace be granted to her, and nature is so bountiful, as to make her quickly recover from all her losses; and then her contented children may laugh at all the wild reveries of gloomy philosophers, who pretend to better their condition by persuading them that they are unhappy, and by depriving them of their peace and tranquillity.

I had seen the great theatre of Turin on a former occasion, and found it one of the finest in Italy, it ranks after San Carlo of Naples, and the Scala of Milan. The entrance to it is under the

arcades at the eastern end of the Piazza Castello, close by the Strada Po. The interior is rather gloomy, owing to the ancient appearance of the ornaments, the faded gilding, and also to a scarcity of light, there being no chandelier in the middle; this darkness, however, increases the effect of music, and I felt more delighted in it, than in the dazzling brilliancy of San Carlo. A great fault in Italian theatres is the pit being quite flat, by which persons behind are deprived of the sight of the stage. This is done to leave room for the lower order of boxes.

I saw at the grand theatre of Turin a greater display of female beauty than I expected, from the general appearance of the sex in the public walks. The Piedmontese ladies are rather fair, they have generally a delicate and pale complexion, they are tall and well made, their features perhaps have not that regularity of contour to be found in more southern regions, but they have a softness of expression, a certain languor and pensiveness in their looks, and an air of benevolence and openness which are peculiarly interesting. The men are a stout race, tall and well made, and fairer than other Italians. In some of the valleys of the Alps, and particularly in the Val d' Aosta, there are *cretins* with very large *goîtres*, or swellings in their necks, similar to those who are met with in the valleys of Switzerland on the other side of the Alps.

The whole appearance of Turin and of its inhabitants, is rather solemn and sad; the regularity of the buildings; the width of the streets; the quietness that reigns in them—every thing inspires a degree of melancholy more pleasing perhaps than the bustle and confusion of Naples, or the barefaced dissipation of Milan. The manners of the better sort of the Piedmontese are genteel and dignified; there is much solidity in their character; they are sensible and studious; magnificent, and rather prodigal in their taste, and fond of good living. The lower classes are cheerful, open, and industrious. There is an appearance of ease and comfort in the looks of the Piedmontese peasantry, which is not to be found any where south of the Apennines, except, perhaps, in Tuscany. The females of the lower classes, are fond of

show in their ornaments, they wear necklaces of large beads of gold in five or six rows. They wear a peculiar kind of high cap of white muslin, somewhat resembling in shape the helmet of a cavalry soldier. The *bourgeoises* of Turin, dress in coloured gowns, black silk aprons, and caps, quite *à la Française*. This class of females consisting in Turin of shopkeepers' wives and daughters, milliners, &c. are very free in their manners and address, and have a good deal of French coquetry about them. The Piedmontese ladies dress generally after the French fashion, but of late many have rather adopted the English style.

The Piedmontese landholders are generally rich, as estates are very productive in this country. Piedmont is one of the most fertile regions of Europe. Its plains afford abundance of corn and rice, of fruits and vegetables of all kinds; and the cultivation of the mulberry tree, for the nourishment of the silkworms, is the source of an important branch of commerce. The silks of Piedmont are far superior to those of Naples: the *organsins* are of the best quality. The system of irrigation by canals and sluices from the numerous rivers which cross the plains of Piedmont, adds greatly to their fertility. The hills of Monferrato and Asti, are covered with vineyards which yield various kinds of excellent wines, consumed in the country, and little known out of it. A rich proprietor of Asti made lately a trial by sending some of the wine of his own growth by sea to Lisbon, whence it returned much improved, which shows that the fault attributed to Italian wines in general, of being unable to bear a sea voyage, is at least not applicable to those of Piedmont. The beautiful valleys which branch in several directions from the plain to the very foot of the Alps, are rich in pastures, and the cattle reared in them are the finest in Italy; the whole of the Genoese territory is supplied by them. This is the country which a French writer described lately as *un pays stérile et peu favorisé de la nature*. The Piedmontese gazette contented itself with remarking that it was a pity the French had not made this discovery while they were masters of the country, for then they would not have loaded it so unmercifully with taxes.

The Piedmontese are rather fond of gambling; they have a national game called *tarrocco*, for which a peculiar set of cards are used. The billiard rooms are much frequented. The Piedmontese gentry, especially those in the country, are hospitable, sociable, and fond of strangers. Of late, however, some adventurers having found their way to this rich country, thought it well to lay it under contribution. They assumed names, and pretended to rank, had a ready tale of some accident having happened to them on the road, and contrived to live for some time *à discretion*, and to get credit for clothes, &c.; after which, they thought proper to take French leave of their Piedmontese friends. One of those worthies, a native of the Ionian Islands, succeeded in getting introduced to several persons of rank, natives and foreigners, and to sit at their tables. This, however, is easier in Italy than in other countries, on account of the familiarity of manners and of the little formality and reference required to make a new acquaintance, and it shows that there is much less diffidence in the Italian character than foreigners are apt to suppose. You make the acquaintance of an Italian in a coffee-house, or in the diligence, and if he is satisfied with your outward appearance and manners, he will immediately invite you to his house and introduce you to his relations and acquaintance. This confidence has, however, rather decreased like many other good traits of national character, since the late wars.

The state of morals at Turin, is not so loose as at Milan, Naples, and other large Italian capitals. The good example and strict regularity of the court, keep the upper classes, at least, within the bounds of outward decorum and decency. Young ladies are brought up very strictly either in nunneries or in their own houses, until the time of their marrying. Gallantry to married women is practised among people of fashion; but in the inferior classes is less frequent, or carried on with more caution and secrecy. I think one of the reasons which renders this evil so common in the upper classes, is the little attention paid to the inclinations, tastes, and sympathies of the parties, in matrimonial alliances. Young blooming girls are often bestowed in marriage on old invalids, or worn out rakes, on account of their rank.

and fortune ; such preposterous connections cannot be happy ; nature has its rights, which all the contrivances of men cannot destroy. In proposing a marriage to the relations of a young lady, the first things to be settled, are, her portion, pin money, carriage, opera box, number of servants, house in town, villa in the country, &c. &c. ; the least important part of the whole is to know, what kind of education the girl has received, what her dispositions and tastes are, and scarcely any attention is paid to her sentiments towards her future husband.

The Piedmontese profess the Roman Catholic religion, with the exception of a little district in the Alps called the valleys of Luzerne, the population of which is Protestant, who although in former times have been persecuted are now protected and enjoy the free exercise of their worship. Religious ideas, although neglected by the young men of the cities, still preserve their power on a great mass of the population. The solemnities of the church always attract great crowds, and as the court and elder part of the nobility are strictly religious, they oblige the young fashionables to follow their example, at least, in appearance. I think the Italian character naturally inclined to religion, on account of its disposition to melancholy : passionate feelings and enthusiastic devotion spring from the same source.

I was at Turin in the early part of 1817. The winter had been very distressing to the poor in the north of Italy. The badness of the harvest and vintage of the preceding year, the dearth and misery which was the consequence, the rigour of the winter, and the epidemic diseases which followed, rendered the appearance of Turin exceedingly gloomy ; at every third or fourth door I saw the insignia of death ; I met funerals in every street ; and to add to the general calamity, a drought of three months had parched up the earth and filled the atmosphere with malignant vapours. Public prayers were put up to implore the Almighty to send rain, and restore health to the afflicted people. Ladies of the first rank followed the processions in mourning ; these scenes were impressive and affecting. The idea of death had become familiar to the inhabitants ; even young women

spoke of it without terror, saying with a sad but calm resignation, "Our next door neighbour is just dead, next week perhaps it will be my turn, I hope I shall see you again before that."

The other night I was walking through the street of Dora Grossa, I saw a number of torches and many people assembled; I approached; about twenty little girls dressed in black with white veils thrown over their heads, and wax tapers in their hands, were standing in two ranks before a house, some whispering; others laughing with childish simplicity; all at once a priest comes out, a bier follows, carried by two men, the tapers are lighted, the greatest silence prevails amongst the spectators, the psalm *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes* is sung, and the procession moves slowly on towards the grave. It was a young girl who had left the world before she could regret it.

The royal palace at Turin is a plain building, forming one of the angles of the Piazza Castello; the court seldom resides in it, but spends the greatest part of the year at the royal seats in the country or at Genoa. It contains a choice collection of paintings. There are gardens annexed to the palace, which are open to the public during the summer. I went from the palace through a passage into the royal chapel del S. Sudario, which forms part of the chathedral. This chapel is so called from a relic it contains, viz.; the sheet in which the body of our Saviour was wrapped. The inside of the chapel is lined with black marble brought from the mountains of Chablais. The solemn gloom of the place harmonized with the impressive chaunt of psalms, and the swelling peals of the organ in the church below.

The buildings at Turin are rather simple; few are remarkable for their architecture. The old castle which stands in the middle of Piazza Castello, has a fine front facing the street of Dora Grossa, the other sides of it are in a ruinous state; the old towers present an odd contrast with the modern appearance of the buildings and arcades round the square; the effect it produces is peculiarly striking by moonlight. It was the intention of the late government to have razed this castle, but I think it

would have made the square appear monotonous and dismal, unless they had planted a garden in the centre of it : this however is neither a French nor an Italian fashion. The streets of Turin are washed every night by the water of the Dora, which is let out through sluices for the purpose.

The environs of Turin abound in fine walks. One of the pleasantest is that which leads to the Valentin, a pleasure house of the king on the bank of the Po. The principal country residences of the court are those of Stupinigi, Rivoli, La Veneria, and La Villa della Regina. The last is charmingly situated on the slope of the hill beyond the bridge of the Po, and contains some good paintings by Carlo Maratti and others.

Turin was formerly fortified with ramparts and ditches ; the latter are filled up and the former demolished, so that from almost every part of the town you have a view of the country. The citadel, however, is still remaining, it stands at the south-west end of the town, and is considered of some strength, but certainly could not protect the capital from an invading army, and its vicinity to the city would prove fatal to both.

The university situated in Strada Po, has a good library and a collection of a few antiques, dignified by the name of museum. It possesses, however, one great curiosity, the famous Isiac table of brass, covered with hieroglyphics, supposed to relate to the astronomical observations of the ancient Egyptians. There are also two mummies, in good preservation, and a very fine ancient mosaic, found in the island of Sardinia. Sciences and literature are cultivated at Turin ; this city has produced in modern times many distinguished men of letters.

The house of Savoy is one of the oldest dynasties of Europe : the ancestors of the present sovereign were Counts of Savoy as far back as the beginning of the twelfth century ; they assumed the title of Dukes of Savoy and Princes of Piedmont in the beginning of the fifteenth, and that of Kings of Sardinia about a century ago. The sovereigns of this house, although absolute,

have in general been distinguished by their virtues and the mildness of their sway ; several of them have been famous in arms and politics. The present King, Victor Emmanuel, is brother of Charles Emmanuel, who abdicated in 1798, and who lives now in religious retirement at Rome.* Victor Emmanuel's consort is Maria Theresia, Archduchess of Austria, by whom he has four daughters ; the eldest is married to the present Duke of Modena. The King's brother, the Duke of Genevois, is married to a daughter of the King of Naples, by whom he has no issue. The Salic law being in force here as well as in France, the crown devolves therefore upon the young Prince Carignan, of a lateral branch, and who has lately married a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The present king is an upright, well-intentioned prince, and loved by all who know him ; he is fond of his subjects, plain and affable in his manners, and is very easy of access : the most dissatisfied can say nothing against his personal character. He has a partiality for the military profession ; he had the command of the Piedmontese troops when Duke of Aosta, in the wars of the revolution. When he is in town he is often seen drilling his officers in the royal gardens. He is a very good equestrian, and he generally takes an evening ride to the Valentin, where the queen and princesses precede him in carriages. There is an air of dignified simplicity, of regularity and order about the royal family, which cannot fail to impress the people with respect ; a few Frenchified coxcombs, or unprincipled men may sneer, but the Piedmontese in general are attached to their sovereign. Economy and regularity carried almost to monotony, are the standing orders of the royal household. I have often met the king walking under the arcades in Strada Po with a single attendant, and returning the salutations of the people with great affability. The queen is remarkable for her elegant and dignified manners, and is possessed of abilities and information ; she speaks Italian, German, and French, equally well ; the latter is the common language at her court, but the king has a marked

* He has died at Rome since the date of this letter.

predilection for the Piedmontese dialect. The Duchess of Genoevois is highly commended for her goodness and charitable disposition. The Prince of Carignan is a young man who has received a liberal education, and promises well.

There is certainly a great difference between the morality and decorum of such a court, and the profligate conduct of the French governors who were sent to rule over this fine part of Italy. One of them had turned Mussulman in Egypt, another was famous only for his debaucheries; their example could only tend to corrupt the people. It has been remarked by a late French writer that the persons to whom Bonaparte delegated his civil power in conquered countries, were generally men who had little to recommend them to the people they were sent to govern, and that they appeared like *des pâles satellites autour d'un astre malfaisant*. The history of the French courts in Spain, Germany, and Italy, sufficiently illustrates this assertion; it remains to be decided whether this was on his part a measure of policy, to be sure of his substitutes by their insignificance, or whether he thought so meanly of the conquered as not to mind conciliating their spirit, sure as he was of overpowering their dislike with his bayonets.

The government of Piedmont is an absolute monarchy, and the ancient laws and system of administration have been re-established perhaps with too great exactitude on the same basis on which they stood before the French invasion. On this point therefore the people have lost by the change, as the French civil and criminal codes, with all their imperfections, were certainly preferable, and more adapted to the present state of the human mind; for which reason they have wisely been preserved in most of the other Italian states. There are several regulations in the present system which are particularly complained of, and I will briefly mention them.—1st. The subjects of the King of Sardinia are, in a certain manner, attached to the soil, no one can quit the country or sell his immoveable property without the permission of government.—2d. By the present code there is a marked difference between the penalties applicable to the nobility, and

those applicable to the other classes, in cases of the same nature. —3d. The judges of the different courts receive a fee for every sentence they give, without the payment of which they are not obliged to deliver the acts. These are certainly great faults, and must give occasion to important abuses. The administration of justice is left in a great measure at the discretion of individuals, and rests chiefly upon their probity—a dangerous trust for all parties. Another vice which prevails also in almost every other state of Italy, is the indefinite procrastination in law suits, and in criminal processes, by which a man is sometimes kept years in prison before his fate is decided.

Two other great subjects of complaint in Piedmont, are the *salvo condotti*, and *biglietti regj.* The former are protections given by the king to persons hard pressed for debts, and which defend them against the prosecutions of their creditors for a certain period. The *biglietti*, are orders also emanating from government, by which several noblemen have been authorized to take possession of their estates which had been sold during the political changes, on paying the original sum disbursed by those who had purchased them. These arbitrary acts appear so extraordinary that they require some explanation. The following is the result of the enquiries I have made on the subject. During the French invasion, many of the nobility who were attached to their ancient government, were either deprived of their property, or submitted to heavy contributions; to pay which, they were obliged to borrow money at an exorbitant interest, and to mortgage or even to sell their estates, and, in short, to submit to all the wrongs imposed on them by their merciless rulers. On the return of the king they stated the grievances they had suffered; many cases of flagrant oppression were made out; it was proved that many of acquirers of national property had come in possession of it unlawfully, or paid but a very trifling part of the value; upon which, the only means government could devise of arranging matters in such a chaos of conflicting interests, was to adopt the system of issuing *salvo condotti* and *biglietti*, which might compensate in part the faithful adherents of their sovereign for their losses, and which was in many instances punishing injustice

in a summary and irregular manner; an arbitrary but not an unjust retribution, similar to those wise, although peremptory decisions we find so much praised in the history of some other monarchs. This practice may have led to abuses; the king's conscience may at times have been misled and his power misused in service of undeserving people, although his intentions were good; but it ought to be remembered, that the King of Sardinia on returning into his dominions, was obliged, both by policy and gratitude, to do something for those who had suffered in his cause, and he could only do it at the expence of the persons who had profited in an unprincipled manner, by the overthrow of the ancient government, and who had shared with the invaders the plunder of the country: it was at worst but paying them in their own coin. These obnoxious concessions seem, however, at present subsided; let us hope, that by degrees all these irregularities will disappear from the administration of the Sardinian states.

The present ministry is composed of men of abilities. The minister for foreign affairs, Count St. Marsan, is well known in the diplomatic world from the missions in which he has been employed; the minister of finances, is Marquis Brignole, a Genoese nobleman; Count de Balbo, is intrusted with the portfolio of the interior, and he superintends, also, the important department of the public studies and education; he is highly respected for his abilities, integrity, and amiable qualities. His recent nomination to the high post he occupies, does great credit to the sovereign, and has been a subject of satisfaction to all honest men.

The criminal code of this country is very severe; the dreadful punishment of the wheel is still in use in cases of atrocious guilt. An instance of it has occurred lately, by a sentence of the senate of Turin (which is the high court of justice of the country), against a man of the province of Varallo, who had been guilty of several robberies, housebreaking, and murder.

The merchants complain that little attention is paid by government to the commerce of the country, and that the duties upon importation and exportation are not laid on in such a manner as to encourage national industry ; this subject does not appear to be settled yet, as alterations continue to be made in this department. The present government has had plenty of business on their hands since the restoration, and it cannot be expected that every thing should be properly arranged in so short a space of time.

Very few beggars are to be seen in the streets of Turin ; the police is good, the streets are well lighted at night, and great order and regularity prevail. Travellers arriving at Turin, must have their passports signed by the minister for foreign affairs, for which they pay four livres. There is, however, no delay attending this formality, and the persons employed in the different offices are remarkably civil.

The city of Turin is about a mile and a half in length from Porta Susina to Porta Po, and is about half as much in its greatest breadth ; it contains about ninety thousand inhabitants. The population has increased since the return of the king, and the town, in consequence, has increased in splendour. I was rather surprised to see the city of Turin styled in public documents, *L' illustrissima città di Torino, Contessa di Grugliasco, Signora di Beinasco* ; the latter are two fiefs belonging to her ladyship.

Among the philanthropic institutions of Turin, that of Le Rosine is the most remarkable ; this is an asylum for orphan girls, who are brought up under the direction of matrons, in such habits of industry, that they almost support the establishment by the work of their hands. It is truly pleasing on passing by their windows, to hear them singing cheerfully while at work—their harmonious voices mixing with the noise of the loom and spinning wheel.

Passing from this pleasing subject to a very different one, I am sorry to say that the prisons and houses of correction are not always conducted with that spirit of humanity and christian charity, which ought to preside over all such places, and which is more to be found in England than in any other country. The houses of confinement throughout Italy, seem in general more calculated to strike terror and despair in the hearts of the wretched victims of distress and corruption, than to recal the misled, and console the repentant. The Ergastolo, at Turin, where a certain class of females are confined, is a distressing specimen of this want of feeling. The fate of these unfortunate creatures is already hard enough, without the addition of unnecessary severity and cruelty. This melancholy subject has claims on the attention of the philanthropist and politician of every civilized country.

With regard to their political opinions, the Piedmontese, as well as the other Italians, are divided into two parties. The nobility are attached to their present government by principle and by interest, and the peasantry by habit and religion. In the middle classes, and especially among the junior part of them, there are many dissatisfied spirits, who, however, have not made up their minds on what they wish for, but entertain a vague notion that something is wrong, and would be much at a loss to explain what. There is, however, much less virulence even among these in Piedmont, than among the Milauese, or their other neighbours, and if government acts wisely and moderately, this restless spirit will subside by degrees. The greater part of the discontented people are, at the bottom, only regretting the French, and that for many reasons. Interest is the chief: many of these self-styled patriots held lucrative employments, either civil or military, under the late government, and have lost them by the restoration. Besides, the late system was more analogous to their taste in religion and morals; relaxation in both, being not only overlooked, but often encouraged by example, and such a state of things had great attractions for persons of a certain class. Ambition and vanity had a great share in the predilection of young men for the French government; they were flat-

tered by the idea of forming a part of a great nation ; they were dazzled by its military glory ; their enthusiasm and passions had taken this bias, and they have felt their disappointment severely. It does not come into the head of these Italians, that they can hope for real glory and advantage only from the independance of their country, and that they ought to have no interest in common with people beyond the Alps, from whom they are divided by nature and character. I have heard some Milanese make an appropriate remark on the subject to their Piedmontese friends : comparing the present situations of their respective countries, they observed that the Piedmontese had at least an Italian sovereign and court ; that they ranked as an independant state ; that the taxes they pay are spent in the country, and circulate to its profit ; that civil and military situations are all filled by natives, and, in short, that the fate of their country is much preferable to that of Lombardy, reduced to the condition of a distant province of a foreign empire. The justness of these reflections must strike every dispassionate mind, and may be favorable to the future prospects of the Sardinian government.

The military forces of the King of Sardinia are in a very respectable condition. Part of them are formed into a standing army, in which soldiers are enlisted voluntarily, either for a certain period or for life ; the guards, the cavalry, the artillery, the royal regiments, and several regiments of *cacciatori*, or light troops, belong to this class. The other and the most numerous part of the army is formed of provincial regiments, raised by conscription ; the soldiers composing them are classed in three divisions, one of which alone is under arms at a time, while the rest remain at home, and they relieve each other every eight months, so that in the course of two years the whole have performed their duty. This is a great economy to government, as the soldiers off duty receive but a trifling allowance out of their pay, besides which, there is a great saving in their dresses, arms, and accoutrements. As it would be hard to turn away those amongst them who perhaps have no home, or a miserable one to return to, they are allowed to remain or to serve in the permanent army. This indulgence is however not often required ;

and it must be observed, that the country being small, the distance of the different garrisons from the respective homes of the soldiers is but short, and it is for these a pleasant walk of at most three or four days, through a fine country.

By these means, the King of Sardinia has an army of seventy thousand men, well disciplined, and perfectly well dressed and equipped, and which he can collect at ten days notice. The provincial regiments are named from their respective provinces and towns, such as the regiment Aosta, regiment Saluzzo, that of Monferrato, Alessandria, Asti, &c. The Piedmontese are fine looking men and good soldiers, the best perhaps among the Italians, they have enjoyed this reputation for centuries; their country being placed at the entrance of Italy has been often the theatre of wars between France and Austria, in which the court of Turin took sometimes one side, sometimes another; managing, however, at every treaty of peace to be rather a gainer than a loser. With its present army, and the passes of the country defended on the side of France, the King of Sardinia is by far the most powerful sovereign in Italy, with the exception of Austria.

The spirit of the Piedmontese troops is in general good; there may be some remains of partiality towards Napoleon, in some of the individuals who served under him, but, even they, are mostly reconciled to their present government, which shows a particular regard on its part to the army. There is, besides, in the Piedmontese army a good number of old officers, who have always been attached to the king's cause, and who either followed him in his exile to the island of Sardinia, or entered the ranks of the allied armies and fought under the banners of Russia, Austria, or England. The Russian army has several officers of rank who are natives of Piedmont. The greatest part of the Piedmontese officers who had served abroad returned after the peace, and offered their services to their own sovereign, who has distinguished them with his favour. There are several colonels of regiments, who served in the foreign corps in British pay in different parts of the Mediterranean. Upon the whole, there is a national spirit and good harmony prevailing among them. There

are but few foreign officers at present in the service of his Sardinian majesty.

Piedmont furnishes the greatest part of the King of Sardinia's army. Savoy, Genoa, Nice, and Sardinia furnish their respective regiments, but the difference of national character between the natives of these various countries, is some obstacle to their good understanding. The Savoyards and the Genoese do not agree well with the Piedmontese; political recollections mix with their national feelings. A serious instance of their antipathy happened in the Easter holidays of 1816, when a quarrel broke out between the queen's Piedmontese regiment and the regiment of Savoy, both in garrison at Turin, which might have had very serious consequences but for the prompt interference and decisive measures of the governor. The dispute had originated among some of the privates of the two regiments, who were supported by their respective comrades, until at last it became a general quarrel. The colonel of the queen's regiment, confined his men (who were off duty) to their barracks, during the holidays, to prevent further mischief; the Savoyards being at large, assembled under the windows of their antagonists, and with taunts and sneers, endeavoured to irritate them. The Piedmontese were running to arms, and the result would have been fatal had not their officers, and the governor and his staff arrived in time to interpose. They succeeded with some difficulty in dispersing the Savoyards, who were marched off in the night for a distant garrison.

The Piedmontese tongue is a dialect of the Italian, in which many corrupted French words have been introduced, and it is very difficult to understand it. It has many nasal diphthongs of the French, as well as their pronunciation of the letter *u*, but the construction of the phrases, and the etymology of most of the words, are Italian. The last syllables are generally dropped, and the accent placed on the preceding one, with a lengthened drawl, as in the words *piemontéïs*, *câ* instead of *casa*, *vin* for *vino*, *bótt*, &c. Some of the words are completely disfigured, such as *nén* for *niente*, *chiel* and *chilla* for *egli* and *ella*, &c. Those verbs

which in Italian end in *are*, change their termination into an Italian *e* long, as *ande*, *mangie*, &c. and the first person plural of the present indicative terminates in *uma*, as *portuma*, *amuma*, *auguruma*, instead of *portiamo*, *amiamo*, *auguriamo*. Some of the common phrases are almost entirely French, as *mi non so pas*. A word frequently heard in the streets of Turin is the common salutation *ciau*, which is a corruption of the word *schiavo*, alias *servo*. With all its capricious irregularities, the Piedmontese dialect is not unpleasant to the ear, and when spoken by the better sort of females is remarkably soft and expressive. The upper classes pride themselves upon speaking the pure Piedmontese with as much affectation as a Cruscaute displays in the pronunciation of his *pretto toscano*. The Piedmontese dialect varies in the different provinces. Songs, fables, and other light compositions have been written in Piedmontese, and it is easy to trace in them the etymology of most of the words to the Italian source.

The Italian language is now used in all official documents, in the courts of justice, in the public acts, &c. and is the language of the state throughout the King of Sardinia's dominions, even in Savoy, where this regulation has created some dislike. This, however, is not more extraordinary than the practice of the French, who, when they had annexed the half of Italy to the empire, established their language in it. The judges of Italian countries, were obliged to write their sentences, and attornies their documents, in French. These were, as one may suppose, most miserable specimens of the French language, it was Italian turned into French words, and I have been highly amused in reading some of the public acts of that period.

The inhabitants of Turin, speak French fluently, although with a bad accent, by which they can always be known, and which is peculiarly remarkable in the letters *j*, and *ch*, the first of which the Piedmontese pronounce like a *z*, and the second like an *s*, for instance, *j'avais*, *z'avais*, *je chantai*, *ze santai*; the diphthong *eu* is also another stumbling block, they generally pronounce it like the French *ou*, which latter fault they, however,

have in common with the other Italians. Several Piedmontese litterati, however, write as good French as if they were born on the other side of the Alps.

The daily newspaper of Turin, is the *Gazzetta Piemontese*, which is well written and neatly printed, but, like all the Italian journals, it is but a short compendium from the French papers; the editors contribute little of their own towards the entertainment of their readers, and the task is, therefore, not very laborious. The perusal of their short columns appears very uninteresting to persons accustomed to the freedom of English newspapers, and to the eloquent and instructive paragraphs many of these often contain.

A company of Italian comedians perform at Turin almost every evening throughout the year; the Theatre d' Angennes, in the street of that name, is generally allotted to them. I have seen in my different visits to this capital, the two companies Goldoni and Perotti, both respectably composed. Comedy is generally well acted in Italy, but there are as yet few tragic performers of merit, although I think the nation highly susceptible of improvement in this branch of theatricals. The performance of the Italian comedies is an excellent school for learning the pronunciation and phraseology of the language. The Italians in general have become of late very partial to tragedy and comedy, which I think is a good sign of the improvement of their intellectual faculties, and the attention and interest shown by the audience, are very unlike the listless indifference which prevails at the Opera-house.

Living at Turin is remarkably cheap, and provisions of all kinds are good. Their beef is the best in Italy, milk, butter, and cheese, are excellent, which is to be attributed to the rich pastures that cover the lower regions of the Alps. The rivers and lakes furnish plenty of good fish, especially exquisite trouts and carps. Poultry and eggs are plentiful, as is also game of every sort. Vegetables grow in great abundance in the well watered gardens in the neighbourhood of Turin. The common

wine is rather poor, but the vineyards of Monferrato and Asti furnish most generous wines, red and white, which are sold at Turin as cheap as common wine is at Paris. There are many good *restaurateurs* at Turin, where dinner is to be had *à la carte*; besides which there are *tables d' hôte* at the several inns. A custom prevalent here, is that of itinerant musicians coming into the room while the company is at dinner, who play and sing ballads and *canzoni* for a trifling remuneration: some of them sing in a good style, with much pathos, very superior to the *crialleries* of the French strolling musicians, whose songs, I have heard remarked by Italians, always end in the tone of *ora pro nobis* in the litany.

Lodgings at the inns are to be had at two francs per day; private apartments for about a louis d'or per month. One of the comforts in which Turin is superior to other Italian towns, is that every decent apartment has a fire-place. The floors are as in the rest of Italy, paved with square bricks, varnished red. There are a number of good coffee-houses, some very large, and where coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments may be had at very moderate prices.

The Piedmontese manner of cooking is very good, and is a sort of medium between the French and Italian. It is much more agreeable to strangers than what they meet farther south. Butter is a general ingredient, and oil is banished from the kitchen. The Piedmontese have some dishes peculiar to themselves; their *polenta*, a pudding made of the flour of Indian corn, seasoned with gravy and truffles, or with butter and cheese, is a very wholesome and substantial food, and forms the principal diet of the country people. Truffles are very abundant in this country, they are different from those of France in colour and flavour, their heart resembles that of a nutmeg: the Piedmontese cooks use them in most of their dishes. Their *sambajon* is a mixture of white wine, yolk of eggs, and sugar beat up together, and warmed: a cup of it is very pleasant in cold winter days. There is a peculiar sort of bread used in Piedmont only, called

grissin, which is baked in the shape of long sticks, about the thickness of the little finger ; it is very light and dry, and tastes like biscuit ; the Piedmontese are very partial to it, and prefer it to their common bread.

The current coin of Piedmont consists in livres and sous, of the same value as the French money of the same denomination. There are also some small bullion pieces of seven and a half and eight sous and their fractions : these are very puzzling to strangers.

Piedmont has several manufactures of silks, velvets, &c. It is supplied with woollen cloths by France, and with cotton manufactures by England, through the way of Genoa. Turin has the reputation of constructing good carriages, which, however, cannot be a subject of great admiration to Englishmen. The snuff of Turin (a monopoly of government) is remarkably good. An Englishman has lately established an iron foundery and a saw mill at Mondovi, which, if encouraged by government, may prove of great service to the country.

Upon the whole, the Piedmontese are yearly improving, they have good notions of cleanliness and comfort, and are fond of good and decent living. They are a rational, well disposed people ; every real friend of Italy must feel an interest in their welfare ; entrusted as they are with the important passes of the Alps, they are likely to make a figure in the future destinies of the Italian peninsula.

English travellers at Turin are not looked upon with that envy and animosity, nor with that impertinent curiosity which is often shown towards them in other countries ; the court and the upper classes are partial to the British nation, and the rest of the people feel no dislike towards them. Piedmont not being a maritime or manufacturing country, and the mass of the inhabitants being less attached to the French than the Milanese, the national interests and prejudices are not therefore at variance with England.

This is what I have been able to collect during my residence in this fine city, which, to my taste, is one of the most pleasant in Italy, particularly for persons of quiet and sedate habits, as it affords every reasonable indulgence of life, as well as sufficient scope for intellectual enjoyments.

LETTER VI.

Bridge over the Po.—Roads, &c.—Anecdote.—Asti.—Alfieri.—Alessandria.—Marengo.—LaFragola.—Italian Peasants.—Mondovi.—Novi.—Battle of Novi.—LaBocchetta.—New road.—Genoa.—Neighbouring country.—Fortifications.—Commerce, sailors, &c.—Expediency of the cession of Genoa.—Improvements.—Dissensions of the Genoese and Piedmontese.—The theatre.—State of learning.—Churches.—The Gregorian chaunt.—Devotional feelings.—Genoese women, &c.

GENOA, OCTOBER, 1819.

ON leaving Turin, we passed the fine bridge on the Po; it is of white stone, and was constructed under the French, who, with regard to works of public convenience and splendor, revived in the Italians that taste for magnificent undertakings, which the latter had shown in past ages, but which seemed for many years to have been slumbering in them.

The present governments of Italy are encouraging this renewed disposition, the plans of the French are being completed, and new ones of consideration laid out. The King of Sardinia is constructing fine roads through different parts of his dominions, where no track of wheels had ever been seen before; the Pope has cleared out and displayed in much of their original magnificence many of the remains of Roman architecture, which adorn the city of the Seven Hills; the King of Naples continues the excavation of Pompeii, and the roads in the neighbourhood of his capital; he has had the theatre of San Carlo rebuilt with more than its original magnificence, and is now adorning the square in front of

his palace with a fine colonade, in imitation of that of St. Peter's, at Rome. All this is a subject of rejoicing for the lover of the fine arts.

The road follows for some time the right bank of the Po, until it ascends the steep hill of Moncalieri, whence it strikes off at once in an easterly direction, in which it continues as far as Alessandria. Moncalieri is a little town remarkable only for its fine situation, and its palace belonging to the Kings of Sardinia. The French had made a military hospital of it, and they left it in a ruinous condition; it is now being repaired. From Moncalieri we proceeded to Poirino, through a fine well cultivated country. While changing horses at Poirino, we witnessed a squabble between the conductor of our diligence, a Savoyard, and the postillion, a sturdy Piedmontese, about some difference on the subject of money, in which the former called the latter a *brigand*; the Piedmontese very coolly threatened to take him before the justice of peace for insulting a faithful subject of his majesty, animadverting at the same time on the impudence of the Savoyards who come from their barren mountains, to live and thrive in the fine lands of Piedmont, and in return abuse the peaceful inhabitants. This is just like the French, said he, who, while they were plundering our country, called *brigands* those who were resenting their *brigandage*. This overbearing spirit, which the Savoyards, who, in other respects are a good people, have inherited from their late masters, is much to be regretted, and it is a continual source of animosities between them and their fellow-subjects the Piedmontese.

Upon the heights of Villanova, we had a last view of that fine range of Alps we had so much admired at Turin. Between Villanova and Asti, the country is hilly, and covered with vineyards. This district called L' Astigiano produces the good wine known by the name of Asti. It is of two sorts red and white, the latter is a kind of muscat, having a fine flavour, and sparkling like champagne. Asti is a large well built place, there is an air of comfort here, as well as in all the provincial towns of Piedmont; the peasantry have a cheerful healthy appearance, different from

the squalid looks of the country people in the south of Italy. Asti is well known as the birth-place of Alfieri, the Italian Sophocles, one of the most distinguished characters of modern Italy; his house is still to be seen near the main street, and his sister now resides in it. The name of Alfieri is endeared to his countrymen for many reasons; he was passionately fond of his native Italy, he regretted the state of weakness into which it had fallen, but his discriminating mind soon perceived that no good was to be expected from foreign interference, and he well knew how to draw the line between liberty and licence: he often repeated that he loved liberty, but not French liberty. In his political meditations his stern mind and fiery temper led him to seek for models among the ancient Romans, whom he resembled in character, but he found nothing like them in modern times. The English were the only nation in Europe he esteemed, and he was perhaps the first to hold them out as a bright example to his astonished countrymen, and to kindle in them that feeling of admiration which many Italians have since shown for British institutions. His exclamation on first touching the shores of England, expresses in a lively manner the enthusiasm felt by his generous mind.

“Dopo tanti sospiri, e voti tanti
Ti vedo, e calco al fin libera terra
Cui son di Francia, e Italia ignoti i planti
Qui leggi han regno, e non le leggi atterra.”

Alfieri may be called the father of the Italian tragedy, and he has imparted to his native language a strength and an energy of which it was not before deemed susceptible. Alfieri had his failings like all the children of men, but his genius, his honest sincerity, and the undaunted firmness of his character atone largely for his imperfections, and will secure him a distinguished place in the memory of future generations.*

From Asti the road follows the course of the river Tanaro as far as Alessandria. On approaching the latter city, the country

* See Appendix, No. 9.

opens into a wide plain. We passed by the citadel, which is one of the strongest holds in Piedmont, it communicates with the city by a covered bridge over the Tanaro. Alessandria was regularly fortified, and the French enlarged the lines, and out-works, so as to make it capable of holding a garrison of sixty thousand men; they considered it their central position in Piedmont. The Austrians in their last conquest of Italy, destroyed the fortifications, which had cost enormous sums, but in truth it was no great loss to the King of Sardinia, such an extensive fortification being disproportionate to the numbers of his army. There is still however a strong garrison stationed in the town and citadel. Alessandria has the gay military appearance of all garrison towns; it is well built, and has a fine square in the centre planted with trees, which is a rare thing in Italy; round it there are a number of coffee-houses and billiard rooms, the resort of officers during their leisure hours. The diligence from Turin to Genoa stops here for the night; the inns are very good; passports are examined by the military commander.

Next morning we proceeded on our journey and passed the Bormida, a river which takes its source near that of the Tanaro, in the Apennines of Mondovi, and which joins the latter river below Alessandria, whence their united streams flow into the Po, a few miles farther. We entered the celebrated plains of Marengo, where the fate of Italy was decided under the rising star of Bonaparte. The country is flat and woody, the road here divides in two, the one to the left leads to Tortona, Pavia, and Milan, that on the right proceeds to Genoa. The French army advanced from Tortona, and after passing the Scrivia, proceeded to the villages of San Giuliano and Marengo; the Austrians had come out of Alessandria to encounter them. The Austrians fought bravely, and the day seemed lost for the French, when at five in the evening the timely arrival of Desaix's corps de reserve turned the fate of the battle. Still the Austrian army remained strong, the greater part of its cavalry had not been engaged, and the troops appeared competent to renew the fight, but the Austrian commander in chief, overawed by the critical position in which his army was placed, thought proper on the

second day after the battle to sign a convention at Alessandria, by which he gave up the greatest part of Lombardy, and twelve important fortresses, on condition of being allowed to retire unmolested to the Mincio. The battle of Marengo took place on the 14th of June, 1800, and the convention was signed on the 16th.

This district is called by the inhabitants *La Fragola*; the peasantry of it are represented to be daring and fierce; they rose *en masse* against the French on the first invasion of their country, as did also the inhabitants of Carmagnola, Mondovi, and of other places in the southern part of Piedmont. The Italian peasantry have in general shown every where a great dislike towards the French intruders, their ideas were unsophisticated by theories, and they reasoned upon facts; they had been for generations contented and quiet in their humble condition, acts of oppression were rare in the country, and they lived comfortably, particularly those of the north of Italy. They were attached to the religion of their fathers, the corruption of cities had made little progress among them, they were fond of their wives, and jealous of the honor of their daughters. But as soon as the French came, a most dreadful alteration took place. The generals and commissariats extorted money and provisions from the inhabitants, the soldiers seduced and ravished their wives and daughters, and they all joined in insulting their saints, their belief, and the ministers of their religion, and if any one dared to remonstrate he was brought before a military commission and shot on charge of disaffection and high treason against liberty. This is a short compendium of the behaviour of the republican armies in Italy; no wonder then, that the inhabitants revolted in many places and revenged themselves on their oppressors. Had they succeeded in driving them out of the country, their conduct, like that of the Spaniards, in later times, would have been called heroism; unfortunately they failed, and were looked upon as banditti. Carmagnola, a nice little town to the south of Turin, on the right bank of the Po, was taken and burnt by the French. Mondovi, a large place situated farther south at the foot of the Ligurian Apennines, made a long resistance. The

peasantry of the country around, a stout, spirited race, rose, to the number of many thousands, and kept the French at bay for sometime, but the jacobin party in the town who were in correspondence with the enemy, contrived to distribute to the peasants cartridges made of adulterated powder, so, that when they came in contact with the enemy, their fire had no effect, and they were easily defeated and massacred as usual. The invaders then entered Mondovi which they partly set on fire, plundering, ravaging, and murdering in every direction. There is still living one of the jacobin leaders, whose wife was the first victim of the fury of the French soldiery ; she was shot while looking out of a window for her husband, who was coming along with them. After the massacre, these lawless ruffians, joined by all the abandoned characters, male and female, that collected to share the plunder, went to dance *pèle mèle*, and committed all kinds of abominations in the sumptuous halls of the fugitive nobility, and this for honor of the goddess of reason. *

Such scenes were not rare in Italy at that time, and those nations who have had the good fortune to escape the storm, will hardly credit the account of these horrors. A number of people however still live who witnessed them, and who relate them to the disgrace of the perpetrators. The details are too horrid for description. In later times the conduct of the French invading armies (although better disciplined than their republican predecessors) in the ravaged regions of Calabria, in the mountains of Tyrol, in the glens of the Sierra d' Estrella, at the taking of Tarragona, and amidst the smoking ruins of Moscow, forms such a mass of evidences, that, even allowing much to be exaggerated, there remains enough to consign the memory of the conquerors to the abhorrence of future ages. Some of their officers have reluctantly confessed, that the demoralization of the army had reached the highest pitch, and that having indulged it at first, the chiefs had no longer power to restrain it. Courage and abilities cannot atone for such an abuse of them. May the remembrance of these foul deeds serve as a lesson for every na-

* See Appendix, No. 10.

tion not to trust in future, the fair promises of an ambitious conqueror!

The plain of Alessandria is bounded on the south by the Genoese Apennines, on the west by the hills of Monfermato, on the north by the Po, and it extends to the east along that river, to Voghera. We entered the ancient Genoese territory at a place called Pozzolo, and arrived at Novi, a considerable town at the foot of the mountains. Here we felt we were approaching southern Italy, by the alteration in the looks and dress of the people, in their language and manners, and in the style of building. The flat and broad brimmed hat of the Piedmontese peasant, gives way to the sugar loaf hat, or to the hanging red cap of the Genoese. A velvet jacket thrown carelessly over the shoulders, short breeches unbuckled at the knee, the neck bare, a red sash round the waist; dark complexions, spare, busy forms, raven hair, the wild penetrating glance of the children of the south, and an indolent carriage; these are the general characteristics of the male peasantry. The heads of the women are uncovered, their hair plaited, powdered, and tied up behind with a riband, plain calico gowns, a gaudy handkerchief tied across the bosom; sunny complexions, fine figures, bright, downcast eyes, and a careless demeanour; these are the striking features in the appearance of the females.

Many of the buildings of Novi give a good idea of the taste and magnificence of the wealthy Genoese, who have palaces in this place. The Genoese style of architecture, and especially the ornamental part, is of a peculiar kind; the yellow or red painting of the exterior walls—the white stucco ornaments contrasting with the green lattices—the pillars and cornices in the Grecian style; all these announce your approach to the region of the fine arts.

The broad chaunting pronunciation of the Piedmontese is replaced here by the close unintelligible accent of the Genoese dialect. It is the variety of people as well as that of landscape which renders a tour in Italy so interesting, and which gives to

that country a charm of novelty not to be found in any other. Every fifty miles you find yourself in another country, among people quite different from those you have left, and every where you find peculiar features and new curiosities which attract attention. But this same variety is the misfortune of Italy, it resembles the trappings with which victims were adorned before sacrifice: it prevents that similarity of character and that national spirit, without which no country can be great.

On going out of Novi, we began to ascend the Apennines. The country about Novi is fertile, gardens, orchards, and pleasant green meadows surround the town. This place was the scene of a sanguinary contest between the Russians commanded by Marshal Suwarrow, and the French, by General Joubert, in which the latter were totally defeated, and Joubert slain. The battle of Novi took place in August, 1799.

As we continued to ascend, we observed that the scenery assumed that wild and barren aspect peculiar to the Apennines, and so different from the lower Alpine regions. We passed the defile of Garvi, through which flows the Lemmo, a torrent, which, in the rainy season overflows the whole valley, and is rendered unfordable. The small castle of Garvi, built on a commanding hill, and almost impregnable by situation, defends the passage. The country around is rocky and desolate. Continuing to ascend, we come to Voltaggio, a large village, embosomed in the mountains in the midst of the wildest scenery. Thence, in about an hour, we arrived at La Bocchetta, the name of the highest point over which this road passes. There a new and brilliant landscape was spread before our eyes; around us, the rugged and barren Apennines with their uniform conical summits; down their sides, forests of chesnut trees, through the dark thick foliage of which, glimmered white spires of churches, and the greyish roofs of the houses covered with slates of *lavagna*; at the foot of the mountains, several narrow vallies were seen branching in various directions, and beyond them appeared the blue waters of the Mediterranean, bordering on the horizon and sparkling with the reflection of the sun. The cool sea breeze,

the picturesque dress of the peasantry, the inexpressible magic of southern nature and southern climate—every thing inspires the spectator with a feeling of pleasing melancholy, somewhat like the langour produced by soft music. As you descend into the valley of Polcevera, the magnificent villas of the Genoese nobility, tell you of your approach to a great city, to *Genova la superba*, but that city is still concealed behind a range of steep and lofty hills, crowned with fortifications, above which rise the three commanding summits of *Il Diamante* and *I due Fratelli*. It was under those inaccessible ramparts, that many a valiant host was encamped during the late wars. There, the French, the Austrians, and the English, have successively balanced the destinies of Italy.

It is on this side of the Apennines that southern Italy begins : that chain of mountains forms the natural division of the peninsula ; it draws a line from west to east, beginning where the Ligurian mountains join the Alps of Piedmont, and continuing along the Genoese territories, and through the duchies of Parma and Modena, thence along the northern limits of Tuscany, and proceeds to the Adriatic Sea, through the province of Ancona, which it separates from the kingdom of Naples.

The difference is as great between the inhabitants, as between the nature of the two regions, which lie north and south of this range. The beautiful shores of the Mediterranean from Nice to the extremity of Calabria, belong evidently to one region, while the rich plain from the source of the Po to the mountains of Friuli, from the Swiss Alps to the mouth of the same river, form but one immense valley.

We arrived at Campomarrone, a village so called from the number of chestnut trees which surround it. This is the last post to Genoa. We saw a little way farther on, the beginning of the new road which strikes off to the east through a valley, avoiding the mountain La Bocchetta, and which passing by the village of Serravalle near the river Scrivia, will join the old road on the other side near Novi. The ascent is much easier than

that of the Bocchetta. It will be passable next spring, and will prove a great convenience to travellers, who at present are miserably jolted on the rough old paved road.

On leaving Campomarrone, the road proceeds along the rocky bed of La Pócevera, which like that of all the Apennine streams, is almost dry in summer. The habitations now become thicker, village succeeds village, until at last the road is entirely lined on one side by a range of houses, and on a sudden turn to the left you find yourself in the magnificent suburb of San Pier d' Arena, close on the beach. You pass the outer line of fortifications with which Genoa is surrounded, you admire the noble light-house built on an insulated rock, and enter at last the amphitheatre, formed by the mountains and the sea, around which the city proudly rises.

Genoa la superba, for this is the appropriate epithet which was given it in the time of its splendour, and which it still deserves on account of its stately buildings and commanding situation, stands partly on the declivity of several hills rising in a semicircle round the harbour, and partly on a narrow slip of ground between them and the sea. The harbour is in the form of a half moon, about a mile and a half in length; its entrance faces the south, and is protected in part by two moles running across from the opposite extremities, but leaving between them an open space of about half a mile, through which the sea rushes tremendously when the wind blows from that quarter. Vessels, however, can lie in security, in that part of the harbour which is behind the old mole. They talk now of stretching the latter farther, over several sunken rocks, so as to approach nearer to the Molo Novo, behind which, is the station for vessels performing quarantine. The city seen from the light-house on entering the gates, presents a most magnificent *coup d'œil*. A succession of fine buildings, more than two miles in length, lines the shore. The loftiness and elegance of the houses in general; their painted walls and white roofs; the numerous palaces and gardens, churches and convents, rising one above the other on the steep sides of the hills that rear, from behind, their dark and

barren heads crowned with formidable ramparts, forts, and batteries; a noble harbour where thousands of vessels might lie at anchor: the whole gives a grand idea of the former riches and power of this city, once the rival of Venice, and the mistress of the Mediterranean.

As you proceed, you arrive at the inner line of fortifications, which divides the old city from the new. You pass the gate of San Tommaso, and arrive at the Piazza dell' Acqua Verde, whence that fine line of streets begins, which is the principal boast of Genoa. These three streets, Balbi, Novissima, and Nova, are lined with two rows of splendid palaces, belonging to the nobility, among which, those of Durazzo, Balbi, Brignole, Lomellino, and Serra, are the most remarkable. The first of these has a valuable collection of fine paintings, to which strangers are always allowed free access, according to the truly liberal spirit of the Italian nobility. Servants are always stationed in the anti-rooms, ready to accompany the amateurs through the splendid suite of apartments which contains the treasures of the fine arts. The most remarkable painting in the Durazzo collection, is that of the Magdalen washing the feet of our Saviour, by Veronese, one of the best works of that great master. There are in another room, three pieces by Luca Giordano, one of which, represents the death of Seneca. The Palazzo Durazzo, is really a residence fit for a sovereign—its front is very fine. There is another palace belonging to the same family, also in Strada Balbi, which is remarkable for its magnificent marble staircase boldly suspended, as it were, in the air. This part of the architecture of Genoese palaces, is perhaps the most remarkable, and well deserves the attention of strangers. The Palazzo Serra, in Strada Nova, has a splendid saloon, rich with lapis-lazuli and gold: it is lined with mirrors which reach from the ceiling to the floor, and which reflecting one another, multiply the objects *ad infinitum*, so that the spectator is at first apt to think himself in the middle of a long vista of rooms. The ceiling is finely painted to represent the triumph of a Genoese captain of this family, over the Turks. I was told that the expense of this superb saloon amounted to a million of Genoese livres, about thirty-

five thousand pounds sterling. When illuminated on great occasions, it must be almost too dazzling for the eye to bear.

Between Strada Balbi and Strada Novissima, is an irregular square, on one side of which stands the church dell' Annunziata, one of the finest in Genoa. It was built by the family of Lomellini; its interior is rich in marbles and paintings.

At the end of Strada Nova you meet with another irregular square, called dell' Fontane Amoroze, thence ascending the hill, and turning to the right, you pass by the grand hospital, a magnificent building, and you arrive at Strada Giulia, which leads to the eastern gate of Genoa, and to the Fauxbourg of Bisagno.

This succession of streets which crosses the city from west to east, is the only way through which carriages can pass; the rest of the streets are, on account of their narrowness and steepness, impracticable for any vehicle. They are all, however, well paved and remarkably clean, and very convenient for pedestrians; and such are all the inhabitants of Genoa. Ladies going to the theatre or evening parties, are carried in sedan chairs, of which there is a great number, private and for hire.

Genoa is, as may be supposed by what has been said, a very quiet city, and a stranger arriving from a large capital finds it rather dull on account of the stillness that reigns in it, particularly at night. The streets being very narrow and the buildings generally five or six stories high, each story very lofty, the shops and the lower part of the houses are dark and gloomy. The best apartments in Genoa are generally the uppermost, but their tenants are subjected to the inconvenience of ascending more than a hundred steps to reach them. This, however, is only the case in the lower part of the city, for on ascending the hills, the houses are lower, and being raised one above another, are airy and command fine prospects of the town and the sea. The district of Carignano situated on a high hill to the south east, between the fortifications and the sea, is the best in the city for its situation. On the highest part of it, stands the church of the same name,

dedicated to the Virgin. Its lofty dome forms a prominent feature in the view of Genoa. Proceeding to it from the square of Sarzana, you pass a bridge of one arch, built over the street de' Servi, which connects the two opposite hills. This bold structure was raised at the same time with the church, by a noble Genoese family, of the name of Saulle, and the idea of it originated in a pique between them and a rival house: so powerful and rich were the lords of the little republic! From the summit of the dome, there is a fine view of Genoa and of the neighbouring country. On a clear day one can see the greatest part of the *Riviera di Ponente*, or western coast, as far as Capo delle Mele, and the Alps of Piedmont, towering from behind, but towards the east the bold promontory of Porto Fino, advancing into the sea closes the view on that side, to the south you can perceive the northern mountains of the island of Corsica. The hill of Carignano, behind the church, is covered with gardens, and there is a pleasant walk along the adjoining ramparts, looking over the sea, and round by the walls of Santa Chiara to the gate of L' Acquisola. The prospect from this walk is beautiful. The valley of Bisagno and the suburb of that name lie before you, and the hills of Albaro covered with elegant country houses and gardens, contrast with the abrupt barren mountains which terminate the view.

The neighbourhood of Genoa is rich in a variety of scenery. To the north of the city rises a very steep hill, on the top of which is built the fort of La Sperona, which commands the whole town, and forms the summit of a triangle, of which the outer lines of fortification are the sides, and the sea is the basis. The city occupies but a small part of the extensive space enclosed within, and the rest of the ground is in a great measure waste and naked.

That part of the fortifications of Genoa which overlooks the valley of Polcevera, may be considered impregnable, but the eastern side, towards the valley of Bisagno, is by no means so formidable. It was on the latter that the English army attacked it in 1814, and in a few days got possession of the outer works,

by which they obliged the French to capitulate. It must be observed that the French garrison was very weak, and chiefly composed of conscripts. It requires a numerous army like that which Massena had in this city in 1799, to defend a line of works of ten or twelve miles in extent. The Piedmontese government is now adding to the fortifications, and when the additional works are completed, Genoa, garrisoned by a sufficient number of men, may be considered as the strongest hold in Italy. A Frenchman of rank who visited Genoa lately, showed some peevishness on seeing these improvements, remarking with a sneer, that *Le Roi de Sardaigne rive bien les clous aux Gênois*; it is however but what the French would have willingly done themselves.

Genoa is essentially a commercial place; the barrenness of the soil, the small extent of its territories, and their favoured situation along the shores of the Mediterranean, naturally turned the attention of the inhabitants to maritime trade, in which they succeeded so well, that their city became the emporium of western Europe. The capitals its merchants had collected, enabled them to retain much of their former influence, even after commerce had taken another direction, in consequence of the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope. The Genoese became the bankers of Europe, and their harbour continued to be the dépôt for foreign goods in the Mediterranean. Conveniently situated within a few days sail of Spain, Africa, and Sicily, vessels of every nation came into this port to deposit or exchange their cargoes; and the Genoese were the consignees, warehousemen, and brokers of all the Mediterranean merchants; a number of them besides were established over all the different coasts, and Genoa was the central point with which factors from Lisbon, Cadiz, Malaga, Barcelona, the coast of Barbary, and the Scale of Levant, corresponded. The Bank of St. George lent money to the different governments of Europe, and the proud Genoese nobility did not disdain to employ their funds in trade. The character of the Genoese was peculiarly adapted to the mercantile profession. Sober, industrious, and parsimonious; shrewd, active, and intelligent; less fond of pleasure and shew than the Venetian people; less ambitious and haughty than the

Venetian Patricians, they accommodated themselves better to circumstances, and were more pliant in their connexions with foreign powers, but they also knew in case of need, how to defend their independence : interest and patriotism joined together on those occasions. But like all human prosperity, theirs could not last for ever. They had resisted many shocks, but by degrees they became weaker and weaker, and at last found themselves wholly unprepared for the great earthquake which overturned all Europe : the French revolution crushed them with the rest.

When the republican armies began to attempt the conquest of Italy, the Genoese, instead of perceiving that it was their interest to join the other Italian states for repelling the common enemy, the foreign intruder, seemed only awake to their petty jealousies against the Piedmontese ; they temporized with the French, and let themselves be cajoled by the crafty democrats who then ruled over France ; incited by the thirst of gain they supplied the republicans with provisions, and allowed them to enter their western territories : the French government was in their debt for several millions, which they were afraid of losing. In the meantime the population of Genoa, attacked by the disease of democracy, began to dislike their aristocratical rulers ; the grey headed pilots who were at the helm of the state, accustomed to long seasons of calm weather and smooth seas, were unable to steer through such an unprecedented storm, and the frail bark after being tossed about and buffeted for awhile by the contending elements, was upset by the overwhelming waves.

Such was the fate of Genoa, and what was worse, it carried along with it the fate of Italy. Had the western passes been defended by real patriots, by people worthy of the name of Italians, the French would not have been able to encamp quietly on the fine shores of the Riviera, there to restore themselves with abundant supplies, and to watch for the favourable opportunity to climb over the mountains of Mondovì and Montenotte, from which they rushed like a sweeping torrent over the prostrate regions of Lombardy. Thus far the Genoese did not act like real patriots,

and they suffered for it. The short-lived Ligurian Republic enjoyed only a mock independence, under the paramount influence of France; their treasures were laid open for the maintenance of the armies, their capital suffered all the horrors of war and famine; and when the fate of the mother republic was mastered by an extraordinary and ambitious man, proud Genoa was obliged to send her own Doge and Senators to dance attendance on the ruler of the day, and to beg the *honor* of being annexed to the French empire! Fit retribution for their want of national character and principle.

The Genoese became French, and many of them imbibed all the notions of their new compatriots, still the peasantry here, as every where else, detested these pretended friends, and real masters. The sea-faring people, who form a very important part of the population of this country, saw their profession annihilated in consequence of the continental system, and the only resource left them to avoid starvation was the honour of serving on board the imperial fleet stationary in the harbour of Toulon. But the greatest part of the Genoese sailors were too enterprising and too fond of independence to allow themselves to be cooped up in those magnificent hulks, where they had not even a chance of seeing the enemy; many of them therefore took French leave, repaired to the English establishments in the Mediterranean, and entered as sailors on board foreign vessels. Others formed associations and scoured the seas as privateers, in which capacity they greatly annoyed the British trade in the Mediterranean, and often captured their own countrymen serving on board vessels under the English flag. Some of their captains, such as Ludovico, Dodero, Serra, and others, made a great number of prizes, which they sold in the harbours of Barbary. Such were the beneficial effects of the French prohibitory system upon a commercial and maritime nation: love of plunder, dereliction of their country and families, and total demoralization.

At last the star of Napoleon grew dim and disappeared in the gloom of a Russian winter. The consequences of his reverses were particularly felt in the foreign provinces of his empire.

The Genoese were by this time almost tired of the French, and they became unruly. A year after, the English forces landed in the Riviera di Levante, and encamped under the walls of Genoa. The French garrison was weak, the people were enraged against them, women and children abused the French officers in the streets, the statue of Bonaparte in the Piazza dell' Acqua Verde, was hurled down from its pedestal, and broken in a thousand fragments. The French commanders saw that the hour of retaliation was come and that further resistance would prove fatal: they capitulated, but probably on account of what they considered as the rebellious spirit of the Genoese, they only made terms for the garrison, and left the city at the mercy of the victors. However, the Genoese republic was provisionally re-established, but shortly after the congress of Vienna disposed otherwise of its fate, and Genoa was given up to the King of Sardinia. I will not enter into the question of the right and justice of this last measure, but I shall offer a few remarks on its expediency: as it is well known that governments in their foreign politics are seldom directed by the same strict rules of morality as individuals in their civil and domestic concerns. The lesser evil must often be adopted, and political justice is generally but comparative.

The union of Genoa to Piedmont, however condemned by some politicians and deplored by self-styled patriots, will, probably, if considered on an enlarged scale and with regard to its effects, be found more conducive to the future welfare and independence of Italy than the former state of that republic, under its antiquated oligarchy. On the other hand, Genoa could not possibly remain under a democratic form in the present state of Europe: the nobility are too rich, and the people too mercenary. It would, besides, be a continual scene of cabal, for discontented Italians and intriguing foreigners, and would fall an easy prey to any of its powerful neighbours. As for the Genoese, they are now as well off as most continental people, and better off than many. Their flag is now free, and respected every where, while under their ancient republican government they did not dare to lose sight of their native shores, except in good armed vessels, for fear of

being taken by the Barbary Corsairs, and carried to Algiers and Tunis to end their days in slavery and despair. The removal of this evil, is alone a benefit of such magnitude as to over-balance their prejudice against their present government.

I was at Genoa in 1816, about the time of Lord Exmouth's expedition against Algiers, and I witnessed the satisfaction of the Genoese at the arrival of the British frigate which brought the happy tidings, and restored their countrymen who had worn so long the chains of the Moslems.* The sentiments of gratitude and respect towards the English, which they had sincerely professed when they were delivered from the French yoke were then renewed, but that most essential and disinterested service is now nearly forgotten, in consequence of the venom which an anti-social faction takes all pains to instil in the minds of the people of the continent against the English. They cannot deny the benefit, but they make light of it, they say that the forbearance of the Barbary powers is but temporary; they endeavour, against all common sense, to hint at the interested views of England, even on this occasion; but it is useless to repeat here all the sophisms which are well known to every one who has travelled on the continent. However, I am happy to say that the plain, unsophisticated minds of the Genoese sailors see things in a better light. I have conversed, travelled, and lived with them, and found them sensible of the benefit conferred on them by the English, and proudly confident of their future protection.

The Genoese sailors are the best in the Mediterranean; and resemble the British tars more than any others; they are a hardy, manly, and steady race, and were their vessels equal to those of the English, they would be worthy perhaps of bearing a fuller comparison with the latter.† Like all brave and simple people,

* See Appendix, No. 11.

† Since writing the above, a circumstance has happened, an official account of which published in Italian papers, reflects high credit on the character of the Genoese sailors. During the heavy gales of last January, 1820, a Genoese *pinto*, (a vessel with lateen sails) *Schiffano*, master, was

they are open-hearted, attached to their religion without bigotry, fond of their homes and their families, to whom it is their chief satisfaction to bring, on their return from their laborious voyages, their hard-earned savings.

The territories of the old Genoese Republic now form part of the states of the King of Sardinia, under the title of duchy. A governor general who resides at Genoa is representative of the sovereign. Genoa has its separate senate, courts, and code of laws. Much care is taken to conciliate the minds of the Genoese; the civil employments are filled by them, they have national regiments, the commissions of which are given exclusively to natives. The Piedmontese troops in the garrison of Genoa are kept in the strictest discipline, and severely forbidden to enter into any dispute with the inhabitants, and when such instances occur, the decision is generally in favour of the Genoese. A new road is now being constructed at a great expence along the mountainous coast of the Riviera di Levante, which, when finished, will open a direct communication from Genoa to Leghorn and the south of Italy, and will prove a great advantage to the inland commerce of the Genoese. Many travellers going to Rome and Naples, will then pass by Genoa, instead of going round by Milan and Bologna. Until now Genoa has only been accessible on one side by land, over the difficult road of the Bocchetta, but in future it will be open in two directions, by two fine carriage roads, the one to Turin and Milan by Serravalle, and the other to Leghorn by Lerici.

All these are no trifling improvements, and deserve to be duly appreciated, when we consider that the King of Sardinia is on riches and means, but one of the inferior powers of Europe. I have met among the Genoese, dispassionate men who are willing

wrecked on the Roman coast near Nettuno, a young sailor, native of Camogli, near Portofino, Riviera di Levante, in his repeated endeavours to save some English females who were passengers on board, lost his life, after having succeeded in bringing several of them to shore. The Sardinian government has given a pension to his relations.

to do justice to their present government, but they complain of the bad effect of taxes upon industry and commerce. This, however, is an universal complaint all over the continent; much might be said too, in justification of the present financial system which was left by the French as a forced inheritance upon the present governments of Europe, and which it would be injudicious, and perhaps impracticable for the latter to change entirely. The French introduced the present system of taxation and administration in Italy, and thereby produced an universal change in every branch of political and civil economy; the swarms of people they employed in their numberless *bureaux*, and the host of *gens d'armes* and custom house officers, who swelled the ranks of their partizans, the great military establishment, all these are benefits conferred by the French on the Italians. The governments that succeeded them could not turn all these people adrift, as these would have then become their declared enemies, and cried aloud against the injustice of the measure. The greatest part of them have therefore been kept in office, and to give them bread, most of the taxes have been continued, at which the population murmurs, and those very people who live upon this system often join in the cry. This shows how difficult it must be in the present times to govern mankind—how impossible to please every body.

But I think the principal source of the dissatisfaction of the Genoese is to be attributed to their old prejudices against their neighbours the Piedmontese. This is one of the precious consequences of the division of Italy into so many little states, which some modern patriots wanted to perpetuate, by opposing the only preparatory way of removing the evil, viz.; that of uniting those fragments into three or four grand divisions. But forsooth it did not suit every one, and no political measure ever will.

The Piedmontese were for centuries the subjects of the house of Savoy, and the house of Savoy was not always on the best terms with the most Serene Republic of Genoa. The Genoese and Piedmontese, therefore, although both Italians, and living within a few miles of one another, detest each other as cordially

as the Spaniards and the French. Hence arose national abuse and nick-names, and the hatred was continued from father to son. The Piedmontese happen to eat a pudding of Indian corn flour, for which the Genoese called them *mangia polenta*; the Genoese are industrious and economical, the Piedmontese called them Jews.—These, and other feuds equally reasonable, nursed their hatred, just as Goldsmith's invalid hated the French because they wore wooden shoes. Meantime the communications between the two countries were very rare; the inhabitants of Turin and Genoa, although living only at a hundred miles distance, knew one another as little as those of Paris and Petersburg. By the union of the two countries this obstacle has been removed; the two people mix, they learn to appreciate their good qualities; they have a common sovereign, common interests, and a common language, as they always have had a common country and a common religion. A certain mistrust and dislike still exists, but if government pursues a moderate and conciliatory system, the Piedmontese and Genoese, after a generation or two, will look upon each other as children of the same family, and those among them who may then read the debates upon the annexation of these countries, will smile at the instability of human opinions. This is the case in all annexations; surely Lorraine, Alsace, Burgundy, Guienne, Poitou, and Brittany, are not now the worse for being united to France, although at the time of their union, many interests were wounded, the result has been for the general good. But the passions of men blind them to general truths, and their ideas are narrowed by prejudices.

The commerce of Genoa is not what it once was, still in the present stagnation of affairs, there is more business going on here than in any other port of Italy. There are great capitalists in this place eager to employ their funds to advantage. Genoese vessels now trade directly with the West Indies, where their flag had never been seen before. The Piazza Banchi or exchange, and the Porto Franco, where goods are deposited in warehouses without paying any duty, offer lively scenes of bustle and activity.

The Genoese in general, show no great taste for elegant pursuits and amusements; commerce is their grand occupation, and their calculating spirit leaves them neither time nor money to spare for the construction of public edifices dedicated to the fine arts and literature. Genoa is worse off for theatres than any other Italian capital. The theatre of Sant' Agostino, which is the principal one, is sufficiently large, but ill constructed and poorly decorated. The performers are also in general very inferior. The house is seldom filled, and the profits are too small to enable the manager to engage first-rate actors. It is only during the winter that the opera is performed here, in the rest of the year comedies and tragedies are acted. The present company Gransera, is tolerably good, it has one or two respectable tragic performers. I saw the other night *Il Saulle*, one of the finest tragedies of Alfieri. The part of Saulle was well acted by a performer of the name of Subotich; the *prima donna*, La Vidari, gave no effect to the character of Micol. I had formerly seen Filippo performed in this theatre with great advantage. Gnudi and Verzura, two of the best Italian actors, have lately left this company.

L' Avvocato Nota, a Genoese, has lately written several good comedies. The young gentry of this place do not much frequent the public theatres, but seem to have a taste for private acting, and unite in companies of dilettanti, for the purpose. I was present the other night at one of these performances at a house on the hill of Albaro, and was pleased with their exertions; indeed it would scarcely be fair to criticise with severity, people, who, with a social spirit, provide amusement at their own expense, and distribute tickets gratis to their acquaintance. This liberal taste is more common in Italy than is imagined.

Genoa is not a city of learning, and that for the reasons already stated. There is, however, an university, a Collegio de' Nobili, and several public libraries. Among the men belonging to the learned professions, some rhetoricians, poets, and beaux-esprits are to be found. The state of medical science seems to be very low; a curious correspondence between two medical men has just been published, in which one of them (one of the first

physicians in the place) is accused by his antagonist of having caused the death of a patient by bleeding copiously in a case of putrid fever. The Genoese have produced some good financiers ; Count Corvetto, late minister of finance in France, and the Marquis Brignole, the present minister at Turin, are both from this country.

The churches of Genoa are remarkable not so much for their exterior architecture, as for the magnificence and taste displayed in their interior. The most remarkable of them besides those already mentioned, are, the cathedral of St. Lorenzo, the front of which is constructed in a barbarous taste, the church of St. Siro, which is the most frequented on Sunday by the upper classes, that of Le Vigne, and the church of St. Ambrose, belonging to the Jesuits, which contains a fine assumption, by Guido. The church of San Stefano, near the eastern gate, possesses the famous painting by Giulio Romano, representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen. It was taken to Paris by the French, but has been restored to its proper place.

The religious ceremonies, are performed at Genoa with great splendour. On the twenty-third of last month I was present at the great festival in the church of L' Annunziata, in honor of the Madonna della Mercede, a ceremony instituted by the religious order of that name, one of the most useful and interesting of monastic establishments, and whose object was to ransom the Christian slaves in Barbary. The church was full of people of all classes, the illumination was brilliant, the ornaments splendid, and the music fine, but somewhat too theatrical ; two orchestras were raised opposite each other, and the *motivi*, resembled the ariettas of an opera. The music of the mass was by Anfossi, but the singers were not to be compared with those of Rome or Naples. A short panegyric of the Virgin was delivered in pure Italian, by Padre Giannotti, a Roman Jesuit. A boy twelve years of age, sang the *tantum ergo*, with a good deal of effect. The benediction followed and closed the ceremony, the whole of which was conducted with great decorum. I do not, however, much approve of the *canto figurato*, used on these grand occa-

sions in the Italian churches. How much more impressive is the daily service and the singing of vespers throughout the year, when the fine voices with which Italy abounds, arise in solemn chorusses, accompanied only by the swelling peals of the organ. The *canto gregoriano*, that simple primitive music, is so well adapted to religious sentiments, so much in unison with the sublime effusions of sacred poetry ! it soothes the heart—it elevates the mind above the selfish concerns of men—it gives us a foretaste of joys more pure—of an existence far beyond the limits of this visible world.

“ C'est là que finiront un jour tous nos malheurs,
Et l'habitant des cieux ne verse point de pleurs.”

Man comes out from the sacred ceremony refreshed and renovated, his feelings softened by religious melancholy, and the effects of this disposition must be beneficial to himself and to his fellow-creatures.

The churches in Italy are open to every body, and every day in the year from morning to night. There is no distinction of ranks : rich and poor, noble and plebeian, kneel down together before the Supreme Being ; the elegant lady and the humble menial are seen by the side of one another, uniting their voices, and joining in their supplications for that mercy of which they equally stand in need : the beggar is not refused admittance into the church, of the house of that God, before whom there is no distinction but that of the heart. At all times of the day people are seen entering the churches for the purpose of praying, and of seeking consolation in devotion and quietness. I have often seen in the busiest hours, when the churches are generally deserted, some handsome well dressed female gliding silently along the solitary aisles to a retired corner, there prostrate herself at the foot of an altar, unconscious of being noticed by any one, and praying with all the fervour of religious feelings, and shedding tears of repentance. There can be no hypocrisy, no affectation in such a practice : it is the afflicted mother praying for the welfare of her children, it is the tender wife supplicating the

Divine Goodness for the health of her husband, it is, in short, the afflicted creature seeking for comfort in the bosom of her God, through the intercession of those blessed spirits whom she considers as standing next his throne. Whether her belief be right or not, her faith is sincere, her intentions pure, and the All-Merciful will not reject the tribute of an affectionate heart.

The climate of Genoa is pleasant and healthy ; this city, sheltered in a great measure by the Apennines from the northern blast, and refreshed in summer by the evening breeze so prevailing in the Mediterranean, enjoys a pure and salubrious atmosphere. The obnoxious *scirocco* loses its suffocating heat before it reaches this latitude, and is merely the bearer of clouds and the forerunner of rain, which falls at times very heavily, especially about the equinoxes. The cold is sometimes severe in winter, but it does not last. In the neighbourhood of Genoa, along the coast, there are many places where the climate is still milder and more genial than in the capital, such as Sestri and Pegli, in the Western Riviera, and Nervi, on the eastern one ; these districts being completely sheltered by the mountains rising immediately behind them, the orange and lemon trees grow in them in full luxuriance, and give to the country the appearance of a perpetual spring. There several of the wealthy Genoese families have delightful villas, in which they spend the greater part of the year in a truly Elysian retirement. The climate of Genoa, however, is reckoned too keen for persons having delicate chests, and the medical men advise the removal of such patients to the plains of Lombardy.

Provisions are very reasonable, and lodgings are remarkably so. A set of apartments for a family is let unfurnished for about twenty pounds a-year ; furnished lodgings are in proportion. Most of the nobility let out a whole floor of their sumptuous palaces to merchants or to foreigners, while they themselves live in the country. A person can subscribe for the whole year to all the theatrical amusements Genoa affords, including the masked balls or *festone* in the Carnival season, for the sum of one hundred Genoese livres, about three pounds ten shillings. Restau-

rateurs and coffee-houses are full as cheap as at Turin, but not so clean nor comfortable; wine is the only article which is comparatively dear. The common wine is imported from the south of France, and is sold much adulterated. There is, however, Monteferrat wine from Piedmont, which is genuine and good. The country wine or *vino nostrale*, as the Genoese call it, is white and light, the best is made in the valley of Polcevera, in the district called Murta, it is not unpleasant to the taste, and is very inoffensive. Genoa is renowned for its *paste* or macaroni of every size and shape, from the broad *lasagne* to the thin *fedeli*; they are exported all over the Mediterranean and are in great repute. The shops in which they are sold are remarkable for their cleanliness and tasteful apparatus. Mushrooms form another article of great consumption and of exportation; the mountains and vallies about Genoa abound with them, great quantities are cut in slices and dried, and afterwards sent abroad to the amount of a million of Genoese livres annually. But the olive plantations with which the Riviera di Ponente is covered, afford the principal branch of exportation. The fine oil of Genoa is equal to that of Lucca or of Provence.

The hotels at Genoa are inferior to none in Italy for accommodations and comfort; some of them are truly magnificent. They are built in the lower part of the city, near the harbour, of which they command the view. The City of London, the Imperial Hotel, and the Hotel de la Ville, are the most splendid. The charges are very moderate both for board and for lodgings.

The Genoese cookery is very different from the Piedmontese; it is south Italian, like every thing else. Oil is a common ingredient. The Genoese have several national dishes, such as *ravioli*, *lasagne*, and *risbarrosto* which are good and wholesome; the *capponnata* and the *torta*, which are composed of a mixture of heterogeneous elements, and not very palatable to strangers, although they are a favorite treat to the natives: eggs, meat, vegetables, saussage, anchovies, onions, bread, garlick, &c. are all hashed together and form a kind of *olla podrida*. Mushrooms are a common ingredient of a Genoese repast, they dress

them in many different ways ; I never heard of accidents having happened from the use of them, the people are well acquainted with their various kinds. In spite of the proverb *mare senza pesce*, I have in general found that this city is well supplied with good fish. Its *ragoste*, or large red lobsters, are remarkably good. Meat of every kind and poultry are excellent ; vegetables grow very fine in the gardens about Genoa ; fruit is exquisite, although not so abundant as at Naples.

The houses of this city have the advantage, very rare in the rest of Italy, of being supplied with spring water up to the highest floor and to the very terrace. The vicinity of the mountains has facilitated the means of extending this convenience, and the inhabitants are thereby enabled to preserve a greater degree of cleanliness than is observable in other Italian towns. The top of the house is often converted into a terrace, or a kind of aerial garden, where numerous flower-pots relieve agreeably the sight, and where the family resort in the summer evenings to enjoy the coolness of the air, and to take their coffee or their supper. Those verdant spots in the midst of the grey slate with which the houses are covered, afford a pleasing variety to a person looking from an elevated point upon the city. The staircase being common to all the tenants of the different floors, as is the case all over Italy, the street door is generally left open, from which circumstance a person has often the annoyance of having to pass through filth and nuisance to reach the foot of the stairs ; these however, are clean, commodious, and well lighted.

The Genoese women are among the handsomest of Italy ; indeed this city can boast of a decided superiority with regard to female beauty. In no other place have I seen such a number of interesting countenances collected together as in the streets, churches, and places of public resort at Genoa. They have in general elegant figures, delicate complexions, dark hair and eyes, and pretty features, and their carriage is remarkably graceful. Their dress is also well calculated to set off their charms, it is simple and neat : a white muslin gown well fitted to the shape, and a white veil, called *pezzotto*, thrown tastefully over the head

and shoulders so as not to conceal but to shade their contour, give them the appearance of so many Madonnas. This is the national dress common to all classes, only varying by the fineness and costliness of the materials. These women are remarkably clean in their persons and superior in that to the other Italian females. Very few of them wear straw hats or bounets; indeed it is to be wished for the sake of beauty and taste, that they may never adopt foreign fashions which cannot suit them better than their own costume. Often have I admired in the streets of Genoa countenances not inferior to the fine models of art left to us by the Greek sculptors, or to the enchanting productions of Raphael and Correggio. Often have they recalled to my memory

“ One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gildings, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.”

But alas! there is no perfection in this world. If we approach nearer these terrestrial Venuses, if we enter into conversation with them, the charm fails; we find their minds uncultivated, their ideas narrow and common, and their hearts——but no! their hearts are naturally good, and it is the deficiency of their education and the influence of bad example that dry up or corrupt the finest feelings of these lovely creatures. Their mental faculties are neglected; while under the watchful eye of their parents or guardians, they are debarred from any rational intercourse, as if ignorance were the best guardian of virtue. Marriage is at Genoa a matter of calculation perhaps more than any where else, it is generally settled between the relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another, and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with

her figure or manners, he may break up the match, on condition of defraying the expences incurred, &c. But this is seldom the case; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in this city marriage brokers, who have pocket books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes descriptive of their figures and of their fortunes; these people go about endeavouring to arrange connections; if they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. The contents of their memorandums are often very curious.

The custom of having a *patito* (such is the modern substitute for *cicisbeo* now obsolete) is still prevailing among the Genoese ladies. The patience of those individuals is truly astonishing. They are the humble servants of their fair sovereigns, they accompany them to church, to walk, to their evening parties, to the theatre; they keep them company at home, in short they follow them as their shadows, and submit to their caprices; for which they have in return, a free access to the house, and a cover at table. Strange as it may appear to foreigners, this custom is, in many cases, nothing more than a matter of ceremony, the remains of a chivalrous feeling of gallantry, or the result of mutual convenience. The lady finds her *patito* to be a very useful person, a *sine qua non*, while her husband, absorbed in his commercial speculations, has little time or patience to attend to her petty concerns. The *patito* in his turn finds her society agreeable, and his courtship is often nothing more to him than the means of killing time: he is generally the friend of the husband, sometimes his partner in business. It happens therefore that if a lady has a real intrigue, she must keep it concealed from her *patito* as well as from her husband; and the object of her partiality, *il favorito*, as he is sometimes called, is kept in the back ground. In the lower classes, and among the peasantry, however, there is no *patito* nor *favorito*, the husbands are jealous of their prerogatives, and their wives are attached to them and submissive.

The Genoese women have in general a great share of coquetry, they are fond of being admired. In many families of the old school, the custom prevails of having a clergyman, called *il prete di casa*, who is a kind of governor to the children, and is looked upon as one of the family. A certain degree of veneration towards ecclesiastics still remains among these people, especially in the country, and I have had many occasions to see that influence usefully employed for charitable and christian purposes. The clergy have had no opportunity of interfering in political matters in this country, and have kept clear from that ambitious spirit which has been reproached to them in other parts of Europe.

The citizens of Genoa are entirely mercantile people, and generally speaking, nothing else. This spirit of industry, although praiseworthy in itself, is often carried too far, and degenerates into avarice and selfishness. Nothing is heard here but calculations; if two or three persons are conversing together, one may be sure they are talking of money matters; boys in the streets are making rules of arithmetic, and even the fair sex is by no means deficient in the practical knowledge of that science. No opportunity of profit, however paltry, is overlooked by a Genoese. It is astonishing upon how little they live; they beat even the economical Florentines in that respect. Their currency is very small, their *lire fuori banco* is worth about eight-pence English; so that the high sounding sum of thirty thousand *lire*, which here is looked upon as a fortune, is, after all, but one thousand pounds. Salaries, profits, marriage-portions, every thing is on the same scale. A person in the middling ranks of society having six thousand *lire*, or two hundred pounds a-year, is reckoned rich. It must be said that they live in general but poorly; and although they dress well and keep up a good appearance yet the interior of their houses often presents the picture of scantiness and poverty. Their food is very plain, and their meals, except on particular occasions, are remarkably frugal. The men are by no means a good looking race, they are sallow and thin, and have in general a vulgar appearance and an awkward gait. There is a striking difference between this

city and Naples; in the latter the men are handsome and the women plain, while here it is precisely the reverse. I cannot imagine to what causes this singularity is to be ascribed.

An inclination to gambling prevails among the Genoese; it is their chief relaxation from business. Charity and even common affection between relatives are not conspicuous amongst this people; all the generous feelings are repressed by interest. I have seen a poor man actually begging at the door of his opulent brother, who had some food given to him by his servant; instances of this sort are not rare, as by the chances of trade individuals of the same family are often placed in opposite circumstances. From the same spirit a multitude of law suits also spring, which, thanks to the subtleties of the Genoese lawyers, are drawn on to the greatest possible length. The civil code has been altered, since the union of Genoa to the Sardinian states; the French commercial code, however, continues *pro tempore* to be in vigour. But the difference of codes is but of little consequence where the ministers of the law are not equitable. Naples has preserved the code Napoléon, and yet there is no country in Europe where it is more difficult to obtain common justice. The men must be changed as well as the laws, in order to effect a salutary improvement in the judiciary system of these countries, and this must be the work of time, connected with the gradual amelioration of education and of institutions, and consequently of sentiments and principles.

What I have already said of the character and morals of the Genoese will be sufficient to convey a general idea of them. Atrocious crimes are very rare; robbers and banditti were once numerous in the mountainous parts of the country, and under the French their number had increased by the addition of the run-away conscripts, so as to render the high road of la Bocchetta unsafe to the very gates of Genoa, but they are now no longer heard of. Beggars were swarming in this city, particularly during the scarcity in 1816 and 1817, but now very few are to be seen. Instances of suicide take place now and then, chiefly at

the bridge of Carignano, from which the wretched victims throw themselves headlong into the street de' Servi underneath.

The Genoese nobility is divided in two classes, called *Portico Vecchio* and *Portico Novo*. The most illustrious names of the republic, the Spinola, the Doria, the Negroni, the Balbi, the Fiaschi, the Sauli, &c. belong to the first. Some of the lateral branches of those great families live in a state of comparative poverty, but the Genoese nobility, is, upon the whole, possessed still of great wealth, and many of them employ their funds in commerce. Under the ancient aristocracy, the patricians enjoyed great power and often abused it; their haughtiness towards the inferior classes was overbearing, and the least show of resentment from the latter, was punished in a peremptory manner; even in the church (contrary to the practice of Catholic countries) the proud lady was preceded by her attendants carrying cushions for her to kneel upon, at the sight of which the plebeian females made room immediately and retired to a respectful distance. In suits at law a common citizen had very little chance against a nobleman, for although the courts might condemn the latter, still he was generally able to bid defiance to the law. A shocking instance of this is remembered and talked of at Genoa to this very day. In the valley called della Secca formed by one of the branches of the torrent Polcevera, there lived a nobleman deeply encumbered with debts; a writ had been issued against him by the civil court, but his fierce disposition being well known, no officer was found bold enough to venture into the lion's den, to communicate the sentence to him. At last an *usciere*, a sort of bailiff, to whose child the patrician had stood godfather, presuming upon the intimacy resulting from this connection, went to him. The Genoese Tiberius dissembled his wrath, and asked the man to rest and refresh himself, but shortly after, having given his orders to his satellites, he had the unsuspecting victim seized, and, horrid to relate, had him thrown into a heated oven, where he soon expired. The villa or mansion where this deed of horror was committed stands near the road or rather path leading to Piedmont.

These were the boasted liberties of the Genoese republic, the loss of which has been so much regretted by people on both sides of the Alps. Men are but too often deceived by words and mere names, or led astray by party spirit: in this instance, let the subject be closely examined, and it will be found that the Italian republics were the most tyrannical of governments, and that even an absolute monarchy is preferable for the great mass of the population.

Genoa contained a great number of convents, which were suppressed by the French; several of them have been re-established by the present government. This is another great subject of discussion amongst modern politicians. Unmodified judgments upon human institutions are generally erroneous; what is good under one climate, is bad in another latitude; and what was useful at one time, becomes obnoxious in another age. Among the votaries of the monastic rules, some have done much good, others have done much evil, and by far the greater number have drudged through life harmless and unminded, and in this they resemble every other society of human beings. We ought not for the sake of a few vicious and mischievous characters, to condemn millions of individuals who have filled in succession the ranks of the orders of St. Benedict, St. Dominick, St. Francis, or even of Loyola. It has been too much the common cant in our days to find fault with every thing that existed before the latter end of the eighteenth century. Monks at that epoch were numerous, respected, and often powerful and wealthy; are they, therefore, to be indiscriminately condemned and abused? But of what use were they to society? This is the hackneyed question which every adept of the new school triumphantly asks. Suppose the monastic orders, who, with the exception of the Franciscans, were all possessed of considerable property, had done nothing else but administer well their estates, and to make the yearly produce of them circulate through society, giving thereby employment to a number of servants, workmen, labourers, &c. they were at least as useful as any other class of landed proprietors, and it is a well known fact, in Italy at least, that no lands were better cultivated than those belonging to convents, that they

were kind to their tenants, and that at the end of the year the income and the expenditure were generally balanced pretty equally. But those lands, some will say, were either the gifts of superstition, or the produce of crafty usurpation. This is rather a bold assertion, and I doubt how far it would bear scrutiny; but even allowing that the greater part of monastic property had been in former ages acquired by unlawful means, was it right to dispossess the present owners; and who was to succeed them? It would be very difficult to trace out the original proprietors, and if such a measure be justifiable, it might, with equal right be applied to all the landed properties of the country, most of which would be found to have originated in rapine, murder, and all kinds of violence committed during the foreign invasions or the civil wars which desolated Italy for so many centuries. The French, however, settled the matter: they spoliated the monks of their rich properties, the administration of which became a most important branch of the financial department; they sold them often for one third or one fourth of their value, and both sellers and buyers contrived to make a very good business of it. Under the care of the *demanio* (such was the name of this office, which the Italians sometimes called *demonio*, i. e. the devil) the greatest dilapidations were committed, and the principal object seemed to be to make as much ready money as possible. A property belonging once to the Carthusian Convent of San Martino, at Naples, and which brought twenty thousand ducats a year, was sold for sixty thousand only. Many of the fine buildings belonging to convents were destroyed merely for the sake of the iron and timber which they contained. But it would be endless to record the details of the spoliation and plunder which were committed in the name, and for the *welfare* of the nation. Had the surplus of the revenues of the monastic properties, after deducting a sufficient allowance for the decorous maintenance of their former possession, had it been exclusively applied to the advantage of the respective countries, to found schools and colleges, to erect hospitals and workhouses, in short, for humane and charitable purposes, then the violent usurpation might be overlooked in the general good, and the planners and executors of the new system might be looked upon as people animated

by enlarged views of improvement; but this was not the case; those who enriched themselves in the traffic of national property were in general the most immoral of men—the nation derived no advantage by the change, and the poor monks, even the aged and the infirm, were scarce granted a miserable pittance barely sufficient to support existence, and irregularly paid. Yet many of these individuals, particularly those of the wealthier orders, were men belonging to the most respectable families of the land, who had given up all their worldly prospects to spend their days in studious retirement, and, who, in entering the convent, had brought from their paternal house considerable sums to be added to the funds of the order.

The above remarks apply equally to convents of nuns. Shall I speak of the inhuman manner in which these helpless females were in many places turned out of their peaceful retreats by insolent gendarmes? Young virgins were left unprotected in the middle of that world they had abjured; weak aged women, who had not during half a century been out of the gates of their convents, were now thrust out, unable to walk, and their infirmities exposed to the scoffings of an unfeeling rabble. Surely, had the monastic orders done double the mischief which is attributed to them, even by their bitterest enemies, still, their fall was accompanied by such severities, as to deserve the pity of the most cold-hearted philosopher.

But monks were not merely indolent proprietors living in sloth and idleness. Many convents had schools for the education of youth, others had libraries open daily to the public, many of their inmates were professors at the different colleges and universities, others went about preaching the duties of religion; they assisted the sick; they made numerous charities: even in a political point of view, the monastic orders, as independent bodies, formed a kind of barrier against the overwhelming power of an arbitrary government. Are all these advantages to be overlooked, and only their faults to be strictly scrutinized and magnified? Is this justice, is this liberality? monks have been more inoffensive and more respectable in Italy than in any other

country; Italy, be it said to its honor, has had no Auto da Fé, no St. Barthelemy, no Smithfield burnings.

I am inclined to look upon the existence of convents under certain regulations, as useful, if not necessary, in southern countries. Their number might be limited, as well as that of their respective inmates; the age at which men would be allowed to bind themselves by vows might be fixed; their revenues might be regulated so as not to exceed their wants. Under these and other similar restrictions, these asylums for melancholy minds and broken hearts, these retreats from the dissipation and the vanities of the world, these nurseries of piety and learning, would prove beneficial to the commonwealth at large.

I rambled the other day up to the Convent of Le Turchine, at Castelletto. The situation of the house is beautiful; it commands a view of the city and of the sea. This convent of nuns was re-established by the present Pope Pius VII. when he was at Genoa in 1815. An inscription placed under the porch, commemorates the event. Over the gate, I read in large characters these impressive words—*Clausula homini, sed aperta Deo*. The pious consolatory sentiment expressed in them, explains the feeling of satisfaction with which the Italian nuns in general re-entered within the walls of their monasteries, after having been tossed about in a world which they had renounced and in which they found no proper place for them. The life of a recluse has also its attractions, especially for persons of a certain turn of mind; I have known young women, perfectly free in their choice and acquainted with the pleasures of the world, take the veil with as much cheerfulness as others proceed to the hymeneal altar.

The inhabitants of Genoa are fond of the country and of rural excursions. Most families leave town in summer; the wealthy repair to their *ville* in the Riviera, and those of a humbler sphere hire apartments in some of the neat *casini* with which the hills around Genoa are covered. On particular holidays, the whole population proceeds to some of the sanctuaries in the valley of Polcevera, such as la Madonna di Belvedere, San Clemente,

la Madonna della Guardia, &c. and having heard mass, they scatter themselves over the adjoining fields, where a kind of fair is held ; some adjourn to temporary sheds, others spread on the grass the provisions which they have brought with them, and spend the afternoon in mirth and contentment. Etiquette is banished from those places, groups of handsome females in their white robes are seen tripping merrily along. In the cool of the evening they return to town in large parties, singing, talking, and laughing. He must be splenetic indeed who does not catch some spark of their harmless gaiety.

The Genoese dialect is one of the most difficult in Italy for a stranger. Its pronunciation is very close and rapid, it sounds rather harsh, but the fair sex know how to soften it so as to render it graceful and pleasing to the ear. The Genoese curtail most of the terminations of words ; they drop in general the letter *r*, and commit many other irregularities ; they have preserved, however, the Italian ceremonial of addressing in the third person, using, instead of the Tuscan *ella* the substitute *uscid*, which seems to be a corruption of *vossignoria*, in the same manner as the Sicilian *vossia*.

The *Gazzetta di Genova*, of which two numbers are published weekly, is one of the best written newspapers in Italy. Besides the political news, it contains often literary articles, theatrical strictures, poetical extracts, &c.

Genoa has a commodious lazzeretto, outside of the walls, at the mouth or *foce* of the torrent Bisagno. Near it is the dock for building men of war. The Sardinian navy consists at present of two fine large frigates, one corvette, and several smaller ships. The King of Sardinia has also docks at Villafranca, near Nice. The island of Sardinia, from which he takes his title, does not contain half a million of inhabitants, although nearly as large as Sicily. It is yet in a half savage state ; its inhabitants are wilder even than the Calabrese. The peasantry dress in sheep's skins and allow their beards to grow ; they go out generally armed. The nobility and clergy are wealthy and retain all their ancient

influence. The Sardinian dialect is a mixture of Italian and Spanish, with some Moorish words. The soil is very fertile, but the climate in many parts is very unwholesome. The island produces in abundance all the necessities of life, plenty of wine, corn, and cattle. There are rich tunny fisheries on its coasts. Cagliari, the capital, is a miserable town; it contains twenty thousand inhabitants. Sardinia presents a vast field for improvement, but it must be worked cautiously for fear of hurting the rooted prejudices of an ignorant but spirited race of people.

LETTER VII.

Departure from Genoa.—Fine view of the City from the sea.—Sunset.—Evening Prayers.—Tale of La Bordighiera.—Coast of Italy.—Maremma.—Monte Argentaro.—Storm off the Roman Coast.—Mouth of the Tiber.—Rome, its present Inhabitants.—Porto d' Anzio.—Aspect of the Latium.—Recollections of Carthage.—Arrival in the Bay of Naples.—Reflections on the beauty of that Country.—Details about Naples.—Late Improvements.—Museum, Library.—University.—Christmas Holidays.—Government of Naples.—Murat.—Kingdom of Naples, account of its Provinces.—Sicily and Sicilians.—Approaching departure from Naples.—Feelings of the Author.

NAPLES, DECEMBER, 1819.

I WRITE again from these delightful shores, where I landed towards the latter end of October. I came on board a Genoese brig of about eighty tons ; we left Genoa with a light breeze from the north, which soon after shifted to the east, and we were driven along the western coast beyond Voltri, in spite of our tacking. At last, after beating up all day against the wind, and the appearance of the sky threatening us with a gale from the south, we entered the harbour again at night, not without difficulty. The country vessels in the Mediterranean are not sufficiently strong in general to resist a heavy sea for any length of time, and their masters do not like to run too great a distance from the shore, but prefer keeping as much as possible in sight of the land. The sailors, however, especially the Genoese, are well experienced, and acquainted by long practice, with the different coasts, as well as with the appearances of the weather in these latitudes.

In this instance the forebodings of our captain proved true, as during the night a storm arose from the south-east, which, had we been at sea, would have driven us some hundred miles to the westward. The weather continued stormy the whole of the next day, but on the following one it cleared up, the sea was becalmed, and we sailed once more with a favorable land breeze, steering our course along the eastern Riviera. As we glided gently through the smooth waves, I took a parting view of the fine scenery we were leaving. The stately buildings of Genoa, its gay villas, the two splendid wings of suburbs and villages extending ten or twelve miles on each side, built as it were by enchantment, on a rocky sterile country, and backed by the naked frowning Apennines with their snowy summits, an azure sky and a deep blue sea, the whole formed such a brilliant prospect, that, although well acquainted with it, I was struck with new-felt admiration. Genoa has that effect upon me that it preserves the charm of novelty; and the impressions of pleasure on seeing it, and of regret in quitting it, are always as powerful as they were on my first visit.

The glorious display of wealth and magnificence in the midst of the barren rocks of Liguria, is exclusively the fruit of commerce and industry, reared up by national spirit. What a contrast with the fertile but uncultivated plains of Latium, which present an extensive scene of wilderness and of gloomy desolation. Genoa needs not to envy even the rich decorations of Parthenope; there is something purer and more bracing in the climate of the former, more romantic and sublime in its scenery, as there is more decency and activity in its men, and more loveliness and gentleness in its women. The numerous and neat cottages scattered about the mountain slope, with the spires of the parish churches rising in the middle of the different hamlets, have an appearance of domestic comfort, of order, and of pleasing tranquillity, which charms the feelings of the spectator. There are spots where a man, tired of the busy crowd, would fain retire, forgetting the world and its illusions, and devote himself to study and to the contemplation of the works of God. I was expressing my admiration at the beauty of the scenery to

the Genoese sailors, a plain, unsophisticated race of men, and they felt highly gratified by my praises of their country.

The sun set in all its glory, and after it had sunk beneath the western waves, the horizon continued to glow with the richest orange dye, and the mountains were tinged with a soft purple colour; a few fleecy clouds were scattered about the azure vault of the sky. We had passed the jutting cape of Portofino, a gentle breeze speeding us along, and the calm waters were rippling against the vessel. At a signal from the captain, the sailors knelt down on deck and began the rosary or evening prayers, which they recited with unaffected devotion. They sang at the end the litany or hymn to the Virgin; their simple strains broke through the stillness that prevailed over the vast solitude of the sea, and seemed in unison with the voice of nature, which spoke the glories of the Creator. Such scenes are most impressive, and are well known to travellers who have frequented the Mediterranean.

After a frugal supper which consisted of salt fish and vegetables, one of the crew, a kind of *improvisatore*, began to sing with a plaintive melody the affecting ballad of *La Bordighiera*. The circumstances of this sad story took place a few years ago at a village of that name, near San Remo, in the Riviera di Ponente. A young man was in love with a girl in his neighbourhood, whose parents were averse to the match. Being obliged to leave his country for a time, he obtained from his sweetheart a solemn promise that she would never listen to any other man's addresses. During his absence, the poor girl, urged by her relations, was reluctantly prevailed upon to receive the visits of another admirer, and the marriage was nearly concluded when the first lover returned on the wings of hope. He was soon apprized of the inconstancy of his fair one, and having brooded upon her infidelity until his passions were worked up to frenzy, he proceeded in the dusk of the evening to her cottage, and having found her sitting with her aged mother, he rushed in and bitterly upbraiding her for her breach of promise, stabbed her to the heart, after which he ran away to the neighbouring mountains.

The unfortunate victim soon expired and her body was taken on the second day to a solitary chapel, to remain there exposed to view until next morning, when the last service was to be performed for the rest of her soul. The wretched assassin meantime wandered about in agitation and despair; he heard the evening toll of the funeral bell in memory of her whom he had so tenderly beloved and so cruelly sacrificed, he could bear no longer his excruciating remorse, but ran to the chapel, and bursting open the door, he took a last sight of those well-known features now closed in death, knelt down by the side of the corpse, and after asking her forgiveness, shot himself through the head. The two lovers were buried together next day. These are sometimes the fatal results of the violent passions which agitate the children of the south.

" Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,

Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell."

While we were listening on deck to the mournful song, the breeze freshened, we passed the fine spacious gulph of Rapallo, and early in the morning we were off that of La Spezia. The aspect of the land along this coast is the wildest that can be imagined. The mountains are dark and desolate, few traces of cultivation or of habitations are to be seen, it is the most barren part of the Genoese territories. The inhabitants of the Riviera di Levante, especially of that part between Chiavari and La Spezia, are much poorer than those of the western coast. Their mountains hardly produce any thing, the little wine they have is sour, there are but few olive trees; their villages are wretched. This part of the Apennines is particularly called *i monti liguri*; they are very high and join the mountains of Parma.

The gulph of La Spezia is one of the finest in the Mediterranean, and is an excellent station for fleets. The French were aware of its importance, they built forts to defend the entrance of the gulph, erected batteries on its shores and on the neighbouring islands, established docks, and intended to make it one of their great naval stations. Their works have been since neglected, being of no use to the Sardinian government. The village of Lerici, on the eastern side of the gulph,

is the place where the *feluche* from Genoa land travellers going to Tuscany. The road, or rather path along the eastern Riviera is practicable for mules only; the new road however is nearly completed from Genoa to the town of Chiavari, but the remaining part between Chiavari and Lerici is by far the most difficult, as it must be cut through mountains almost inaccessible. At Lerici the carriage road begins, and *vetturini* are stationed there, who take a person to Pisa for two or three dollars.

We passed during the day along the coast of Massa and Carrara, a small principality, well known for its fine marbles, and which is now governed by the Archduchess Beatrice of Austria. The next state is that of Lucca, formerly a small republic, afterwards given by Napoleon to his sister Eliza, and bestowed since by the Congress of Vienna upon Maria Luisa, Infanta of Spain. This Princess was once Duchess of Parma, and afterwards Queen of Etruria, whence having been driven out by the French in 1807, she received at the peace the principality of Lucca as a compensation. Her son, Prince Louis, will, on the demise of the Archduchess and Ex-Empress Maria Louisa, succeed to the dominion of the Duchy of Parma and Piacenza, of which his father was the sovereign. The country about Lucca is very fine, and enclosed between the sea and the high Apennines of Modena and of Tuscany.

Next day we were becalmed off Leghorn, we saw plainly the hills of Montenero above the town; in the evening a stiff breeze arose and carried us past the shoals of Meloria, which extend very far under water, and on which many vessels have been lost. We passed closer to them than our captain seemed to be aware of, and we saw the breakers on our lee-bow. The calculations of the Mediterranean sailors are in general very inexact, their maps are defective; the *piloto* or *scrivano*, both which names answer to that of mate, is the only man on board who has studied a little navigation; but all these deficiencies are made up by their long practice of these seas. Another dangerous place in this neighbourhood is that called *Le secche di Vada*, being sunken rocks not many miles to the south of Leghorn, near the

shore, where it seems that a town formerly existed, which was sunk by an earthquake under the level of the sea, and the tops of the buildings are still to be seen in calm weather.

We passed during the night through the channel of Piombino, between Tuscany and the island of Elba. The town of Piombino is situated on the continent; it was formerly a principality belonging to the Roman family of Ludovisi, was taken from them by the French, given to Baciocchi, the husband of Eliza Buonaparte, and at the peace it was annexed to Tuscany; the old Prince of Piombino received a pecuniary compensation. The island of Elba belongs now also to Tuscany; it was before divided between three sovereigns, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Naples, and the Prince of Piombino. Another scrap of territory farther to the south, and surrounded by the Tuscan territories, belonged to the King of Naples, under the name of *Stato de' Presidii*; it has also been united to Tuscany. These alterations are natural and wise; those parcels of land under a distant foreign dominion, were obstacles to the welfare of the whole country. Porto Ferrajo and Porto Longone are the two towns and harbours in the island of Elba, the former is reckoned very strong.

Coming out of the channel, we continued our course along the coast of the *Maremma*; this is the general name given to the marshy unhealthy country. The whole western coast of Italy, from the mountains of Genoa to the extremity of Calabria, a tract of six hundred miles in length, may be considered, with the exception of the Bay of Naples, as one immense *maremma*, divided in Tuscan, Roman, and Neapolitan. It is in general a low flat country, extending ten, fifteen, and twenty miles in breadth, to the foot of the lower ridges of the Apennines, intersected by the numerous rivets and torrents which flow from those mountains, and covered in some places with forests, but mostly with under-wood, and in other parts opening into immense meadows in which large herds of cattle are grazing. In these desolate regions few habitations are seen scattered about; the people living in them are as wild as the country they inhabit; all those who can, leave

the lowlands in summer and retire with the cattle to the mountains. The buffaloes alone remain the whole year, and thrive in these pestilential flats, they enjoy to welter in the putrid marshes, where their dark heads and tortuous horns are often seen just rising above the green muddy water. The buffalo is originally a native of Asia, but long naturalized in Italy, is a sullen ferocious animal, and it is dangerous to approach it, as it will run against the intruding stranger, throw him down, and crush him to death with its head and knees. They are used for dragging heavy loaded carts, and for towing vessels up the rivers; of the milk of the female buffalo good cheese is made, and buffalo meat is sold at a lower price than any other. The people who guard the herds of buffaloes are in general desperate characters, outlaws, and runaways from towns, who cannot return to their homes on account of their misdeeds, and they remain concealed in these solitudes where every summer many of them find their graves. Buffalo fights by hunters and hounds are a common sport in many parts of the Roman and Neapolitan states, as well as bull fights. The buffalo is a hardy strong creature, its body is thicker and its legs shorter than those of the ox, it is of a dirty brown colour, its hide is bristly and remarkably hard.

The most obvious causes of the unhealthiness of the *maremme* appear to be, the accumulation of stagnant water proceeding from the rain or from the overflowing of the rivers in the wet season, and which is left to exhale during four months of burning heat; and the great mass of decayed vegetables and animal substances, such as wild plants, leaves of trees, insects, reptiles, &c. which, mixed with the water, remain for a long time in a state of putrefaction. The latter cause must be the more powerful as vegetation is very luxuriant in this rich and untouched soil. The emanations proceeding from the marshes are very strong and offensive to the smell, the atmosphere has a soporific effect; sleep proves fatal to a stranger, and is the sure means of his catching the fever. The vapours rise in a thick mist over the plain, and the wind blowing generally from the sea during the summer months, spreads them further inland to the foot of the hills, so that many districts which are not marshy, and even places

raised considerably above the plain are rendered very unhealthy by it.

The Tuscan *maremme* are very extensive, they occupy a great proportion of the province of Siena, and they extend far inland. They are comparatively better inhabited and more cultivated than the Roman *maremme*, they even contain some towns, such as Grosseto, Castiglione, and Orbetello, the last two are situated near lakes, which communicates with the sea, and the exhalations from which increase the *malaria*. The intermittent fevers prevail all over the country, and all those inhabitants who have the means, remove during the summer months. The Ombrone, a considerable river, runs by Grosseto and empties itself into the Mediterranean; opposite to its mouth, a few miles off at sea there are several rocks just above water, called *Le Formiche*, which at night and in stormy weather are not without danger for vessels sailing along this coast.

Towards the evening we were close under Monte Argentaro. This singular mountain, rugged and barren,* projecting far into the sea and almost divided from the continent by the lake of Orbetello, is the most remarkable point on this coast. Round its base there are two harbours, San Stefano on the northern and Port 'Ercole on the eastern side of it, and according to the wind prevailing, either one or the other affords a very acceptable shelter in case of a storm. Monte Argentaro forms part of the *Stato de' Presidii*, it was chosen after the French invaded Rome in 1809, as a place of exile for those of the Roman clergy who would not take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon; others were sent to Corsica. The sufferings of these victims of religious duty, among whom were many venerable by their age, respectable by their virtues, and distinguished by their learning, their patience and resignation worthy of the first ages of the church, the brutal treatment they were often submitted to; all these circumstances, although very interesting, are little known out of the country in which they took place, the then ruling power prevented

* See Appendix, No. 12.

any notice being taken of them, and the magnitude of the succeeding events covered all inferior details in oblivion; still the persecution of the clergy of Rome at that epoch offers many traits worthy of the attention of the true philanthropist, whatever be his creed. “La vertu demeure dans tous les temples, qu’ils soient surmontés d’une croix ou d’un croissant, et même sous les chênes sacrés.”*

Night came and a gentle easterly breeze wafted us along between Monte Argentaro and the island of Gigliò. The latter belongs to Tuscany, and is inhabited by an industrious race of people. We had all our sails up, the sea was calm, the sky serene, every thing seemed to promise us a fine night; it was about ten o’clock when I went down the cabin to rest, I had not been asleep an hour when I was awakened by the roaring of the sea, the howling of the wind, and the cries of the seamen. The fact was, that no sooner had we cleared the high land of Monte Argentaro and entered upon what these sailors call *il Cornetano*, that is the beginning of the Roman coast about Corneto, that we were assailed by a violent gale blowing through the passes of the Apennines. Meantime the sky became cloudy, there was a great swell from the south, the captain seemed afraid of the wind coming to blow from that quarter, as we would then have found ourselves in a very critical situation close upon a lee shore, without sea room to tack. I heard him call out to the helmsman to steer off to the west, should the wind change at all; I jumped on deck, the night was extremely dark; looking at the compass, I perceived we were steering our right course, but our frail vessel was terribly tossed and shaken about by the furious waves. Our Genoese sailors were extremely prompt in lowering the sails; two or three minutes after it would have been too late, as the wind would have carried them off: we only kept our fore top sail. The deck was inundated with sea water, and I returned down to the cabin, where I witnessed a scene of another nature: *du sublime au ridicule il n’y a qu’un pas*. One of my fellow-passen-

* See Appendix, No. 13.

gers, a Neapolitan officer and an odd sort of man, unused to the sea, was in a most deplorable state between sea sickness and fear ; he was ejaculating prayers to the souls of purgatory, mixing, however, now and then invocations of a more profane nature to a certain *Carolina*, who appeared to be his earthly patroness. To complete the scene, the trunks, bags, baskets of provisions, bottles, &c. with which our little cabin was strewed, began to roll and jostle about. This increased the consternation of the Neapolitan : *O mamma mia, mò si che simmo perduti, tutta la barracca v'è peraria !* was the tragi-comical exclamation of Carolina's lover, and at which I could not refrain from laughing, in spite of the violent fits of sickness with which I was also assailed. The wind kept to the north, and we ran before it for the rest of the night.

The welcome morn found us off the mouths of the Tiber. The storm had somewhat abated and I could enjoy a view of that classic land. The sun rose from behind the lovely hills of Frascati, and by its light we could distinguish the ball which crowns the dome of St. Peter's church. There lies imperial Rome, that ancient mother of heroes, twice the capital of the world, in all times the land of genius and the theatre of human vicissitudes. The wilderness which surrounds her suits her awful destinies ; she sits in the middle of desolation and ruins, her trophies prostrate in the dust, yet she looks majestic, solemn and sad. Rome is a fit residence for the children of imagination, for artists and poets : even after she had been plundered of the best works of the arts, the painter and the statuary repaired from distant countries to admire the mighty ruins, by which they felt their genius inspired more powerfully than by the splendid collection exhibited by vanity in the halls of the Louvre. The invaders could not remove the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the obelisks, the triumphal arches, and the numberless remains of antiquity with which the ground is strewed ; they could not take away St. Peter, nor the other temples, nor the magnificent palaces of modern Rome, and above all, they could not remove the seven hills themselves, the Tiber and all the recollections attached to them, and which afford an inexhaustible mine of sublime ideas

The modern Romans, although they sink under the weight of the glory of their ancestors, which renders their present condition more humiliating, yet retain some sparks of that ancient spirit which only requires a favorable opportunity to blaze forth again. There is still a certain bold fierceness in the character of the Roman peasantry which is not altogether contemptible. In the narrow lanes of Transtevere also, many obscure individuals exist, who, under an uncouth exterior, conceal a generous heart, and who dare to be proud of their country. The middling ranks of society at Rome are far more polished in their manners and better educated than the corresponding class at Naples: the language is proverbially elegant. The clergy are in general well informed and really respectable; a great number of learned men are to be found amongst them. The nobility still retain an air of feudal grandeur and much of the former dignity of their cast. The Roman princes live like little sovereigns, they have a numerous retinue, at the head of which are some of the inferior nobility, called *gentiluomini*; their aged servants are all provided for, and lodged in a part of the extensive mansions of their masters, which is particularly allotted to that purpose, and called *il palazzo della famiglia*.

Although there is certainly much corruption in Rome, still an appearance of decency is preserved, preferable to the open licentiousness of Naples and of Venice. The Roman women are famed for their beauty; their busts are remarkably handsome, and their carriage is noble and majestic.

In the afternoon, the sea continuing stormy and the appearance of the weather uncertain, we entered Porto d' Anzio, where I landed and wandered about that miserable place. The *forzati* or galley slaves, and their guardians form the great majority of the population. Besides these, a few miserable beings, looking like so many walking skeletons, *con squallidi, smunti, estenuati volti*, live under temporary huts; the large buildings in the place have been converted into barracks; no provisions are to be found, not even bread; our sailors went over to Nettuno, a poor old looking town on the opposite side of the bay, whence they

brought some sour wine and chesnuts. The season of the *malaria* was hardly over, and its effects were visible on the feverish countenances of the natives.

This is the ^{Latium} ~~Latium~~ ! this is the country formerly divided into several states inimical to Rome, and which, after their subjugation, constituted for a long time the principal strength of that proud republic ! These shores were inhabited by the warlike Volsci, to whom Coriolanns repaired to carry revenge against his ungrateful country ! Antium was one of their principal towns, farther north were, Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli, Lavinium, built by Eneas, Laurentum the ancient residence of King Latinus, and Ostia, the harbour of Rome. Of all these cities the names alone remains ; such must be at last the fate of all the works of men.

“ Giace l' alta Cartago : appena i segni
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba ;
Mojono le Città, mojono i Regni,
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba.” TASSO.

Some years ago I landed on the coast of Tunis, and in my journey to that capital I passed in the neighbourhood of Carthage. I had just left Italy, and had recently visited the *Campagna* of Rome, I was struck with the resemblance of the appearance of the two countries. Those two proud rivals who fought so long and so desperately for the empire of the world are now both sunk in the midst of solitude and of desolation. The immediate territory of each is a cheerless waste, the roads are deserted, the aqueducts of both are in ruins. Rome that triumphed at last, rears up her head yet from her sacred hills, but the plains of Latium are uncultivated and uninhabited, silence reigns around the eternal walls and death has marked the whole region with its seal. The lot of Carthage has been still more severe ; no remains of that once great city appear now above the earth ; the hill of Byrsa is unoccupied, the port is filled up, and the heedless Moslem has converted part of the adjacent ground into a vast *church yard*, an appropriate employment for the soil of

fallen Carthage ! The only person I met in those solitudes was an old Moorish woman who sat upon a tomb stone reciting verses of the Koran, and who begged alms of us travellers.

After remaining a day at Porto d' Anzio, we sailed again with a fair wind, and speedily passed Monte Circello, a remarkable mountain, advancing boldly into the sea, and joined to the continent by the low land of the Pontine marshes ; soon after we found ourselves off the Neapolitan coast. We saw the rugged mountains of Itri and Sperlonga, which were the favorite haunt of the famous insurgent chief Fra Diavolo and of his band, during the two French invasions of this kingdom in 1799 and in 1806. That extraordinary character, a mixture of the bandit and of the patriot, after having waged for a long time a war of extermination against the French, during which, by degrees, he lost almost all his followers, and while finding his solitary way through the wild mountains of Calabria to proceed to Sicily, was betrayed to his enemies by one of his acquaintances to whom he had applied for hospitality and after being tried by a military court, was executed at Naples.

We passed close by the fortress of Gaeta, celebrated in the history of the late wars, on account of the sieges it sustained ; first, against the French, when the gallant Prince of Hesse Philipstadt commanded the garrison, and lastly, against the Austrians. We had a violent squall off the mouth of the Garigliano, and early next morning we entered the beautiful bay of Naples by the straits of Procida. A stiff easterly breeze that arose with the sun obliged us to tack the whole day in sight of the city and of the harbour, which we could not enter till late at night. During that day I had full leisure to enjoy the magnificent panorama which lay around us. At every tack some new part of the landscape which was before concealed by the projecting hills, appeared to view. Pozzuoli and Bajæ first, Camaldoli and the castle of St. Elmo next, the King's palace at Capo di Monte, the beautiful marina of Chiaja, the castle dell' Uovo and the whole city of Naples, disclosed themselves in succession.

What a magnificent display of all the pomp of nature and art ! Man should be happy here ; but no, the scorching rays of the southern sun engender vices as well as reptiles. The rocks of Capri, the shores of Bajæ, the plains of ancient Capua, the regions of Sibaris, and the walks of modern Naples attest the melancholy effect of a too luxuriant nature, and of a too genial sky. Perhaps man cannot bear a perpetual summer with impunity, he becomes enervated and debased ; the rough blast of winter is requisite to rouse his mental energies as well as to brace the nerves of his body. The farther one proceeds towards the south, the more one perceives the want of this reviving principle. Naples stands in a moral scale, lower than Tuscany and Rome ; farther on is Calabria, next comes Sicily, where corruption has reached perhaps a still higher point, although its geographical situation has preserved in its inhabitants some sparks of energy ; and the next step takes you to where ? to those shores the very name of which appals the heart, to Barbary, to Algiers, and Tunis, the land of tyrants and of slaves, of lions and of serpents : beyond it the human race is lost in the sands of the desert.

Political institutions, education, and other causes have undoubtedly a powerful influence on the character of nations,—

“ When noble aims have suffer'd long controul,
They sink at last or feebly man the soul,
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.”

Still I am inclined to attribute a great share of it to the climate. The people of Campania have been much the same since the earliest times of history although under different governments, institutions, and religions. This seems to be the land of effeminacy, of idleness, and of forgetfulness. Naples is beyond the river Lethe. The improvement of the human mind seldom reach this region ; these shores resound but faintly with the report of the noble deeds of the sons of distant lands. Man here is in that state of torpid languor in which idleness is beautifully described by the French poet.

“ Soupire, etend les bras, ferme l'oeil et s'endort.”

Generation succeeds generation, and they pass on heedlessly to the grave. Music, the pleasures of the table, loitering about the coffee houses of St. Ferdinando, a Sunday *passeggiata* to Chiaja and to the villa, a new actress, a new opera, a procession and a parade, these form a succession of business which engrosses the attention of the natives. Foreigners who live here for a considerable length of time feel the contagious, so that I am tempted to believe that there is a *something in the air*, as the Italians say. These last remarks however do not apply to the other parts of the kingdom of Naples, as I shall hereafter explain.

Since my return I have frequented again the theatres of this capital. Soon after my arrival I saw a new tragedy, *La Francesca da Rimini*, performed at i Fiorentini; by the company Fabbrichesi. The author of it, Silvio Pellico, a young man of great literary acquirements, and now living at Milan, has treated that affecting subject with a masterly hand. The performance went through with considerable applause; the actor who sustained the character of Paolo, showed a great knowledge of his art and of nature; the character of Francesca was but indifferently supported. Indeed, I have remarked since my return to Italy a great deficiency in the female tragical characters, which has struck me the more as I had lately seen the present heroine of the English stage. England seems to be the land of the tragic muse. Our Italian actors do not study nature sufficiently; their expression is often forced, and their declamation is rather monotonous.

The present opera at St. Carlo is *La donna del Lago*, i. e. the Lady of the Lake. There seems to be an *Anglomani*a prevailing in the choice of dramatic subjects, which are now chiefly taken from the works of the great English poets, and are tortured into operas, ballets and pantomimes. Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, the Lady of the Lake, Gulnare, &c. are quite fashionable on the Neapolitan stage.

I went to the Fondo to see my old acquaintance Casacciello, n that pretty opera buffa, *L' Amor Marinaro*, and was as much

pleased with him as ever : this kind of acting is indeed the *fort* of this country.

Vesuvius has been of late in a state of great agitation. Towards the latter end of November a great eruption took place ; the explosion was announced in the middle of a stormy night by a tremendous crash, which, by its hollow and lengthened report, was easily distinguishable from the loud claps of thunder which were heard at intervals. The next morning we saw the torrent of smoking lava extending more than halfway down the mountain towards Torre dell' Annunziata, whence it took the direction of Pompeii. On the following night the sight was truly beautiful. The red stream running along the dark slope of the volcano, shone with a brilliancy, which was increased by the clearness of the air produced by a keen northern breeze, and the distant groaning issuing from the bowels of Vesuvius broke awfully through the stillness of night. Several parties composed chiefly of foreigners went up the mountain to examine the lava, the torrent of which when once its direction is ascertained, may be approached without risk to its very brink ; the only danger is that of a new eruption breaking out, or of a shower of stones being thrown up from the crater, of which last unpleasant occurrence I had been a witness in a former excursion to this volcano. The view from the hermitage, which is halfway up the mountain, is particularly striking by moon light.

The city of Naples is of late years considerably altered in its appearance. The principal improvements are : First—The new road to Capo di Monte, and the bridge forming part of it, which, like that of Carignano at Genoa, connects two hills, passing over the street of La Sanità. Beyond it the road is cut through the rock and winds up to the palace. That extensive pile built on the naked summit of the hill, with its red walls, and grey pillars and ornaments, has rather a heavy appearance. Second—The new road by Posilipo, which winds round the promontory of that name, and in some places appears suspended above the sea, and is the finest ride in the neighbourhood of Naples. It is only

carried yet, as far as the summit of the hill, but will be continued on the other side towards Bagnoli, so as to lead to Pozzuoli without passing by the Grotta. Third—The entrance of Naples, coming from Rome, has been also improved, by pulling down a heap of wretched old buildings which stood near the gate of St. Gennaro, and the traveller now proceeds through a continuation of fine broad streets until he arrives at i Studj, whence by a brisk turn to the left, he drives on to Toledo.

Another embellishment, is the colonnade facing the royal palace, and in the centre of which the church of St. Francesco di Paola is to be raised, in consequence of a vow made by the present king on his last return to his capital. The colonnade, however, will lose much of its effect on account of the buildings rising on the hill immediately behind it.

On Christmas eve the city of Naples resembles a town taken by storm. A quantity of rockets of various descriptions, some weighing above a pound, are thrown out of the windows as a sign of rejoicing; to the great annoyance of the passengers. A continual noise is kept up in this manner till day break. Such irregularity in a civilized country is a matter of surprise to foreigners; but the natives seem remarkably fond of boisterous diversions; and at every festival of any particular saint a considerable sum is laid out in fireworks. Government having the monopoly of gunpowder, derives a considerable revenue from it.

During the nine days preceding Christmas, an evening service is performed in the churches in commemoration of the nativity of Christ, and which is known by the name of *la Novena di Natale*; that of the royal chapel in the palace, is distinguished by excellent singing. On this occasion I saw the king and many of the nobility attend with much devotion. His majesty is known to be a regular observer of the practices of religious worship.

A number of shepherds from the mountains of Abruzzo, and from the neighbouring Apennine regions, come to the capital

regularly every year, two or three weeks before Christmas, and go about the streets playing on their bagpipes, announcing the approaching festivity. Most of the Neapolitan families engage some of these itinerant musicians to play at their houses for a quarter of an hour on each day of the *Novena*, for a trifling remuneration; the wild appearance of these mountaineers, their uncomely dress, the simplicity of their manners, and the shrill notes of their pipes, attract the attention of the traveller. At the same epoch, groups of Calabrese peasants from the opposite part of the kingdom repair to Naples with their harps, which are their national instruments.

It is customary here as well as in other parts of Italy at Christmas time to construct in the churches and in several private houses, representations of the birth-place of our Saviour, with appropriate figures, and which are known by the name of *presepio*. Some of them are arranged with great skill, and exhibit a variety of scenery in which the rules of perspective are very well preserved. The natural taste of the Italians for the fine arts is particularly remarkable on these occasions. The stable in which Christ was born, and from which the name of *presepio* is taken, forms of course the prominent feature of the scene, and the landscape around it is a fanciful assemblage of groves and meadows, streams and cascades, cottages and grottos, long avenues and distant mountains. These models are made of a variety of materials, such as cork, wood, turf, &c. the figures are made of clay, very naturally painted, and in various costumes; shepherds with their flocks and cattle, travellers, soldiers, &c. The details are generally elegant and picturesque, but the whole often exhibits an odd mixture of inconsistencies. I have seen a *presepio* in the house of a lawyer, in the street of Forcelle, constructed on a large scale and in a magnificent style, containing several hundred figures, which has cost the owner some thousands of ducats, and in which the Virgin Mary appeared standing dressed as a queen, under a beautiful Grecian portico, receiving the homage of kings accompanied by a brilliant retinue, while the guards with their spears kept the intruding multitude at a respectful distance. The Ottoman crescent and the imperial eagle

of Austria appeared on the banners of their majesties. Some of the *presepii* are constructed on terraces in the open air, and others in apartments and shown by candle-light. Free admission is given gratis, according to the liberal custom of the Italian gentry.

The University or *Scuole Pubbliche* of Naples, was formerly a college belonging to the Jesuits. In Italy these disciples of Loyola had the public education of youth in their hands, and they seem to have been well qualified for it; their professors were generally men of great abilities, the regulation of their colleges were wise and more liberal than is commonly imagined, and I think that, in this country at least, public education did not gain much by the suppression of the order. Whatever the faults of that institution and the ambitious views of its chiefs might be, the individual members of the society were in general highly respectable and useful, and they cannot, consistent with justice, be accused of idleness, nor of a fanatical and persecuting spirit. The sovereigns of Europe might think it politically wise to abolish the Jesuits, but it certainly appeared little wisdom or policy in the court of Rome to connive at their fall, and to treat with such severity its best defenders and the champions of Catholicism. Even to this day the opinions of Italians are much divided about the expediency of that measure, and I have often, during the political storms which have agitated this country, heard the remark made, that "these things would not have happened had not the Jesuits been suppressed." The reception which Frederick II. and Catherine of Russia gave to the fugitive fathers, and the bitter invectives which this conduct drew against those two great sovereigns from Voltaire and his party, are strong arguments in favor of the Jesuits. The present remains of the order however give but a faint idea of its former greatness and glory, and the re-establishment of the Jesuits by several of the Catholic governments of Europe which is now taking place, will probably prove inadequate to the expectations which may have been founded upon it, and only serve to increase the clamours of the discontented party, without furnishing any additional arms to oppose it. The veterans of the order are all dead, and

the generality of the existing members, brought up in times of humiliation and distress, have not had the means of acquiring the qualifications of their predecessors. *Stat magni nominis umbra.*

I have of late attended the lectures at the University. Some of the professors are really men of superior abilities; others are chiefly remarkable for the low wit and vulgar language with which their instructions are seasoned. I heard some of the most extraordinary explanations in this style that were ever delivered from a professor's chair, and often too in pure Neapolitan jargon. Perhaps they have for so doing, the same reason as the preachers of this country, viz.: to accommodate themselves to the taste of their audience. The lectures are accessible to any decent and orderly person. At the gate of the college a military guard is stationed, which would appear rather a strange sight to an English student, but such is the continental system of the day.

The people of this country are much addicted to the belief of witchcraft and of other supernatural powers. I have often been surprised to hear persons, very sensible in other respects, talk seriously about these matters, and relate the most extravagant stories. I was gravely told the other day by a Neapolitan acquaintance, that a witch had been found half dead lying on the pavement in some obscure lane in the skirts of the city; the poor hag it seems while soaring through the air on her way to La Noce di Benevento, a favorite place of resort with these mysterious beings, had ventured too near a church, the sacred atmosphere of which had destroyed her spells, and she had fallen helpless to the ground. This country is also haunted by a peculiar kind of hobgoblin called by the natives *il monacello*, whom they describe as a short thick figure of a man dressed in the long dark garments of a monk, with a very broad brimmed hat; he is, however, an inoffensive being, who takes pleasure in trying the spirit of the people by appearing to them in the dead of night and beckoning to them to follow him, which, if they have sufficient courage to do he leads them often to some unknown recess where a treasure is concealed: several persons are re-

ported to have acquired a sudden fortune through his assistance. Credulity with regard to these matters, absurd as it may appear to foreigners, is not, however, confined here to the lower classes only.

A science upon which I have heard frequent dissertations, is *la magia bianca*, a kind of lawful intercourse with invisible spirits, by which adepts obtain a knowledge of the most secret things: they have cabalistical calculations through which they pretend to find out the prize numbers that will be drawn at the next lottery. These people are chiefly monks and priests, who live very retired, are difficult of access, and speak by enigmas. I have frequently heard wonderful accounts of people winning great prizes through their means, the circumstances of which and the authority I had them from, would almost shake my incredulity. Some of the most celebrated among these seers, have been at different times exiled by the police as obnoxious persons. A belief in the secret science of these people is very generally spread among all classes of Neapolitans and of Sicilians, however incredulous in other respects. A German professor of music travelling lately through Sicily, arrived at Catania, where he had some respectable introductions and was received very kindly. Nature, however, had bestowed upon him an odd forbidding aspect; there was something mysterious in his deportment, and he appeared fond of study and retirement; all these circumstances persuaded some of his new Sicilian acquaintances that he was a fit person to apply to for numbers of the lottery, they therefore enticed him one day into some sequestered mansion, and when they had him seated, they brought pen, ink, and paper before him, telling him resolutely, at the same time, that they would not allow him to go before he gave them a good *terno*, i. e. three prize numbers for the next lottery. The astonished German stared, smiled, argued, and remonstrated, but to no purpose; fearing the worst he was obliged to act unwillingly the part of an impostor; with much gravity he wrote down three numbers at random, and hastened immediately after to leave the place secretly before the result of the lottery could be known.

The Italian system of lottery is very simple. Tickets with the numbers from one to ninety are put in an urn, out of which five are drawn, and those persons who have been fortunate enough to hit upon any of these receive a prize in proportion to the money they have staked, and which is increased at every additional number they have guessed out of the five; an *ambo*, i. e. two prize numbers affords a premium of more than twenty times the money staked upon them, a *terno*, or three numbers, afford several hundred times the amount, and so on in proportion; the *cinquina*, or the whole of the five prize numbers, is worth several thousand ducats to the lucky guesser. The great evil of this place is, that, as people are allowed to stake as low as a few grains, the temptation is very great for the poor classes, who often deprive themselves and their families of the first necessities of life, and sacrifice the scanty produce of their daily labour at the shrine of cupidity.

I shall not speak here of the subterraneous cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii; the subject has been so often and so satisfactorily treated by men of science, that it would be idle and presuming in me to add any thing to their elaborate descriptions. The philosophical traveller, the lover of antiquity, the artist, and the man of feeling, find in these memorials of times gone by, an inexhaustible mine of useful knowledge. The solitary streets of Pompeii, its empty dwellings and deserted temples, seem to connect us with past generations more familiarly than books can do, and the mind wafted at once over eighteen centuries of the history of mankind, becomes conversant with the manners, the virtues and the follies of those distant races that have preceded us on the great theatre of the world. The excavations at Pompeii are continued, although slowly, under the present government.

The national palace, degli Studj, contains an invaluable collection of works of the fine arts. In the sculpture gallery are to be seen some of the finest productions of the Greek chissel; the Farnesian Hercules, the beautiful Venus, the Flora, the Bacchus, the Orator, and several others rank high above the rest. In the gallery of modern paintings the picture of Leo X. by Raphael, the

Danae, the Bacchante, several Correggio, Caracci, Murillo, Claude Lorrain, &c. attract the attention. The collection of ancient *fresco* paintings taken from Herculaneum and Pompeii, which has been till now at Portici, is particularly interesting as the best specimen of the art among the ancients. The Etruscan vases, the bronzes, the ancient utensils and the *papirj*, form a mass of treasure unrivalled in any other country.

The public library in the same palace, which is opened to the public at regular hours every day in the week, affords a great convenience to the studious youth of the capital. It is worthy of remark, that Italy, although generally looked upon by people beyond the Alps as behind hand in scientific and literary acquirements, affords the cheapest and easiest means of instruction of any country. Every considerable town has public libraries and public lectures, to which students are admitted gratis.

The present government of Naples although arbitrary is mild. The freedom of conversation upon political subjects, which is remarkable even in places of public resort of the capital, would surprise a foreigner who had formed his ideas of absolute monarchies from the specimen of Spain, or even of France under Buonaparte; in this respect, therefore, the government of this country cannot be taxed with oppression, and the king has certainly kept the word he gave on his last return from Sicily, that he would forgive and forget all past occurrences. Indeed, most of the situations in the civil and military departments, except the very first ones, are filled by persons who were employed under Murat, so much so, that the royalists as they call themselves, who always remained attached to King Ferdinand in all his vicissitudes, and many of whom followed him to Sicily and suffered in their circumstances on that account, complain now that their services are overlooked and that the Muratists, which is the name they give to their antagonists, are preferred to them. This system, it is supposed, is intended to conciliate the majority, how far it has succeeded, time and opportunities alone can show. Certain it is, that the king is not so popular as formerly with his old adherents, and particularly with the lower classes, who are

in this country notoriously attached to the old forms of absolute monarchy.

The greatest subject of complaint against this government is the one which is at present repeated in every country of Europe, viz.: oppressive taxation. This evil, however, has certainly been first introduced in Italy by the French conquerors, but the present rulers are reproached for not having diminished it after the restoration. But if one considers the general rise in the prices, and the multitude of people which the governments are obliged to support (another legacy of the French), the question naturally arises whether it would be political or even possible to lessen the burthens of the nation? However opinions may be divided upon the subject of the required amount of the revenue, there is a more general and more plausible objection to the *distribution* of the taxes. The *fondiarìa* or land tax, is particularly burthensome, being more than twenty per cent. upon the estimated yearly income. Great complaints are also made of unfair valuation of the lands in the provinces, and of the severity with which the tax is collected. There are persons who have nearly one-third of their income absorbed by this oppressive tax. The *iscrizione* and *registro* or tax upon contracts, receipts, wills, &c. is also much complained of, amounting in some instances to five per cent. of the capital. There are, besides, stamp and license taxes. The duties of the *dogana* or custom house form also a great source of revenue; this department unites both the offices of excise and custom house. All kinds of provisions pay a duty in entering the town, and custom house officers are stationed at the barriers for that purpose, who examine closely all carriages that pass and who have a right to cause persons to step out of them for that object. The post office duties, which are very high, the lottery, the *regia* or monopoly of salt, tobacco and gunpowder, and the produce of the *demanio* or national property, are the other sources by which the treasury is filled. The present revenue of the kingdom of Naples is more than triple what it was before the French invasion, I was therefore surprised in reading the other day in an English newspaper a bold assertion that the governments of the continent had not materially increased their

taxes since the revolution ; this is one of the several gross mis-statements I have been in the habit of observing with regret in some of the daily English presses with regard to Italian affairs.

The Chevealier de Medici, is at the head of the financial department and is looked upon even by his enemies to be a man of considerable abilities. He enjoys the full confidence of his sovereign, and is in fact the ruling minister at Naples. He has succeeded in restoring a certain degree of confidence : the finances are said to be in a flourishing state, and government bills and securities circulate freely and without loss.

The judicial system of this country, both civil and criminal, affords matter for numerous complaints, and although a certain allowance must be made for exaggeration and party spirit, yet it can hardly be doubted by any man at all acquainted with the private concerns of the natives, that a lamentable degree of corruption prevails in some of the courts, and that pure hauds and upright hearts are not the general qualifications of the members of the Neapolitan bench and of the Neapolitan bar. This is the old and chief bane of this country which has not as yet been removed by any political change ; it is a continual source of discontent, of domestic unhappiness and of immorality, and it is ardently to be wished that the attention of government during the present season of peace, may be directed to this most essential branch of internal administration. The evil is deeply rooted, and it requires a hand discriminate and firm at the same time to effect a gradual and permanent reform. Unfortunately, the present system seems to be vacillating ; the laws and regulations are all *pro tempore*. The French codes are still in force although new ones are daily expected to supersede them. Decrees follow decrees upon particular points of political economy abrogating the decisions of former ones. The administration is composed of men of different parties, which prevents that union so desirable in the councils of a monarchy.

The public opinion is generally favourable with regard to the members of the royal family. The Hereditary Prince is re-

spected and beloved, and he has of late so conducted himself in his administration of the island of Sicily, where he resides as lieutenant general of his royal father, so as to conciliate the affections of that high spirited but susceptible race of people, whose feelings had been hurt by several recent measures of the Neapolitan government.

Joachim Murat, a man of whom the eventful career and the tragical end form a distinguished feature in the history of the last war; Murat has left behind him a name, which serves still in this country as a rallying point for many. He had the qualities of a soldier of fortune, he was brave, frank, and naturally disposed to generosity; uneducated, but possessed of good sense and penetration; he was vain of his person, fond of show, magnificence, and pleasure, but yet he preserved the manliness of a warrior. Such a man could not fail to recommend himself to the Neapolitans, a people easily dazzled by external appearance and brilliant endowments. Appointed to the throne of Naples just after the short but tyrannical reign of Joseph Buonaparte and of his detested minister Saliceti, Murat appeared as a deliverer. He flattered the prejudices of the people, listened to their grievances even in the middle of the streets, he showed mercy to many of the discontented who had openly committed themselves, he pursued a moderate and conciliatory system in the refractory provinces; he had a fine army, a brilliant retinue, and an expensive household; in short, had he been independent of his brother-in-law Napoleon, he might have been the regenerator of this country. As it was, he certainly corrected many abuses, he encouraged civilization and industry, and effected considerable ameliorations in the different branches of internal administration; but his measures were partial, he was fettered and cramped, and his general system of government being subservient to that of Napoleon, was arbitrary and violent. A French military resident was stationed at Naples, as a representative of the French Emperor, to watch all the steps of Murat, and to thwart any measure that might be obnoxious to the sovereign Umpire. French officers and greedy employés swarmed in Naples; Murat was obliged to submit, although unwillingly, he

had several serious disputes with his imperial relative, and his consort Caroline went even to Paris to deprecate the wrath of her brother.

On his return to Naples after the battle of Leipzig, Murat thought of availing himself of the golden opportunity to be at last a real and not a nominal king. He opened his ports, made friendly proposals to the belligerent powers, and seemed to be sincere in his determination to abandon the *continental system*, which, he publicly said to the assembled merchants, was not suited to the position and to the interests of the Neapolitan kingdom. But he soon after began to show his incapacity as a statesman :

“ Tel brille au second rang qui s' eclipse au premier.”

His policy was crooked and false, both towards his brother-in-law who had been his benefactor, and to the allies who were to be his protectors. In his campaign on the southern bank of the Po in 1814, he appeared undecided, and after the treaty of Paris, instead of being satisfied with the kingdom of Naples he continued to occupy by force the province of Ancona, over which he had no claim whatever, and he began to aspire to the sovereignty of all Italy. He roused thereby the suspicions of Austria and the other allied powers, whose good will it would have been his interest to conciliate; and when, in the year following, he made his rash and unjustifiable incursion in the north of Italy he found himself sadly deceived in all his ambitious calculations. His proclamation, dated Rimini, March 31, 1815, was turgid and full of the revolutionary phraseology, but destitute of solid argument. The answer of General Bellegarde was the best refutation of its captious principles.*

After a short and disastrous campaign, in which he perceived, too late that he had miscalculated his strength and resources, he was obliged to fly from his capital, and to bid adieu to the splen-

* See Appendix, No. 14.

dour of a throne, to the luxuries of Parthenope, and to the endearments of his family to become a wretched wanderer by sea and by land; he concealed himself first on the shores of his native France and afterwards in the wild mountains of Corsica; yet a ray of hope beamed upon him, and had he listened to the dictates of wisdom he might have again rejoined his wife and children, and found domestic comfort and happiness to be still some compensation for the loss of royalty, to the cares of which he had shown himself unequal. His inconceivable attempt on the coast of Calabria put an end to all his worldly prospects—he died like a soldier such as he had ever lived. His fate, which excited much commiseration, would deserve still more if the foul deeds of the 4th of May, 1808, at Madrid, where he commanded as lieutenant general of the Emperor, could be blotted out of the page of history.

The kingdom of Naples is undoubtedly one of the finest regions of Europe. Its population, exclusive of Sicily, amounts to five millions; the capital alone contains four hundred thousand inhabitants, and ranks thereby next to London and Paris, as the third city in Europe. The surface of the kingdom includes about twenty-three thousand square miles. The productions of the soil are as varied as the appearance of the country and as the character of the different races that inhabit it. The vast plains of Puglia produce abundance of corn and a great quantity of wool; the Peninsula of Lecce and that of Calabria abound with oil and fruit; the mountainous regions of Abruzzo afford pasture for numerous herds of cattle; and the provinces of Naples, and Salerno unite all these different produces. A greater variety of excellent wines is made in this country than in any other of the same extent. The immediate neighbourhood of Naples alone produces ten or twelve sorts of fine wines such as Lagrima, Capri, Ischia, Procida, Gragnano, Piedemonte, Vino greco &c. Besides these most of the provinces of the kingdom abound also with excellent wine. Calabria produces a large quantity of raw silk, which forms an important article of trade. The kingdom of Naples therefore, notwithstanding the low state of agriculture and industry, is able, not only to supply the wants of its population,

but also to export a considerable surplus which is exchanged for articles of foreign manufactures.

If from the country we proceed to examine its inhabitants, we find among them a remarkable difference of appearance and manners. The mountaineer of Abruzzo in his coarse wollen *capote* or wrapped up in sheep's skin tending his flocks on the cloudy Apennines, used to a wild nature, to the noise of the torrent and the raging storm, and inured to the privations of a severe winter, retains much of the pastoral simplicity; like all mountaineers he is attached to his country, to his government and to his religion. The Abruzzese insurgents made an obstinate resistance on the French invasion. The people of Abruzzo pride themselves in being the descendants of the ancient Samnites, and are still reckoned the best soldiers in the kingdom. Abruzzo is a very interesting country for a stranger to visit, although little known, being remote from the main roads; its scenery is grand and picturesque; there is little danger to be apprehended from banditti in those regions; the inhabitants are good natured and hospitable. The province of Abruzzo contains some considerable towns such as Aquila, Chieti, Teramo, Sulmona (the birth place of Ovid), Popoli and the fortress of Pescara. Several rivers rise in its mountains and empty themselves into the Adriatic; the principal ones are the Tronto, Sangro, Pescara &c. Next to Abruzzo is Puglia, the richest of the grand divisions of the kingdom; its principal town is Foggia, which ranks immediately after Naples. It is a new city, built in the middle of the immense plain called *il Tavoliere*, which renders it very hot and rather unhealthy in summer; many of the provincial nobility and wealthy landholders reside in it, and live in a style of affluence and even luxury. Proceeding farther towards the Adriatic, one enters that part of Puglia called *Pietrosa* or "stony;" the chief produce of which is oil. A succession of considerable towns at a short distance from one another lines the shore of the Adriatic sea on this side, viz.: Manfredonia, a commercial place with a good harbour, Barletta also, a large town, Trani, Bisceglia, Bari, celebrated for the shrine of St. Nicholas, Monopoli, Brindisi, a famous harbour in ancient

times, Lecce one of the most considerable towns of the kingdom, and whose inhabitants are remarkably ingenious and spirited, Otranto once a town of some note, only fifty miles from the opposite coast of Greece and little more from the island of Corfu; then turning round the Cape of Lenca you meet Gallipoli, the principal commercial town in this part of Italy, and farther on Taranto, a bishop's see. From this enumeration it will be seen that Puglia is a country well inhabited and in a flourishing state.

The Pugliesi, or people of Puglia, are the wealthiest, the most civilized, and the most corrupted of the Neapolitan provincials. They are shrewd, quick, and intelligent. A great number of their youth come to the capital to pursue their studies, many of them apply themselves to the learned professions, in which they generally succeed, and they often attain the highest stations, in preference to the indolent and luxurious natives of the capital. In the maritime districts of Puglia there is a mixture of foreign races, Greeks, Albanians, and Sarrazins; in several villages they still retain the original dress and speak the language of their forefathers: the Greeks are chiefly to be found in the province of Lecce, and the Albanians farther north, towards the frontiers of Abruzzo. Puglia has been of late years in a disturbed state; numerous bands of insurgents have infested that province; they were rather above common robbers, something of a political spirit appeared to be mixed with their love of plunder. The most famous among these bands was that of Gaetano di Martino and his brothers, better known under the name of i Vardarelli; they were at one time so formidable that the Neapolitan government thought proper to enter into terms of accommodation with them, by which their followers were organized into a regular troop, received pay from the state, and were even intrusted with the care of defending the country against the other bands. For some months after the Vardarelli were faithful to their engagements, but their chief, Gaetano, having trespassed beyond the limits of his jurisdiction proceeded to a village called Ururi, inhabited by Albanians, where he demanded in a summary manner a supply of provisions; a scuffle ensued, in which Gaetano and several of his followers lost their lives, and the rest of his band were soon

after, under some pretence, enticed to Foggia, where being surrounded by the regular troops, they were all destroyed or taken. This occurrence happened last year.

The secret association, under the name of *Carbonari*, of which little is known beyond the precincts of this country, is supposed to be very numerous in the provinces of Capitanata and of Lecce, which form part of Puglia. Many contradictory reports are spread about the nature of this association, and of its principles ; it seems certain however, that they are connected with some political object not friendly to the present system of government, for which reason the *Carbonari* are watched and even severely handled in some of the provinces. On the late organization of the judicature an oath was administered to the members of the different courts that they did not belong to any secret society.

The third grand division of the kingdom of Naples is known by the general name of Calabria, but it is subdivided like the others in various provinces, having each its *intendente* or civil governor. The principal towns of Calabria are Potenza, Cosenza, Cstanzaro, Monte-leone, and Reggio. Calabria is by far the wildest part of this kingdom ; some of its remote districts, particularly those bordering on the Adriatic sea, although within two hundred miles of Naples, are as little known to the inhabitants of the capital as the regions of Albania or Morea ; this is owing chiefly to the want of roads and of the means of conveyance, and to the low state of commerce and industry. An Englishman can hardly form an idea of the difficulties and dangers attending a journey through the interior parts of this country ; the few *diligences* which run between the capital and some of the principal towns of the kingdom, are most wretched vehicles, and appear so, even to persons used to French *diligences* and to the *vetturini* of northern Italy.

The Calabrese, a people to the name of whom unfavourable impressions are commonly attached, are yet possessed of many excellent qualities ; they are brave, constant, full of fire and energy, they make the best friends but also the bitterest enemies.

Kind treatment will bind for ever the heart of a Calabrese, and their attachment can be depended upon under the most trying circumstances. They may be said to understand better the natural than the social laws; a Calabrese servant will perhaps cheat his master out of a few *carlini*, but in the hour of danger he will defend his life at the cost of his own. The peasantry are as yet in a half savage state, and the calamities which have visited their country during the last thirty years, such as earthquakes, foreign invasions and civil wars, have not tended to improve their condition. The French armies, particularly under the reign of Joseph Buonaparte, behaved with the greatest cruelty towards the unfortunate Calabrese; they burnt half of their villages, cut down their plantations, and seemed to follow that ruthless principle "That it is better to rule over deserts than over a disaffected population." A good deal of information is spread however among the middling classes, and Calabria has produced several men of genius and learning.

Terra di Lavoro was the general name of the fourth grand division of the kingdom, which lies between the Apennines and the Mediterranean sea, and extends from the frontiers of the Roman states to the borders of Calabria. Naples, Salerno, Avellino, and Capua are the principal towns in it. Benevento, although inclosed within the Neapolitan territories, belongs to the Pope.

The island of Sicily which had always formed a separate kingdom, having its own parliament, civil government, and laws, although often under the same sovereign as Naples, has of late undergone a great political change. The King, since his return to his capital, has united the two kingdoms under the same government, and assumed the title of Ferdinand I. King of the united kingdom, of the two Sicilies; this peremptory measure may ultimately be productive of some good to both countries; for the present it has severely wounded the feelings of the Sicilians, and especially these of the barons or upper nobility, who derive their titles and feudal rights from the Norman conquest of Roger and Tancred, and many of whom are wealthy and

have a great influence over the peasantry. The Sicilians are a race very distinct from those who inhabit the kingdom of Naples, and among whom they resemble more their neighbours the Calabrese, than any other; they have an old and deep-rooted antipathy against the Neapolitans; they are warm and high-minded, shrewd and quick sighted, but irritable and tenacious. The upper classes are splendid even to prodigality, hospitable to strangers, and polished in their manners. A very great corruption and looseness of morals prevail in the principal towns, but much simplicity of manners is still to be found among the inhabitants of the interior. The Sicilian women are generally handsome and very fascinating, they are fond of music and of pleasure, but they are also spirited and intelligent, and susceptible of real affection. The peasantry are mostly poor; the nobility and clergy being possessed of the greatest part of the lands.

The present Sicilians are chiefly descended from the Greeks, the Sarrazins and the Normans; a difference of races is still observable among them; the complexions of some are quite fair, while others are as dark as the neighbouring Africans. In some districts on the eastern coast about Catania the inhabitants speak a dialect of the Greek. The island of Sicily includes a surface of about eight thousand square miles, and its population is calculated at one million and a half, of which the city of Palermo contains nearly one hundred thousand; Messina, Catania and Trapani are the other principal towns in the island. The fertility of Sicily has been in all times celebrated; but the little encouragement given to industry—the total want of roads between the different parts of the island—and the spirit of disunion which unfortunately exists between the inhabitants of various towns, prevent the Sicilians from reaping the full benefit of those advantages which nature has lavished upon their country. Much good might be done in Sicily by a provident and enlightened system of government, but the good will of the natives must be first secured; their recollections and their prejudices must not be trifled with. The annals of Sicily afford sufficient proofs of their determined spirit. To this day, the account of the Sicilian vespers is early related by parents to their children.

The English, during their late military occupation of Sicily, had succeeded in conciliating the friendship of the majority of the natives, who, even at present, speak of them with expressions of attachment and esteem, which form a striking contrast with the illiberal spirit and envious feelings that are so frequently shown in other countries of Europe towards them.

The brief account I have just given of the kingdom of Naples and of Sicily, will, I hope, convey a general idea of its present state and of the improvements these countries are susceptible of. Much more might be said on the subject, but the limits of this work and its professed purpose do not allow me to extend further at present.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the sight of the gulph of Naples with its surrounding scenery on a fine winter day, if winter may be called what is more like a premature spring; a pure sky of brilliant azure, a vast expanse of blue water reflecting like a mirror the objects around, mountains with the rich purple hue peculiar to this country, a gay and magnificent city, shining buildings, luxuriant gardens, lovely villas, nature constantly dressed in her holiday apparel, such is this country. But withdraw the splendid decoration—quit for a while the enchanted shores of the gulph and repair to the dirty, noisy and crowded streets of Naples, and your feelings will be sadly disappointed. In leaving this place I shall not regret it: were I to choose an abode for the remainder of my days I would prefer some peaceful spot on the verdant banks of the Arno, or in some sequestered valley at the foot of the Alps, there to enjoy an Italian sky and Italian nature unpolluted by corruption and depravity.

LETTER VIII.

Departure from Naples.—Fine view of that City from the Bay.—Reflections thereupon.—Island of Ponza, its military importance.—Gale of wind.—View of the land of Tuscany and of the neighbouring Isles.—Beautiful moonlight night.—Corsica, account of the character of its inhabitants.—View of the Alps of Piedmont.—Historical recollections.—View of the Genoese coast.—Gulph of Frejus.—Buona parte.—Coast of Provence.—Toulon.—Arrival at Marseilles.—Quarantine.—Description of Marseilles.—Character of its Inhabitants.—Notre Dame de la Garde.

MARSEILLES, FEBRUARY, 1820.

WE left Naples on board a French brigantine bound to this place. As we sailed through the bay, the sun gradually arose from behind Vesuvius and illuminated the magnificent landscape I was beholding for the last time. Parthenope and its gay buildings emerged from obscurity in all the pomp of Italian scenery. The gilded dome and the pointed spire, the lofty palace and the wide-spreading terrace, each appeared in succession: the lovely hills of Vomero and Posilipo, adorned with their numerous white walled *casini* intermixed with poplars, willows, and fruit trees; higher up, the castle of St. Elmo, exhibiting its grey walls and battlements, which formed a contrast with the modern appearance of the adjoining Carthusian convent of San Martino; Camaldoli rearing from behind its solitary head, crowned with a few pine trees, and Capo di Monte displaying the massive structure under which it groans; at the foot of that range of hills, Naples lay spreading itself widely along the embosomed sea, and stretching one arm to the neighbouring town of Portici. The giant

shape of Vesuvius rose in opposition to the charming prospect, and the mountainous coast of Castellamare and Sorrento, still plunged in obscurity, added to the effect. To the south, the rugged rocks of Capri, and farther west the pyramidical mountain of Ischia closed the brilliant view. A gentle breeze played

“ O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea ;”

The sky was pure, only here and there some fleecy clouds relieved with their white stripes the bright azure. Such was the aspect of that fine country, when I bade it farewell, perhaps forever ! Meantime a stiff breeze sprung up and soon wafted us beyond Cape Miseno ; we entered the straits between Ischia and Procida, and Naples, its palaces, its beauties, had fled from our sight ; Vesuvius alone still reared its dusky shape from afar, frowning upon us ; the first, the last beacon of that far-famed land. We soon passed the islands of Ventotene and Ponza, which are used as *presidj* or places of exile, chiefly for state prisoners. The latter has a very good harbour, into which I had been driven some years before, during the late war. At that time several hundred of Jacobins, as they were called, were confined in the castle ; they had been sent there from Palermo by the late Queen. It is a most dreary spot, a barren rock ; I saw only a few goats on it ; the garrison and the prisoners were supplied with provisions by vessels from Sicily, as the neighbouring coast of Naples was then in the hands of the French ; so that when the winds blew contrary for some time, the unfortunate exiles were put on short allowance. It appeared to me a most miserable abode, and the wretched looks of the prisoners I saw, agreed with that appearance ; still *theirs* was happiness in comparison with the fate of some who were thrown in damp dungeons cut in the rock under the level of the sea ; for such exist both at Ventotene and Maretimo, another *presidio* on the coast of Sicily. Ponza was also a place of rendezvous for the partizans and emissaries of the old dynasty ; there plots were formed and expeditions assembled against the French rulers of Naples ; the vicinity of the continent rendering that spot peculiarly convenient for the purpose, as boats could cross in a few hours during the night to and from

the opposite shore. At one time communications were kept therefrom with the insurgents in the mountains of Sperlonga and Itri, at the head of whom was the famous Fra Diavolo, and with the garrison of Gaeta, when that place was still in the hands of King Ferdinand's forces under the command of Prince Hesse Philipstadt. At last Murat, when once in quiet possession of the kingdom of Naples, resolved to wrest from his enemies that troublesome outpost, Ponza, and succeeded in the attempt, but it was soon after retaken by a British force, and the French commandant and garrison sent prisoners to Malta. The well-known Prince of Cauosa was for some time at Ponza at the head of a royalist band. The possession of that island will always be of importance to any power at war with the Neapolitan states, on account of its situation, natural strength, and safe harbour.

The wind increased during the day and following night to a strong gale, blowing from the south west, or *lebeccio*, which is the dread of all Mediterranean sailors on that coast, as it blows them directly on shore, and is always accompanied by a great swell. The coast of Italy from the Genoese territories to the farthestmost point of Calabria, an extent of about six hundred miles, has very few safe harbours; but between Gaeta and Civita Vecchia there is none at all, and the sea is very shallow for several miles off the land, which circumstances render the Spiaggia Romana, as it is called, a very dangerous neighbourhood, particularly for the frail country vessels, which are not able to live long against the wind and sea. Many shipwrecks occur yearly. The whole navigation between Genoa and Naples is perilous on account of the number of islands and rocks which are spread between the larger islands of Corsica and Sardinia and the Italian continent, so as to form a complete archipelago. I would therefore advise all persons sailing up or down that channel to be careful of what vessels they trust themselves in, and to prefer stout ships, such as the English, or in want of them, good French brigs, of which there are several trading in that quarter, and amongst the Italians to chose the Genoese or Venetians, as they are undoubtedly the best Mediterranean sailors, but to avoid carefully all small craft, such as Tuscan, Roman, Neapolitan, or

Sicilian vessels, under whatsoever denomination they are classed, such as *pinco*, *martingana*, *sciabecco*, *bombarda*, *feluca*, *tartana*, *trabaccolo*, &c. for they are all exposed to destruction, besides which they are extremely deficient in accommodations for passengers.—The gale lasted with the same violence for another day and night, accompanied with frequent rain and thunder, the sea running very high and frequently washing over the deck, notwithstanding which, the master, a hardy Provençal, never left it during all the time. He very properly stood off at sea, and took in almost all the sails; fortunately his vessel was stout and newly built, so as to be able to resist the fury of the waves. On the morning of the third day the wind had abated, but the swell continued; it was really awful to look at the mountain billows rolling on and tossing our diminutive bark. We were then in sight of Monte Argentaro, we saw farther off the island of Monte Cristo, a dreary uninhabited mountain in the middle of the sea, half way between Corsica and Italy; before us we had the fine island of Giglio, belonging to Tuscany, and the solitary rock of Gianuti, once the resort and the watering place of the Barbary corsairs, who were the terror of those seas. We passed off the western extremity of Elba, where the village of Marciana is situated. In the afternoon we were off the island of Capraja, and steered our course between it and Corsica, the lofty mountains of which appeared in view. The little island of Capraja belongs now to the King of Sardinia, a kind of outpost to his continental states. He keeps in it a garrison composed of a detachment furnished by one of the regiments at Genoa, and relieved every six months. It must be a real exile for the poor officers, the place being nothing but a barren rock; the inhabitants are all either fishermen or sailors; the women cultivate what little soil there is. Next day we were becalmed; we could see at a distance the high land above Leghorn and the mountains of La Spezia, the eastern extremity of the Ligurian Apennines. To the westward we saw the craggy coast of Capo Corso, the sides of its mountains covered with dark woods and a few lonely habitations on the sea shore. A fine moonlight night succeeded as beautiful a day; one of those nights only to be met with in southern latitudes. The wind was hushed and the sea quite calm; a solemn stillness prevailed,

scarcely interrupted by the faint report of the distant surge beating against the dark cliffs of Corsica. Now and then a porpoise would dash in playful sport through the waters and ruffle for a moment their even surface. The full moon threw its silvery light on the distant scenery, while its beams were reflected in a brilliant stripe over the liquid plain. The sailors lay stretched on deck unemployed; the steersman still clung to the helm to avail himself of the expected midnight breeze. Lovely climate, where the elements are seldom at war with man, where winter is scarce deserving the name, where ten months in the year are blessed with such nights and days! On the following morning we weathered Capo Corso with a light easterly breeze; but the wind shifting all at once to the north-west, the very point we were steering for, we kept tacking all day in sight of the western coast of Corsica, off the gulph of San Fiorenzo and the mountains of Calvi, names well known in modern British history as the early stage of exploits of the immortal Nelson. That bleak Corsica, those craggy summits, have witnessed the valour of the English arms: there is indeed scarce a spot laved by the waters of the Mediterranean, which has not been consecrated by the blood and made illustrious by the heroism of the sons of Britain!

Corsica wears a gloomy forbidding aspect, wild as the mind and stern as the heart of its inhabitants; but like them is highly susceptible of improvement and worthy of a better fate. The Corsicans are independent and free like the air of their native mountains; bold, aspiring and brave; a man of genius might make them what the Spartans once were. Under a succession of weak foreign rulers, their ambition did necessarily turn to craft, their courage to ferocity, their independence to idleness. This island, one hundred miles in length upon fifty in breadth, contains little more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, a population not greater than that of Malta. And yet even such a scanty population, thinly dispersed on a large extent of ground, cannot remain at peace; but deadly feuds and bloody quarrels continually originate between village and village, between family and family, and between man and man; and hatred, riots, and revenge gluts itself in this ill-fated land. Instead of uniting their

efforts for the common good—for the general interests of their country, the Corsicans seem only intent upon injuring and destroying one another. Every year number of murders take place. One crime breeds another. The relatives think themselves bound to revenge the death of their murdered kinsman by a similar act of violence; it is to them a sacred duty dictated by affection and honor, which, if they neglect, they see the ghost of the deceased frowning upon them, like that whom Dante describes in his *Inferno*. The widow treasures up the bloody shirt of her lost consort, to shew it to her young offspring when arrived at an age to appreciate the dictates of *filiul duty* which those fatal stains are intended to convey. A hasty word, a spiteful or contemptuous look, are often sufficient to ensure destruction, and a well aimed shot pierces the breast of the imprudent victim before he has time to be aware of his danger. The people in the country go about armed with daggers—a musket on the shoulder, equally ready for attack or defence. Such is the moral state of Corsica. Those of its inhabitants whose character or education makes them turn in disgust from such a savage system, emigrate to the continent and seldom return to their native land. They carry their talents to the best or most convenient market, and they generally succeed by perseverance. There are at the present time many conspicuous characters, both civil and military, in the service of the principal powers of Europe, who are natives of this land, and who do high credit to their country, shewing thereby what the whole nation might be capable of. The Corsicans, although proud of their countryman Napoleon, were never much affectionate to him, and during the period of his power he had perhaps less partisans among his countrymen in proportion to their numbers, than among any other people subordinate to his sway. They complain bitterly of his having totally neglected his native country, and that he did not direct to have even a good road constructed to communicate through the different parts of the island. The soil in Corsica is good, but poorly cultivated, and owing to the difficulty of communications, the scarcity of hands and the absence of commerce, landed property is worth very little, and the landholder gets scarcely any thing beyond the supply of the primitive necessities of life. The

Corsicans speak a dialect of the Italian, with a very broad unpleasant accent. The island is in all respects an Italian country, although now belonging to France.

The wind fell again on the evening, and after such another beautiful night as the one preceding, we steered next morning with light winds from the westward, towards the Genoese coast, hoping to fall in there with the land breeze with which to pursue our regular course. As we advanced to the north, the Apennines of the Riviera di Ponente rose to view, backed by the snowy Alps of Piedmont. A clear atmosphere added to the effect of that impressive scene. Those icy summits, that eternal barrier which nature seems to have set up to screen her favorite garden; Italy, from the rude northern blast, and from the still ruder hand of the foreign invader, that barrier, which so often has proved ineffectual against mad ambition and lawless cupidity, has been of late thoroughly rent, not by a foreigner but by an Italian. It was there, on those snow-capped Alps of Mondovi, in the famed defiles of Montenotte and under the ramparts of Ceva, that Napoleon, at the head of his revolutionary bands, first tried his military skill; there he first put his lips to the maddening cup of ambition, which he afterwards quaffed to the very dregs; there fortune's deceitful smiles first encouraged him in the brilliant and bloody career which led him to the first throne of Europe, and thence to exile on a rock in the middle of the Atlantic! And it was on his maternal country, Italy, lovely, harmless and prostrate, that he cruelly tried the first experiment! Ill-fated land, whose sons are either incapable of defending thee, or if endowed with nobler spirit, turn the very gift to thy destruction! The idea of that strange man, the wonder and the riddle of our age, led me to an approximation which was singularly favored by the situation in which I then was; I saw on one side Corsica, the land of his birth—on the other Italy, the scene of his military exploits, and further off, France, his adoptive country, which he raised to the summit of glory to plunge her again into humiliation and woe. It was perhaps in Corsica that the happiest part of his life was spent, never to return; there he spent in peace and innocence his boyish years, unaware of his singular

destinies. Happy had he never trespassed the boundaries of his native land ! *——But I am wandering too far from my journal. On the next morning we were close to the land between Capo di Noli and Capo delle Mele, and we had a fine view of the two Rivieras of Genoa, the land of which rises in amphitheatre from the sea to the sloping sides of the Apennines and then gradually to the majestic Alps. The eye is led from the beach, lined with numerous towns and villages, intersected with harbours, the abodes of trade and industry, then through orange and lemon groves and dark olive woods which deck the sides of the lower hills, to the craggy naked secondary mountains, where hill rises upon hill, rock overtops rock, until you reach at last the glaciers, those silent regions, the boundaries of the living world. In the centre of that beautiful crescent, in an opening formed between the east and the west chain of Apennines lies proud Genoa, once the mistress of the Mediterranean and the successful rival of the Adriatic Queen. I could see with my glass the hill against which it is built and the entrance of the two vallies of Polcevera and Bisagno ; but to my regret I could not see the city itself. Here I bade my last farewell to the lovely shores of Italy, which appeared more charming than ever, now that I was on its very confines. Adieu thou land of recollections, land of beauty and of fancy ; fair Italy, adieu ! although fallen, like thy sister Greece, still thou art lovely, as the cold marble sculptured on the tomb of departed beauty. †

A soft breeze sprang up in the evening from the land, and wafted us gently along the coast through a sea scarcely curled. The sails were only partly filled, the waters rippled against the sides of the ship ; we could hear the sounds of the human voices and the barking of dogs from the land, interrupting the stillness of the air. In this manner we passed Finale, Albenga and Capo delle Mele. On the morning of the 15th we were off San Remo, a populous place, the nursery of a great number of sailors. ° It is wonderful what industry aided by liberty, has been able to do

* See Appendix, No. 15.

† See Appendix, No. 16.

in this naturally barren country. The population is very great, the sea is their resource. In many apparently insignificant places on this coast, like Albenga, Lingueglia, San Remo, Porto Maurizio, &c. there are mercantile houses which send ships to the Black Sea, to Egypt and to Lisbon; and which have established factories in various ports of the Mediterranean. The Genoese have now lost their independence, but they have got some compensation in the freedom of their flag, which now flies over the seas respected by the Barbary powers; thanks to the English protection and interference. We passed Monaco, a small principality, the sovereign of which is subordinate to the King of Sardinia. He was deprived of his dominions by Napoleon, who did not disdain such an humble prey in the midst of his gigantic aggressions! Now the Prince of Monaco is restored to his dominions. We saw the Col de Tende, over which runs the road from Nice into Piedmonte, an important passage, as it leads from the coast over the Ligurian Apennines at once into the plains of Piedmont and the heart of Italy. It was strongly fortified and well defended by the Piedmontese troops at the beginning of the revolutionary war; the French did not attempt to force it, but preferred the more eastern pass above Savona, by Millesimo and Montenotte. We passed in the night Nice and Villafranca. The Comté de Nice, of which the King of Sardinia is the sovereign, is enclosed between the mountains and the sea, and divided from France by the river Var. It is a delightful region, sheltered from the northern blast, and open to the beneficial influence of the south. The lemon, orange, and other fruit trees, grow there luxuriously. Nice was renowned as a place of resort for consumptive and other invalids, as most beneficial to their health; it is not, however, so much frequented now by the English as it was formerly: the neighbourhoods of Genoa, Pisa, and Naples, offering to them the same advantages, united to greater resources for society and amusement. The inhabitants of Nice, like those of Savoy, although having been submitted to an Italian sovereign for centuries, are still more French than Italian. Their language is a *patois*, somewhat resembling the Provençal, a mixture of bad French and bad Italian; the manners and the character of the inhabitants are French.

We made little progress through the night, owing to the scarcity of the wind, and next morning we found ourselves, at last, off the coast of France, and we saw behind us the last land of Italy quickly retiring from our sight, enveloped in a dark mist. We were then off the gulph of Frejus, and the towns of St. Tropez and Cannes, three memorable places in modern history. Frejus is the place where Buonaparte landed on his return from Egypt, when he came to overthrow the Directory, and to assume the supreme power. St. Tropez is the port where, after his abdication at Fontainebleau, in 1814, he embarked on board an English frigate to proceed to Elba; and at Cannes he landed again the year following, to carry war and desolation anew to France and Europe. What scenes and changes this single man has brought forth into the world!

The coast of Provence, particularly beyond the gulph of Frejus, is far from being agreeable to the view; it is a barren rugged shore, consisting of chalky rocks, all the way to Marseilles. I saw nothing of the boasted fertility of Provence, and found it very inferior to the delightful Riviera di Ponente, which we had just left. We passed between the islands of Hyeres, and the town of that name, on the main land. These islands were strongly fortified with redoubts and other works by Buonaparte, during the last war, to prevent the English from landing there, as that was the station of the British fleet blockading Toulon. There is a good anchoring place between the islands and the main land. The works on the island of Hieres are now abandoned, and dismantled of their cannon. We passed Toulon in the night. As we went by these celebrated roads, I reflected on the gallantry and perseverance of the English tars in remaining for years, buffeted by the winds and waves, on an enemy's coast, and on the privations and toils they must have undergone. I do not think any other sailors in the world could have borne half so much. Constancy in enterprise seems to me the peculiar merit of the English.

Next day we were off Cape Sicio, but made little or no progress beyond it, owing to the light and variable winds. The

appearance of the land continued as barren as before. We were becalmed in the night, and had our ship towed by the long-boat. Early next morning we found ourselves in the gulph of Marseilles, when all on a sudden the wind rose from the land, and it was with difficulty that our men succeeded in getting the vessel into the harbour, where we anchored at last at eight o'clock. Our captain was so angry at the repeated disappointments we experienced in our voyage from the wind, that he swore a big Provençal oath that one of my companions (an honest and quiet, but reserved man,) had brought us ill luck. By the bye, this is a superstition very common amongst Mediterranean sailors. As soon as we entered the harbour we were visited by the quarantine boat, which came alongside, having an health officer and a physician on board; they looked at us attentively; the ship's papers were sent on shore to be smoked; after which a guard was sent on board, and we were ordered to remain under quarantine for seven days.

Marseilles is a very fine city; the streets are broad, and well paved; most of them run in a straight line, intersecting each other at right angles; the houses are uniformly and neatly built; but they have not the shining whiteness of Italian buildings; the regularity of the plan of Marseilles reminded me of Turin, the only specimen of the kind in Italy. It is a place of great trade, and is singularly favored by its position: it is the principal harbour of France in the Mediterranean, (Toulon being exclusively appropriated to the royal navy,) and situated in a central point of the coast, within a few days sail of Spain, Italy, and Africa. Marseilles is the key of the commerce of France with those countries, as well as with the Levant. Of late it has also carried on a considerable trade with the French West India islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe; and it is also a market for American, English, and northern vessels, which import colonial produce, and other articles that are allowed to be introduced into France. Marseilles has also some considerable manufactures of soap, in which is consumed a great quantity of inferior oil, imported for that purpose from Puglia, Morea, and the Greek islands. English manufactures are either excluded or

subjected to such heavy duties by the French tariff, as to amount to an entire prohibition; and the custom-house officers are very particular in searching the baggage of travellers on landing on the quay. The quarantine laws are very strict; they have been so ever since the dreadful plague, which nearly annihilated this city about a century ago, and of which they preserve an historical painting in the health-office. Ships coming from a place with foul bills of health are not allowed to enter the harbour, but they are sent to perform their quarantine on the opposite island of Chateau d' If, which is situated in the middle of the gulph of Marseilles. There are lazarettos, with accommodations for the passengers, and also warehouses for the expurgation of goods. The produce of the quarantine duties is farmed to a company; notwithstanding which, great impartiality, regularity and exactness, seem to prevail, as all the measures are taken under the inspection of a board of health, and the superintendence of government. Of all the health officers in the Mediterranean, those of Marseilles and Leghorn are reckoned the strictest and most effectual in their regulations to prevent the communication of contagious diseases. Although I highly approve of these beneficial restrictions, and wish they were adopted in every country, I cannot but animadvert on some of those measures which, under the appearance of care for the public health, seem only calculated to levy a tax on the navigators, and obstruct the communications and commercial intercourse between the different countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Why, for instance, subject to seven, ten, and sometimes twelve days quarantine, vessels from different ports of Italy, when it is known that not the smallest suspicion of plague exists? Such is the practice, however, in the harbours of France, with regard to vessels coming from Italy, and also in all the Italian ports, with regard to vessels coming either from France, or even from any part of Italy out of the territories of the immediate government. A vessel from Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Porto d' Anzio, in the Roman territories, on its arrival at Naples, is put under seven days quarantine, and *vice versa*; likewise a vessel from the Tuscan or Genoese coasts undergoes the same restrictions in entering the harbour of Mar-

seilles, although the post goes in a day or two from one to the other of those places. Travellers meantime may come by land without interruption in as short a time as vessels usually take; so that of two persons who set off at the same time for the same place, one by land and the other by sea, the one is freely ranging ashore, while the other is confined for seven days on board of his vessel. Besides, supposing that any degree of danger really existed, these measures would be ineffectual, as the period of quarantine is too short to allow the disease, in its general course, to develop itself; and the precautions taken to prevent communication between one vessel and another are so very remiss, as to mock the purpose of the restriction. Vessels under short quarantine, or *observation*, as it is called, lie in the harbour close to one another, so that their cordages, sails, and sides, often touch; cats, dogs, fowls, run and fly from one to the other freely; and at night it is very easy for the crews to communicate if they choose, while the guards on board are sound asleep under deck: so that the vessel which goes out of quarantine to-morrow, may have intercourse with the one which has arrived to-day. I can see nothing real in all this but the fees paid by the owner of the vessel and cargo to the health-office, the salary given to the guard on board, the high charges for smoking letters sent on shore, and for receiving any thing while under quarantine. But these are the least inconveniences attending this practice: the real mischief consists in the delay which it occasions to the ship and cargo, and which is often longer than the time spent in the voyage; so that a vessel trading in the Mediterranean loses at least one-third of the year in quarantines. It is strange that the different governments of Italy and France do not come to a proper understanding on the subject, and to a reform of a system, which disheartens the traders, and often ruins the owners of small vessels, who are generally possessed of very scanty capitals. One would almost think retaliation to be a leading motive in the adoption of these measures, for they regulate the quarantine of vessels by that which is observed in the country they come from. The government of Naples carries the matter so far, as to oblige vessels to and from various provinces of its own kingdom to perform qua-

rantine, although, I am informed, it is enforced with very little care.

The harbour of Marseilles is very spacious, and one of the safest in the Mediterranean ; its entrance is so narrow, that the most violent storms cannot ruffle the calm of its waters, being also protected from southern winds by a high hill ; but its advantages are not unattended with inconveniences, as the water is not renovated by the sea running into it ; and as there are no tides in the Mediterranean, the harbour gets filled with the filth from the vessels and from the town, so that it is like a stagnant pool, and the offensive smell proceeding from it cannot but be productive of unhealthiness to the place, particularly in summer, although they clear it from time to time. There is a dry dock for the construction of vessels, chiefly brigs, schooners, and smaller craft. The Provençals are good Mediterranean sailors, but not equal to their French brethren on the Atlantic. While we were in quarantine I saw some large vessels coming in, belonging to Nantes, Havre de Grau, l' Orient, and other ports of the north of France ; they were remarkably fine ships, rigged nearly the same as the English, and unlike the vessels built in the south.

The old town of Marseilles lies on the point north of the harbour, and is irregularly built, like other ancient cities ; but the modern town, which spreads to the east and south, is one of the finest I have seen. The principal street is the Cours, running from the Porte d' Aix, or northern gate, to the southern gate, or Porte de Rome, as it is called ; a high-sounding name, which it is rather striking to find at such a distance from that famed city, but which still reminds us of its former power and influence ! Marseilles is an open town ; the castle of St. Nicholas, which stands on a hill commanding the harbour, was destroyed during the revolution, and has not been repaired since. It is almost a heap of ruins. It seems strange that Buonaparte should have left such a populous and important place as Marseilles without a fortress to overawe and defend it. The light-house, with a small fort adjoining it, lies on the opposite, or

northern side of the harbour. After the first fanaticism of the revolution, in which the populace of Marseilles acted such a conspicuous part, had subsided, (if indeed *they* may be called Marseillois, who were a mixture of wretches from all parts of the south of France, and of the neighbouring provinces of Italy,) the people of Marseilles being wholly addicted to maritime trade, from which they derive their subsistence and wealth, could not be friendly to Buonaparte's administration, and he was well aware of it; he showed no affection for them, and threatened even to fill up their harbour. At the first restoration of the Bourbons, the Marseillois were eager to show their *royalism*, and if the national guards of that city had been allowed to march against Buonaparte at his return from Elba in March 1815, they would probably have effectually stopped his progress before he could reach Lyons, whereby France and Europe would have been spared the disasters of another war; but Massena, then governor of Marseilles, detained them so long, under some pretence or other, that when at last they were allowed to proceed it was too late. After the battle of Waterloo an expedition from Genoa, composed of English and Piedmontese troops, landed at Marseilles without any resistance, and took possession of the place in the name of Louis XVIII.; they were received by the inhabitants with demonstrations of joy, and a few months after, when tranquillity was restored to France, the town was given up to the king's officers. The Marseillois, and, generally speaking, the inhabitants of Provence, continue to be attached to the king; the Buonapartists are few, and despised in the province. In the last changes, some acts of popular revenge took place against several obnoxious persons, who had been in employment under Buonaparte; but they were few, compared to those which happened in Languedoc, and other provinces of France. The Mamelukes, a body of Egyptians who had followed the French on their return from that country, and who were stationed at Marseilles, were particularly marked out as the victims of the popular fury, which they had drawn upon themselves by their overbearing and insolent behaviour in the time of their power. Many of them were killed; and the fate of one of their women, a black, was peculiarly distressing: with the obstinate and

stupid fanaticism of an African, she continued to cry *Vive l'Empereur*, while all around her were in revolt against that name, and she would never submit to be silent. Surrounded and ill-treated by the enraged populace, she threw herself into the sea, probably with the intention of swimming across the harbour, but while in the water she was aimed at and shot by one of the mob, and her body drawn ashore amidst imprecations. The respectable citizens, however, assembled in the ranks of the national guard, and soon succeeded in restoring order; and those of the fallen party, who were prudent enough to conceal themselves during the first explosion, are now peaceably living in Marseilles. The merchants of this town have been for some time in hopes of having it declared *port franc*, in the same way as Leghorn is, but for some reason or other their expectations have not yet been realized. On landing at Marseilles our passports were taken to the police, and sent to the minister at Paris. Meantime they gave us a temporary French pass, to proceed to the capital. That formality is observed with every stranger who enters France for the first time. I must observe, that although it took us a whole day to have the business settled, having to call at three or four different places, still the whole transaction was accompanied with a great share of that old French urbanity of manners, which I have not always found amongst Frenchmen of the modern school.

Before I quitted Marseilles, I went with two of my fellow-travellers to visit an ancient church, called Notre Dame de la Garde, from an image of the Virgin Mary, which is reckoned miraculous; it is situated on a high hill, to the south-east of the town, commanding the country around; it has the appearance of an ancient castle, surrounded by walls and battlements. While we were lying in the harbour, I had seen crowds of people ascending to it in the morning, and my curiosity was awakened by it. We went up a steep path, which at a certain height is converted into a flight of steps hewn in the rock, and we arrived at last at a small platform before the portal of the building, where we enjoyed a very fine and extensive *coup d'œil*. We had a bird's eye view of the town and harbour of

Marseilles ; we could trace the principal streets and buildings ; we saw the gulph, and the open sea beyond the island of Chateau d' If ; and all the flat naked country around Marseilles lay spread before us, surrounded at a distance by barren hills. The whitish colour of the rock gives to the whole a resemblance to the island of Malta. We saw many bastides, or small country-houses, with gardens and orchards enclosed by stone walls, the Sunday retreat of wealthy citizens ; but they are not sufficient to enliven the cheerless prospect of the country, which, in my opinion, even the splendid appearance of the town cannot over-balance. I, who had just come from the luxuriant regions of Campagna Felice, thought I could never reconcile myself to live in such a dreary spot, which appeared to me like a sunburnt African waste ; still I can easily conceive how the good citizens of Marseilles, accustomed to the sight, and wholly intent upon commercial pursuits, can live happy and comfortable during six days of the week in their commodious houses, and then, on a Sunday, enjoy as a great luxury the shade of a few orange and lemon trees, and the quiet retreat of their walled bastides. We entered Notre Dame de la Garde by passing over a small draw-bridge, and at the end of a low corridor we found a small and dark chapel, shut by an iron balustrade. We could scarcely see, by the faint glimmering of a lamp, the *ex voto* offerings of the devotees covering the walls, as marks of thankfulness for some favor received from the blessed Virgin. I have seen so many of these displays in Italy, and other Catholic countries, and heard so many stories about them, that I cannot help saying here a few words on the subject. I have heard men, who thought themselves wise, rave against the superstition, or laugh at the ignorance of the poor deluded people of Catholic countries, while I felt more inclined to compassionate and respect the weakness of afflicted humanity, which, forsaken by the world, turns for assistance to those patrons whom their faith has placed in heaven, near the throne of the All-merciful. The practice of making offerings to the Divinity is of great antiquity, and seems natural to the human mind. Some nations thought their gods did really consume the holocausts ; others less ignorant, allotted them to the use of the servants of the

temple; in more enlightened ages the *ex votos* have been used neither for the one nor for the other of these purposes, but they have been intended as a sacrifice of a small portion of the wealth of the person benefited, showing a spirit of mortification and humility, and a readiness to resign those worldly goods, which are but a gift of the Almighty giver of all things. The faith that some people had in the efficacy of their prayers and offerings, probably often assisted in favoring a crisis in a sickly constitution; while even to those, whose cases were beyond cure, it afforded some consolatory gleams of hope, which cheered at least the last moments of their earthly sufferings. And are these benefits to be torn by a rude hand from the sick, the lame, the blind, and from all the other children of misfortune and sorrow? Can Providence be displeased at their heartfelt supplications and humble offerings? There is something so sacred in misfortune and religion united, that we ought to be careful how we tread upon that holy ground, lest we render the sufferings of the devoted victim more acute, by bereaving it of those hopes and consolations which, even if illusory, are not the less beneficial in alleviating sorrow, and in softening the pillow of sickness and agony. Until we have done something more for the poor, the sick and the unfortunate of every description, let us not deprive them at once of those comforts, whether real or imaginary, which they derive from heaven; but I think that, with all due regard to the spirit of religious fervor, it might be turned to a more beneficial purpose. Those sums which are spent in *ex votos*, and offerings to the churches, the donors might be persuaded to apply to some charitable institution; which, better to agree with their devotion, might be graced with the name of, and placed under the tutelar protection of the Virgin Mary, or some favorite saint. A double benefit would thereby be derived; a real one to the objects of the charity; and an imaginary one, though perhaps not less effectual, to the donors. This beneficial turn of the tide of devotion might be effected by the influence of government, or even by the ministers of the church, if animated by a true Christian spirit; and I merely suggest it here, to show how easily it would be, instead of proudly declaiming, and unfeelingly sneering at the weakness and credulity of

our fellow-creatures, to make them subservient to the general good. Many people can tear away and destroy, but few are able or inclined to mend or rebuild. The *ex votos* are either paintings, models, or sculptures. The first represent the miracles effected by the intercession of the saint; the others are, either hearts, or other figures of silver or gold, sometimes of wax, allusive to some circumstance of the miracle; and they are generally accompanied by a present of wax candles and money for the service of the church. The *ex votos* are a sacred property, and none but a violent hand ever dares to dispose of them. The sanctuary of our Lady of Loreto, in the Roman states, was extremely rich, from an immense quantity of those precious offerings; but at the time of the French invasion, the government of Rome foreseeing that they would fall into the hands of the republicans, thought better to be beforehand, and to employ the greater part of them to the service of the state, so that the French generals found themselves bitterly disappointed. I must observe also, that many of the *ex votos* we see in the Catholic churches, would be much more decently kept in the vestry, or in any other place appointed for the purpose, instead of being hung up against the wall of a church. The sailors have a great share in those of Notre Dame de la Garde, as they vow them while in danger at sea.*

* I cannot better terminate this article than by quoting the following impressive verses, so appropriate to the scene I have just described, which some people would call a display of *fancied holiness* :—

Of fancied holiness ! Oh say not so,
 Nor judge unkindly of another's creed;
 The intent and motive God alone can know,
 And these condemn, or sanctify the deed :
 Ave-maria, crucifix, and bead,
 Are nothing in themselves ; but if they were
 Imagin'd helpful in the votary's need,
 Although a faith more spiritual may spare
 Such outward aids to seek, from blame it may forbear.

BARTON'S LEISTON ABBEY.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTE 1.

THE overbearing and encroaching system of the Roman republic towards the other nations of the earth, and the hatred it must have inspired to all independent and generous *barbarians*, are well expressed by Alfieri in his fine tragedy of *Sofonisba*. The unfortunate Syphax, a captive in the Roman camp, addressing himself to Scipio, thus upbraids the Romans :

“ Roma è tua culla, ed Affricano io nasco:
 Tu cittadin d' alta cittade sel;
 Di numerosa nazione possente
 Io già fui re. Frapposto mare il tuo
 Dal mio terren partiva: io mai non posi
 In vostra Italia il piede; a mano armata
 Stai nell' Affrica tu. Cartagin pria,
 Poscia l' Affrica intiera, è in voi lusinga
 Di soggiogare. A me vicina, e quindi
 Ora a vicenda amica, ora nemica,
 Cartagin era: e benchè abborra anch' ella,
 Al par che Roma, i re; di orgoglio e possa
 Men soverchiante il popol suo, che il vostro
 Men da me pure era abborrito. Offeso
 E il cuor d' un re tacitamente sempre
 Da ogni libero popolo; qual ira
 Destar gli de quel ch' è con lui superbo?”

And the high-minded Sophonisba in the same strain :—

————— “ A chi in Cartagiu culla
 Ebbe, non meo che a chi sul Tebro nacque,
 La patria stá, sovra ogni cosa al mondo,
 Fitta nell' alma. In me, bench' io pur donna,
 Femminili pensier non ebber loco,
 Se non secondo. Amai chi meglio odiava
 Voi, superbi Romani. Un dì nemico
 Era a voi Massinissa ; e al suono allora
 Di sue guerriere giovanili imprese
 Io m' accendea. Siface, allor di Roma
 Era non so se ligio, o amico.”

NOTE 2.

The translation of the *Giaour* by Pellegrino Rossi, is the only successful attempt that has been made as yet to *Italianise* Lord Byron's poems ; yet I think most of his lordship's compositions so well suited to the genius of Italy, that I am surprised the example of Rossi has not met with imitators. The fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, in which the noble bard assumes so truly the character of the poet of Italy, in which he describes with such glowing colours her former glories and her present charms, and mourns in such pathetic strains over the destinies of the “ Dogeless city,” and of the “ Niobe of nations ;” that beautiful poem ought to be translated by a man inspired with the sublimity of the original, and with the dignity of the subject. The translation of the *Giaour* made a great sensation among the Italian literati. I shall here quote some of its finest passages. The beginning :—

“ L' aer taceva, e il mar edè venti in pace
 Lambiva umile il piè del sacro avello
 U del grande d' Atene il cener giace.
 Dalla rupe in che appar splendente e bello
 Par ch' el primo saluti il buon nocchiero
 Che rivolge la nave al dolce ostello.

Così dorme sublime il gran guerriero
 Nel snoi che invan salvò. Mondo infelice!
 Quando fia che ritorni a farti altiero
 D'un altro pari eroe? * * *
 * * *
 Region della beltà! Mite e sereno
 L'è sempre il Cielo, e all' eternal sorriso
 S'innamora la terra, e infiora il seno.
 Per entro ai core andar ti senti un riso
 Poi ch' all' altura di Colone giunto
 Scopre il guardo quel dolce paradiso."

The following is the translation of those verses :—

" The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the scorpion girt by fire."
 * * * * * *

" L' Alma, che i suoi pensier cupa ripiega
 Sui mali ond' è per le sne colpe afflitta,
 E' scorpion cui d' interno il fuoco lega.

La cerchia delle fiamme ognor più fitta
 Lo stringe sì che mille punte acute
 Fin la midolla gli han cerca e trafitta.

D' ira egli impazza e soi nelle ferute
 Del pangiglion che pei nemici ei sorba,
 Trov' or per se, nel sno martir, salute.

 * * * * * *

Si divien contr' a se cieco, inumano
 L' uom ch' han stretto i rimorsi e lacerato,
 O el per doglia orrenda è fatto insano,

Carco grave alla terra, in lei dannato,
 Del ben gli chinde Oscurità le porte,

La rea Disperazion gli siede a lato,

Ha le fiamme d' intorno e in sen la morte."

The passage,

" Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,"

is thus rendered :—

" Si l' amore è, per Dio, lume superno;
 Viva scintilla dell' immortal fuoco

Dei Serafini; è fiamma onde l' Eterno
 Leva i nostri pensier di basso loco:
 Anzi tanto fulgor sui nostri passi
 Spande, che il Ciel ver noi par che s' abbassi.
 Egli è favilla dei divini affetti
 Largita all' uomo, perchè il suo pensiero
 Spicchi dall' esca vil de' rei diletti.
 E raggio dai Fattor di' tutte sfere,
 E corona di luce eterna ed alma,
 Che del mortale abbellia e cerchia l' alma."

In my quotations in the course of this work, I have drawn
 freely upon Lord Byron's poetical treasury. Should they ever
 meet his eye, I hope his lordship will consider them as a tribute
 of admiration to his genius. I shall only add here an imperfect
 attempt to an imitation of Medora's beautiful song:—

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells."

* * * * *

"Sepolti in fondo al petto
 Teneri affetti miei:
 Nascondervi vorrei
 Alla luce del dì;
 Ma dell' amat' oggetto
 I dolci sguardi e accenti
 In mezzo al miei tormenti
 Tutto mi fan balzar.
 Poi di contento estatico
 Passato un breve istante,
 In sen tutto tremante
 Rinchiuderò il mio cuor.
 Ivi in oscura cella
 Mesta funerea lampada
 Lenta ed ignota avvampa
 E si consuma in se.
 Oggetto d' una fiamma
 A me cara e funesta
 Odi: l' estrema è questa
 Prece di chi t' amò.
 Compassionar gli estinti,
 Tu 'l sai, virtù non niega,
 Colle passioni tregua
 La tomba a tutti dà.

Quando à mia tomba adunque
 Tu passerai d' accanto,
 Versa di doice piante
 Versa una stilla almen.
 Fra tante e tante smanie
 A cui è il mio cuore avvezzo
 L' idea del tuo disprezzo
 Solo soffrir non può."

NOTE 3.

The Sicilian dialect is very expressive, and adapted for poetry: it abounds with diminutives, and with terms of endearment; its pronunciation is soft, and the measure of its words is well calculated for music. Several men of genius have enriched the Sicilian language with their poetical productions; l' Abate Meli is the most eminent amongst them: his pastorals, odes and songs, are full of fire and tenderness, his images are taken from a beautiful nature, and his expressions are delicate and graceful. I shall subjoin a few extracts out of them:—

PASTORAL SONG.

" Sti silenzi, sta verdura,
 Sti muntagni, sti vallati
 L' ha criate la natura
 Pri li cori luamurati.
 Lu susarru di li fruuli,
 Di lu sciumi lu lamentu,
 L' aria, l' oeu chi rispunnì,
 Tuttu spira sentimentu.
 Ddà farfalia accussì vaga;
 Lu muggitu di li tori;
 L' innoceenza, chi vi appaga,
 Tutti parranu a lu cori.
 Stu frischettu insinuanti
 Chiudi un gruppu di placiri;
 Accarizza l' alma amanti;
 E ci arrobbà li sospiri.
 Ccà l' armuzza li soi porti
 Apri tutti a lu diletto;
 Sulu è indignu di sta sorti
 Cui non chiudi amuri in pettu.

Sulu è reu, cui pò guardari
 Dura, e immobili sta scena;
 Ma lu stissu nru amari
 E' delittu insemi; e pena.
 Donna bella senza amuri,
 E' na rosa fatta in cira;
 Senza vezzi, senza oduri,
 Chi nun veggeta ne spira.
 Tu nun parri o Dorl min?
 Stu silenziu mi spaventa;
 E' possibili, ch' in tia
 Qualchi affettu unu si senta?

• • • •
 • • • •
 • • • •

E l' amuri un puru raggio,
 Chi lu Celu fa scappari.
 E ch' avviva pri viaggia
 Suli, luna, terra, e mari.
 Iddu dana a li sospiri
 La duclizza chiu esquisita;
 Ed aspergi di piaciri
 Li miserii di la vita.
 Muggia l' aria, e a sò dispettu
 Lu Pasturi a li capanui
 Strinci a se l' amatu oggettù;
 E' ai scorda di l' affauni.

ODE.—LU PETTU.

'Ntra ssò Pittuzzu amabili
 Ortu di rosi e sciuri,
 Due mazzuneddi Amuri
 Cu ll sol mani fà.
 Ci spruzza poi co l' ali
 Li fiocchi di la nivi;
 'Ntricca li vini e scrivi:
 Lu Paradisu è ecà.
 Ma un importauna nuvola
 M' ottenebra lu celu;
 Appena ntra in velu
 Na spiragghiedda c' è.

Armata d'una spingula
 Chl pari na laparda
 Modestia si lu guarda,
 Ch' è rigurusa oimé!
 Un Amurinu affabili
 L' ammutta à jiri à mia,
 Ma l' antra, o tirannia!
 Turnari poi la fà.
 Pietusu à li miei lagrima,
 Chidda lu spiuci arrieri;
 Ma torna poi 'anarrerì
 E sempri veui e vâ.
 Si mai aiutisti affettu
 O zefiru amurusu
 Lu veiu suspittusu
 Allarga uu poco chiù;
 E si lu tò non basta
 Alitu dilicatu,
 Pigghiati lu miu sciatu,
 E servitlani tà."

The following song, set to music for the guitar, was composed ex tempore by a Sicilian lover, and addressed to a fickle beauty:—

"Quanno tu senza motivu
 Mi lasciasti ingrata Nici,
 Sto mio cori di tia privu
 Che non disse e che non fici!
 Innamuratu, benche offisu
 Io ti vinni preddo appressu,
 Nou fù à mia concessu un risu,
 Né fù un sguardo à mia concessu.
 Seguitannu co tia in paci
 Li disprezzi non curai,
 Ma pri tia Donna tinaci,
 Io biancivi e sospirai:
 Seguitannu col' tuoi amanti,
 Avia perso la ragione,
 Ti pregai come alli Santi,
 Quasi missu in ginocchioni.
 Ora Nici a poco a poco
 Raffreddau lo cori mia,
 E d' Amori allo tuo loco
 Nova immagine scolpiu.

Quant' è caru ed è costanti
 La Filli mia, lo m'in tesoru,
 Nici mia non so chiù amanti,
 Ne pri tia perfida lo moru.
 Ora Nici, come mai
 Tu pretenni à mia lagagghiari
 Una anta vota 'ntra li guai
 Nici no, non lo sperari.
 Fusti tù che m' ingannasti
 Lo mio cori datu à tia;
 Ora è tardu, la sgarrasti,
 Nici, scordati di mia."

NOTE 4.

Fui felice un giorno anch' io
 Mi sorrisse un dolce amor
 E sincero in mezzo all' anima
 Favellava un bel' desio
 Sola gloria del mio cor.

E nel giorno in cui la sorte
 Non turbava il mio placer,
 Mi dicea l' amico tenero:
 Non farà neppur' la morte
 Che si cangi il mio pensier.

Ma col pianto io rispondea:
 Se l' affetto mancherà,
 Per calmar la donna misera
 Che per te soltanto è rea
 Resti almen' la tua pietà.

E venuto il mesto giorno,
 E mancato il dolce amor;
 Più non provo un caro palpito,
 Più non viene à me d' interno
 Chi placava il mio dolor.

E arrivato il dì del pianto
 E punto il mio placer:
 Non venir speranza perfida
 Non venirmi più d' accanto,
 Ho finito di goder.

Voi che sol nel dì felice
Siete fidi all' amistà,
V' involate alle mie lagrime,
E fuggite un' infelice,
Che non osa dir pietà.

Il sospir di donna oppressa
Può il vicino avvelenar,
L' aura sua divien malefica
Ed ognun' che à lei si appressa
Già si sente vacillar.

Un' amica à me d' accanto,
Sorrìdea nel lieto dì,
Ma le sorti si cangiaro,
Giunse l' ora del mio pianto
E l' amica ancor sparì.

Sia felice l' uomo ingrato
Ch' ogni cosa m' invoidò,
Ma se mai sarà quel barbaro
Da fortuna abbandonato,
Io con lui sospirerò."

NOTE 5.

There is a beautiful sonnet of Monti, describing the conflicting sentiments which must agitate the heart of a virgin when on the point of taking the veil :—

" Fuggia Licori al Chiostro, e tutta in viso
Di santo zelo la bell' alma ardes,
E una luce gentil' di Paradiso
Tranquilla dai sereni occhi piovea.

In questa parte Amor vinto e deriso
Sulle impotenti e rotte armi fremes,
E là sul cruce verginal reoiso
La calpestata libertà piangea.

Il Piacer lusinghiero in questo mezzo
La sua tazza le offerse in sà le parte,
E il vestimento le scotea con vizzo :
Sorrise acerbo la Donzella forte,
Chiuse le sacre porte, e con disprezzo
Ne consegnò le chiavi in mano a Morte."

NOTE 6.

Cesarotti's free translation of Ossian's Poems, is the best amongst his productions. He has given a new energy to the Italian language, and has enriched it with new words, particularly with compounded adjectives, after the manner of the English and Germans, for which he has been blamed by some critics, but approved of by many men of letters. He conceived that languages ought not to remain stationary, but should follow the progress of ideas, and that new words should be invented to supply new wants. Cesarotti's Ossian is much admired and is become very familiar with the Italians; some of its passages are truly sublime. The address to the Sun in Carthoon is thus rendered:—

“ O tu che luminoso erri, e rotondo,
 Come lo scudo de' miei padri, o Sole,
 Donde sono i tuoi raggi? e da che fonte
 Trai l'eterna tua luce? esci tu fuori
 In tua bellezza maestosa, e gli astri
 Fuggon dal Cielo; al tuo apparir la Luna
 Nell'onda Occidentale ratto s'asconde
 Pallida e fredda: tu pel Ciel deserto
 Solo ti muovi; E chi potrà seguirli
 Nel corso tuo? Crollan le querce annose
 Dalle montagne; le montagne istesse
 Seeman cogli anni, l'oceano s'abbassa,
 E sorge alternamente; in Ciel si perde
 La bianca Luna; ma tu sei
 Sempre lo stesso e ti rallegrì altero
 Nello splendor d'interminabil corso.
 Tu quando il Mondo a tua tempesta imbruna,
 Quando il tuono rimbomba, e vola il lampo,
 Tu nella tua beltà guardi sereno
 Fuor delle nubi, e alla tempesta ridi.
 Ma indarno Ossian tu guardi! ei più non mira
 I tuoi vividi raggi, o che sorgendo
 Con la tua chioma galleggiante inondi
 Le nubi Orientali, o mezzo ascoso.
 Tremoli d'Occidente in sà le porte.
 Ma tu forse, chi sà? sel pur' com'io
 Sol per un tempo, ed avran fine, e Sole,

Anche i tuoi dì? tu dormirai già spento
 Nelle tue nubi, senza udir la voce
 Del mattin che ti chiama. O dunque esulta
 Nella tua forza giovanile: oscura
 Ed ingrata è l'età, simile a fuoco
 Raggio di Luna, alior che splende incerto
 Tra sparse nubi, e che la nebbia siede
 Sù la collina: aura del Nord gelata
 Soffia per la pianura, e trema a mezzo
 Del sno viaggio il pellegrin smarrito."

The following is Ossian's affecting address to the Moon:—

" Figlia del Ciel, sei bella, è di tua faccia
 Dolce il silenzio; amabile ti mostri,
 E in Oriente i tuoi cerulei paesi
 Seguon le stelle; al tuo cospetto, o Luna,
 Si rallegran le nubi, e' l' seno oscuro
 Riveston liete di riflessa luce.
 Chi ti pareggia o della notte figlia
 Lassù nel Cielo? la faccia tua le stelle
 Hanno di se vergogna, e ad altra parte
 Volgono i verdi scintillanti sguardi,
 Ma dimmi, o bella luce; ove t'ascondi,
 Lasciando il corso tuo, quando svanisce
 La tua candida faccia? hai tu, com'io
 I tuoi palagi, o ad abitar ten vai
 Nell' ombra del dolor? eadder dal Cielo
 Le tue sorelle? o più non son coloro
 Che nella notte s'allegravan teco?
 Sì sì, luce leggiadra, essi son spenti,
 E tu spesso per piangerti t'ascondi,
 Ma verà notte ancor, che tu, tu stessa,
 Cadrai per sempre, e lascerai nel Cielo
 Il tuo azzurro sentier; superbi allora
 Sorgeran gli astri, e in rimirarti avranno
 Gioja così, come avean pria vergogna.
 Ora del tuo splendor tutta la pompa
 T'ammanta, o Luna; o tu nel Ciel risguarda
 Dalle tue porte, e là la nube, o vento,
 Spezza, onde possa la notturna figlia
 Mirar d'intorno, e le sconcese rupi
 Splendante incontro, e l'Océan rivolga
 Nella sua lucei nereggianti flutti."

The Songs of Selma furnish also some beautiful extracts.

" Stella maggior 'della cadente notte,
 Deh come bella in Occidente splendi!
 E come vaga la chiomata fronte
 Mostri fuor delle nubi, e maestosa
 Poggi sopra il tuo colle; e che mai guati
 Nella pianura? i tempestosi venti
 Di già son cheti, e 'l rapido torrente
 S'ode soltanto strepitar da lungi,
 Che con l' onde sonanti ascende e copre
 Lontane rupi; già i notturni insetti
 Sospesi stanno in sù le debili ale,
 E di grato susurro empiono i campi.
 E che mai guati, o graziosa stella?
 Ma tu parti, e sorridi: ad incontrarti
 Corron l' onde festose, e bagnanliete
 La tua chioma lucente.
 Raggio sereno addio; tu angusta luce,
 Sull 'anima d' Ossian 'omai risplendi l
 Ecco già sorge, ecco s' avvisa; lo veggio
 Gli amel estinti. Il lor congegno è in Lora;
 Come un tempo già fù: Fingal sen viene
 Ad acquosa colonna somigliante
 Di densa nebbia, che sul lago avanza."

The next is the translation of that fine allegory of a flower addressing the morning breeze in the poem of Berrathon.

" Venticello gentil' di Primavera
 A che m' desti, lusinghler dicendo:
 Di celeste rugiada or lo t' aspergo?
 E omai vicin' del mio languore il tempo,
 E la negra tempesta è già vicina,
 Che abatterà furente ogni mia fronda.
 Doman verranno il pastorel, colui
 Verrà doman' che nel mio bel' m' vide,
 Gli occhi in cercarmi aggirerà sul campo,
 Nè potrà rinvenirmi. * * *

The plaintive lays of the Maid of Inishuna who had followed unknown and disguised in a warrior's dress her beloved Cathmor, the Chief of Erin, are expressed in the following song :—

“ Breve gioja, ove se’ lta
 Caro sogno, ove sei tu ?
 Inisuna è già sparita
 Il mio suol non veggo più.

Della caccia in la mia terra
 Più non odo il lieto suon,
 Faida orribile di guerra
 Mi circonda : ove mai son ?

Guardo fuor, ne veggo un raggio
 Che m’ additi il mio sentier,
 Ah! che speme altra non aggio
 Ah! che basso è ’l mio guerrier!

Presso è il Rè dell’ ampio scudo,
 De’ possenti atterrator,
 Oimè ! scende il ferro crudo
 Ah tu cadi, o dolce amor.

Di Gomerre ombra diletta
 Ove porti il mobil piè ?
 Caro padre arresta aspetta,
 Non andar lungi da me.

Stranie terre, altri paesi
 Vai sovente a visitar,
 La tua voce, o padre, intesi,
 Menti lo lascia ero sul mar.

Figlia mia tu corri a morte,
 La tua voce pare dir ;
 Tutto in van che amor più forte
 Nel mio cor si fea sentir.

Spesso i figli à trar di pene
 La paterna ombra sen viene
 Quando affitti è fuor di speme
 Solo in duol vita gli tien.

Il mio caro ah se m' è tolto
 Vieni o padre per pietà,
 Strutto in pianto, in dno sepoito
 Più del mio qual cor sarà?"

The apparition of Cairbar to Cathmor on the eve of a battle ; the reflections of the latter and his discovery of the Maid of Inishuna, are thus described :

" Sui campo alfin l' oste sdrajosai ; il sonno
 Scese in Mollena ; di Fonar soltanto
 Seguiva la voce a risonar : ' Catmorre
 Sangue di Larto, il condottier dai Lamo.'
 Ma non l' adia Catmor ; sopito ei giace
 Lungo un fremente rio : sibila li crine
 Gradito scherzo alla notturna aurette ;
 Venne Cairba a sogni suoi avvolto
 Tra fosca nube, che per veste ei prese
 Nei grembo della notte ; oscura in volto
 Gli appuntava letizia ; inteso avea
 Le funebre canzon che alla sua ombra
 Carilo sciocse, e ne void repente
 All' aeree sue stanze : uscìro i rochi
 Accenti suoi col fremito confusi
 Dei mormorante rio. ' Gioja riscontri
 L'anima di Catmor : Mollena intese
 La voce sua ; Cairba ebbe il suo canto.
 Or veleggia su i venti ; è la sua forma
 Nelle sale paterne ; ivi serpeggia
 Quasi vampa terribile che striscia
 Per io deserto in tempestosa notte.
 Generoso Catmor, alla tua tomba
 Vati non mancheranno ; amor per vati
 Fu sempre il prode : inaspinghiera aurette
 E' il tuo nome, o Catmor : Ma odo, o parmi
 Un suon lugubre ; nel campo dei Luba
 Stavvi una cupa voce. Aerei Spettri
 Inforzate il lamento : eran gli estinti
 Carchi di fuma : ecco si gonfia e cresce
 Il mesto suon, l' aere se n' empie, il nembo
 Ulula. ' Addio, Catmor——tra poco——Addio.'
 Fuggì avvoltoendosi ; l' antlea
 Quercia senti la sua partenza e il campo

Sibillante crollò. Dal sonno il Duce.
 Scossosi, impugnò l' asta, il guardo intorno
 Desioso rivolge; altro non vede
 Che morte atro-velata. 'Ella è la voce
 Disse, del Re: ma la sua forma è lta.
 O figli della notte; i vostri passi
 Non lascianorma: in arido deserto
 Quasi dal Sole ripercosso raggio
 Camparate talor, ma sparite anco
 All' apparir del nostri passi: or vanne,
 Debole stirpe; in te saper non regna.
 Vane son le tue gioje; a par d'un sogno
 Che lusinga e svanisce, o quale all' alma
 Lieve-alata pensier s' affaccia e passa.
 Catmor——tra poco——e che sarà? fia basso:
 Scuro-giacente in la magione angusta
 Vò co mal-fermi ancor socchiusi lumi:
 Non arriva il mattin? vattene o ombra
 Battaglia è il mio pensier; tutt' altro è nulla
 Già sovra penne d' Aquila m' innalzo
 Ad afferrar della mia gloria il raggio.
 Giaccia sul margo a serpeggiante rivo
 In solitaria valle anima imbellè
 Di picciolo mortal: passano gli anni,
 Volvan le stagioni, el neghittoso
 Torpe in riposo vil: ma che? la morte
 Vien sopra un nembo tenebrosa e muta
 E'l grigio capo inonorato atterra.
 Tal io non partirò? Non fu Catmorre
 Molle garzon ad esplorare inteso
 Covil di damme: io spaziar col Regi,
 Con lor venni a tenzone, e il mio diletto
 Fu mortifero campo, ove la pagna
 Spazza dal suol le affastellate squadre
 Qual forte soffio accavallate nubi.
 Così parlò d' Alneema il Sire, e ferma
 Serenità gli si diffuse in petto
 Quasi fiamma vital; valor gli serpe
 Di vena in vena; maestosi, grandi,
 Sono i suoi passi, e già sgorgagli intorno
 Il raggio oriental. Vid' ei la grigia
 Oste gradatamente colorarsi
 Alla nascente luce, ed allegrossi
 Come s' allegra un spirito del Cielo

Ch' alto su i mari suoi s' avanza e quelli
 Vede senz' onda, e senza penna i venti;
 Fallace calma e passeggera; ei tosto
 Risveglia i flutti imperioso, e vasti
 Sonante spiaggia a flagellar gli spinge.
 Lungo la riva d' un ruscello intanto
 D' Inisuna la vergine giaceva,
 Addormentata. Dall' amabil fronte
 Caduto era l'elmetto: ella sognando
 Sta nelle patrie terre: ivi il mattino
 Dorava i campi suoi; scorrean dai massi
 Cerulei rivi, e 'l venticel per gioco
 De' giunchetti scotea le molli cime;
 Vivace suono che alla caccia invita
 Spargesi intorno; al caccitor sovrasta
 D' Ata l' Eroe; l' innamorato sguardo
 Egli torce a Salmalla; essa la faccia
 Rivoige altrove orgogliosetta, e l' arco
 Piega negli atti non curante, e in volto
 Ferma: ah Salmalla! ah! ma vacilla il core.
 Tal' era il sogno suo, quando dappresso
 Le si fece Catmor. Videsi innanzi
 Quel caro volto, inaspettata vista!
 E 'l ravvisò: che far dovea l' Eroe?
 Gemè, pianse, parti': nè Duce d' Ata
 Non è tempo d' amor; t' attende il campo'.
 Ei disse, e 'l cerchio ammonitor percosse
 Onde di guerra escia la voce. Erina
 Sorvegli intorno, e ribombò: dal sonno
 La vergine si scosse; arrossa e trema
 Delle sparse sue trecce; adocchia a terra
 L' elmetto, e frettolosa e palpitante
 Lo ricoglie, e s' asconde; oimè! s' Erina
 Sapesse mai che in queste spoglie è avvolta
 La figlia d' Inisuna! Ella rammenta
 La sua stirpe regale, e le divampa
 La nobil alma di leggiadro orgoglio.
 Dietro una rupe si celò, da cui
 Scende garrulo rivo in cheta valle,
 Gioconda solitudine sol nota
 A pacifiche damme, anzi che quadi
 Ne le cacclasse alto fragor di guerra
 Qui della bella vergine all' orecchio
 Giungeva ad or ad or la cara voce.

Dell' amato guerrier ; alla sua doglia
 Qui s' abbandona, del suo mal presaga
 L' anima le si abbuja : ella dal canto
 Cerca conforto, ad amordal lai
 Sparge sul vento la suon flebile e fioco."

Ossian's beautiful comparison of the youth of man to the hunter's dream, runs thus :—

" Suono di cacciator sembra sul monte
 Trascorsa giovinezza : El s' addormenta
 Fra' rai del sol, ma al risveglio in mezzo
 D' aspra tempesta : I rosseggianti lampi
 Volano intorno, e le ramosc cime
 Scotono i boschi : el si rivolge, e cerca
 Il dì del sol 'chè già s' ascosé, e i dolci
 Sogni del suo riposo. Ossian ? e quando
 Tornerà giovinezza ? Il suon' dell' armi
 Quando conforterà gli orecchi miei ?

Parini, whose name is comparatively little known beyond the precincts of his native country, is one of the most elegant among the modern Italian writers ; his poetry is full of simplicity, and breathes the benevolent sentiments of an honest heart. The Ode he wrote in 1795, reprobating the indecent fashion of dress called *à la guillotine*, which was then spreading among the Italian ladies, traces in frightful colours the gradual steps by which the human heart can proceed after the first deviation from principle and virtue, through the different stages of corruption and looseness of morals, until it reaches the extreme of cruelty and crime, which progression he illustrates by the example of the women of Rome in the decline of the Republic and under the Empire.

" Perche al bel petto e all' omero
 Con subita vicenda
 Perche mia Silvia ingenua
 Togli l' Indian benda,
 Che intorno al petto e all' omero
 Anzi alla gola e al mento
 Sorgea pur or, qual tumida
 Vela nel mare al vento ?

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M' inganno? o il docil 'animo
Già de' feminei riti
Cede al potente imperio,
E l' altre belle imiti?

Qual nome o il caso o il genio
Al novo culto impone,
Che si dannosa copia
Sveia di gigli e rose?

Che sà! Tu arrossai! e dubbia
Col guardo, al suol' dimesso
Non sò qual detto mormori
Mai dalle labbra espresso.

Parla. Ma intesi. O barbaro
Oh! nato dalle dure
Selci chiunque togliere
Da scellerata scure

Ond quel nome, infamia
Del secolo spietato;
E diè funesti augurj
Al femminile ornato!

E con le truci Eumenidi
Le care grazie avvinse;
E di crudele immagine
La tua bellezza tinse!

Lascia mia Silvia ingenua,
Lascia ootanto orrore
All' altre belle stupide
E di mente e di cuore.

Ahi! da lontana origine
Che occultamente nocce,
Anco la molle giovane
Puo divenir feroce.

Sai delle donne esimie
Onde si chiara ottene
Gloria l' antico Tevere,
Silvia, sai tù che avvenne?

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Fuggi mia Silvia Ingeuna
 Quel nome e quelle forme
 Che petulante indizio
 Son di misfatto enorme.
 Non obbliar le original
 Della licenza antica
 Pensaci ; e serba il titolo
 Di umana e di padica."

Parini's Ode, *all' Impostura*, is written in very powerful language.

" Venerabile Impostura

Io nel tempio almo à te sacro
 Vo tenton per l' aria oscura,
 E al tuo santo simulacro
 Cui gran folia urta di gente
 Già mi prostro umilmente.

Tu degli uomini maestra

Soia sei. Qualor 'tu detti
 Nella comoda palestra
 I dolcissimi precetti,
 Tu il discorso volgi amico
 Al Monarca ed al mendico

L' un per via piagato reggi

E fai sì che in gridi strani
 Sua miseria giganteggi
 Onde poi non culti panni

A lui frutti la semenza

Della fiebile eloquenza.

Tu dell' altro à lato al trono

Con la Iperbole ti posti

E fra i turbini e fra il trono

Di gran titoli fastosi,

Le vergogne à lui celate

Della nudà umanitate;

Già con Nama tu sul Tarpeo

Desti al Tebro i riti santi

Onde l' angure poteo

Co' suoi voli e co' suoi canti

Soggiogar le altere menti

Domatrici delle genti.

Dei Macedone à te piseque
 Fare un Dio, dianansi à eni
 Paventando i' orbe tacque;
 E neil' Asia i doni tui
 Fur che i' Arabo profeta
 Solievaro à al gran meta.

Ave Dea! Tu come il sole
 Giri e scaldi i' universo,
 Te suo name onora e coie
 Oggi il popolo diverso:
 E fortuna à te devota
 Diede à voiger la sua rota.

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NOTE 7.

The following apostrophe, and the subsequent reflections which the sight of the bold and craggy ramparts of Italy drew from the eloquent author of the *Lettere di Ortis*, are very appropriate to the scenery I have been describing.

“ I tuoi confini o Italia, son questi; ma sono tutto di sormontati dà ogni parte dalla pertinace avarizia delle nazioni. Ove sono dunque i tuoi figli? Nulla ti manca se non la forza della concordia. Allora io spanderei gloriosamente in mia vita infelice per te; ma che può fare il solo mio braccio e la nuda mia voce? Ov'è l'antico terrore della tua gloria? Miseri! noi andiamo ognor memorando la libertà, e la gloria degli avi, le quali quante più splendono, tanto più scoprono la nostra abietta schiavitù. Mentre invociamo quelle ombre magnanime, i nostri nemici calpestano i loro sepolcri.

“ Così io grido quando io mi sento insuperbire nel petto il nome Italiano, e rivolgendomi intorno io carco nè trovo più la mia patria. Ma poscia io dico: pare che gli uomini sieno i fabbri della proprie scagure,

ma le sciagure derivano dall' ordine universale, e il genere umano scrive orgogliosamente e ciecamente al destino. Nel ragioniamo sugli eventi di pochi secoli: che sono egliano nell' immenso spazio del tempo? Pari alle stagioni della nostra vita mortale, pajono talvolta gravi di straordinarie vicende, le quali pur sono comuni e necessarij effetti del tutto. L' universo si contrabilancia. Le nazioni si divorano perchè una non potrebbe sussistere senza i cadaveri dell' altra. Io guardando da queste alpi l' Italia piango e fremo, ed invoco contro gl' invasori vendetta: ma la mia voce si perde tra il fremito di tanti popoli trapassati: quando i Romani rapivano il mondo, cercavano oltre i mari o i deserti nuovi imperj da devastare, manomettevano gl' Iddii de' vinti, incatenavano principi e popoli liberissimi, finchè non trovando più dove insanguinare i lor ferri, li ritorceano contro le proprie viscere.”

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NOTE 8.

That interesting little work, *Le Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, is, I believe, not generally known. The distinction which the author traces between the *soul* and the *instinct* of man is quaint and original.

“ Je me suis aperçu par diverses observations que l' homme est composé d' une ame et d' une bête. On s' aperçoit bien engros que l' homme est double, mais o' est, dit-on, parce qu' il est composé d' une ame et d' un corps; et l' on accuse ce corps de je ne sais combien de choses, bien mal à propos assurément, puisqu' il est aussi incapable de sentir que de penser. C' est à la bête qu' il faut s' en prendre, à cet être sensible, parfaitement distinct de l' ame, véritable individu, qui a son existence séparée, ses goûts, ses inclinations, sa volonté, et qui n' est au dessus des autres animaux que parce qu' il est mieux élevé et pourvu d' organes plus parfaits. L' ame peut se faire obéir par la bête, et par un fâcheux retour celle-ci oblige très souvent l' ame d' agir contre sa volonté. Dans les règles, l' ame a le pouvoir législatif et l' autre le pouvoir exécutif; mais ces deux pouvoirs se contrarient souvent. Lorsque vous lisez un livre et qu' une idée plus agréable entre tout à coup dans votre imagination, votre ame s' y attache tout de suite et oublie le livre, tandis que vos yeux suivent machinalement les mots et les lignes; vous achevez la page sans la comprendre et sans vous souvenir de ce que vous avez lu: cela vient de ce que votre ame, ayant ordonné à sa compagne de lui faire la lecture, ne l' a point avertie de la petite absence

qu' elle alloit faire, en sorte que l' autre continuoit la lecture sans que votre ame l' ecoutât. Le plus etonnant tour de force metaphysique que l' homme puisse executer est d' employer son ame à examiner la marche de la bete et de la voir travailler sans y prendre part. L' on peut parvenir à savoir faire voyager son ame toute seule : est il de jouissance plus flatteuse que celle d' etendre ainsi son existence, d' occuper à la fois la terre et les cieux, et de doubler, pour ainsi dire, son être ? Le desir eternel et jamais satisfait de l' homme n' est-il pas d' augmenter sa puissance et ses facultés, de vouloir etre où il n' est pas, de rapeller le passé et voir dans l' avenir ? Il veut commander aux armées, presider aux academies ; il veut etre adoré des belles ; et s' il possède tout cela, il regrette alors les champs et la tranquillité, et porte envie à la cabane des bergers : ses projets, ses esperances, echouent sans cesse contre les malheurs réels attachés à l' espece humaine ; Il ne sauroit trouver le bonheur. Vieux pauvre malheureux, fais un effort pour rompre ta prison, et du haut du Ciel ou je vais te conduire, du milieu des ombres celestes et de l' empyrée, regarde ta bete lancée dans le monde, courir toute seule la carriere de la fortune et des honneurs ; vois avec quelle gravité elle marche parmi les hommes : la foule s' ecarte avec respect, et crois moi, personne ne s' appercevra qu' elle est toute seule ; c' est le moindre souci de la cohue au milieu de laquelle elle se promene, de savoir si elle a une ame ou non, si elle pense ou non ; Mille femmes sentimentales l' aimeront à la fureur, sans s' en appercevoir ; elle peut même s' elever, sans le secours de ton ame, à la plus haute faveur et à la plus grande fortune. Enfin je ne m' etouerois nullement si à notre retour de l' Em-pyrée, ton ame, en reentrant chez elle, se trouvoit dans la bete d' un grand Seigneur."

* * * * *

The following sentiments are also finely expressed :—

" Non, Celui qui luonde ainsi l' Orlent de lumiere ne l' a point fait briller à mes regards pour me plonger bientôt dans la nuit du néant. Celui qui etendit cet horizon incommensurable, celui qui eleva ses masses enormes, dont le Soleil dore les sommets glacés, est aussi celui qui a ordonne à mon cœur de battre et à mon esprit de penser. Non, mon ami n' est point entré dans le néant, quelle que soit la barriere qui nous separe, je le reverrai. Ce n' est point sur un syllogisme que je fonde mon esperance. Le vol d' un insecte qui traverse les airs suffit pour me persuader ; et souvent l' aspect de la campagne, le parfum des airs, et je ne sais quel charme repandu autour de moi, elevent tellement mes pensées qu' une preuve l' invincible de l' immortalité entre avec violence dans mon ame et l' occupe toute entiere."

* * * * *

The next passage is a description of the shocking contrast between the dissipation of one class and the distress of another during the Carnival season at Turin.

" Au lieu de me transporter par l'imagination dans ce superbe Casin où tant de beautés sont éclipsées par la jeune Eugénie, je n'ai qu'à m'arrêter un instant le long des rues qui y conduisent. Un tas d'infortunés, couchés à demi nus sous tous les portiques de ces appartemens somptueux, semblent près d'expirer de froid et de misère. Quel spectacle ! Je voudrais qu'on sçût dans tout l'univers que dans cette Ville, où tout respire l'opulence, pendant les nuits les plus froides l'hiver, une foule de malheureux dorment à découvert, la tête appuyée sur une borne ou sur le seuil d'un palais. Ici c'est un groupe d'enfants, serrés les uns contre les autres, pour ne pas mourir de froid. Là c'est une femme tremblante et sans voix pour se plaindre. Les passants vont et viennent, sans être émus d'un spectacle auquel ils sont accoutumés. Le bruit des carrosses, la voix de l'intemperance, les sons ravissans de la musique se mêlent quelquefois aux cris de ces malheureux et forment une horrible dissonance. Cependant il y a dans cette même ville une foule d'hommes charitables qui dorment pendant que les autres s'amuse, qui se lèvent à la pointe du jour et vont secourir l'infortuné sans témoin et sans ostentation. Après avoir ainsi partagé leur fortune avec leurs frères ; après avoir versé le baume dans ces coeurs froissés par la douleur, ils vont dans les églises, tandis que le vice fatigué dort sur l'édredon, offrir à Dieu leurs prières, et le remercier de ses bienfaits : la lumière de la lampe solitaire combat encore dans le temple celle du jour naissant, et déjà ils sont prosternés au pied des autels : et l'Eternel, irrité de la dureté et de l'avarice des hommes, retient la foudre prête à frapper." * * *

NOTE 9.

The following Sonnet describing the person and character of Alfieri, is reported to have been written by himself :—

" Sublime specchio di veraci detti
Mostrami in corpo e in anima qual' sono :
Rari in fronte ho i capelli e rossi pretti ;
Alta statura e capo à terra prono.

Sottil' persona sù due stinchi schietti
 Bianca pelle, occhio azzurro, aspetto buono,
 Glusto naso, bel iabbro, e denti eletti;
 Pallido in volto come Ré' sul trono.
 Or crudo acerbo, ora pieghevole mite,
 Irato spesso non maligno mai,
 La mente, il cor' sempre in perpetua lite.
 Son' talor lieto e talor mesto assai,
 Or stimandomi Achille ora Tersite,
 Uomo sei grande o vii? muori e'l saprai."

His disappointment and disgust at the fatal turn taken by the French revolution, is strongly expressed in a Sonnet written at Paris in July, 1790 :—

" Preso ha il timon chi fù pur dianzi al remo;
 E toga e mitra e spada e scettro e penna,
 Tutto in un fascio appiccasi all' antenna,
 Seherno alla ciurma onde ogni capo è scemo.
 La trista barca, ridotta in estremo,
 Veie rinnova all' arbor che tentenna,
 E imberrettato Libertade accenna;
 Ma in preda lascia ai venti e prora e remo.
 Ora i fianchi rintoppa, or con la tromba
 A forza aggotta; ladi sicura tiensi,
 Tal che di gioja il grido al Ciel rimbomba.
 Poco intanto è il biscotto, i mari immensi,
 Tutto è sentina in quella viva tomba;
 E così ai lidi di Fortuna viensi."

His indignation rose to a still higher pitch in consequence of the events of the two following years, and vented itself in this violent-strain :—

" Di libertà maestri i Galli? Insegni
 Pria servaggio il Britanno; insegna pria
 Umiltade l' Ispano; o codardia
 L' Elvezio; o il Trace a porre in fiore i regni.
 Sian dell' irto Lappoa gli accenti preghi
 Di Apollinea soave melodia;
 Taide anzi norma alle donzelle dia
 Di verginali atti pudichi e degni."

Di libertà maestri i Galli? e a cui,
 A nol servide ardite Itale menti
 D' ogni alfa cosa insegnaatori altrui?
 Schiavi or siam, al; ma schiavi almen frementi;
 Non quali, o Galli, e li foste e il siete voi;
 Schiavi, al poter qual ch' el pur sia, plaudenti."

Count Alfieri had been a professed republican in his principles, and had consequently shunned the court of his natural Sovereign, the late King of Sardinia, while in the meridian of his power, but when this same King, Charles Emmanuel, being driven out of his kingdom by the French, sought a temporary refuge in Tuscany, Alfieri, who had also retired to Florence, went unexpectedly to pay his respects to the fugitive Monarch: the King received him with a smile of benignity, and addressing him in a tone of mild reproach—" *Ebbene, Signor Conte,*" said he, "*ecco mi qui uno di quei Re come li vorreste veder tutti.*"

NOTE 10.

Monti, another man of genius, and in general not unfriendly to the modern ideas, reprobates in strong terms the hypocritical patriotism of those demagogues to whom any name is welcome provided it forward their malignant or ambitious purposes, as a British poet expresses it:—

" Religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will,
 A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
 That guilt may reign and wolves and worms be fed."

BYRON.

In the first act of Monti's fine tragedy *Cajo Gracco*, Cornelia, the mother of Gracchus, thus upbraids Fulvius:—

" ————— Di libertade
 Che parli tu, e con chi? Non hai pudore,

Non hai virtude, e libero ti chiami?
 Zeio di libertà, protesto eterno
 D' ogni delitto! Frangere le leggi
 Impunemente, seminar per tutto
 Il furor de' partiti, e con atroci
 Mille calunnie tormentar qualunque
 Non vi somiglia, insidiar la vita
 Le sostanze, la fama; anco gli accenti,
 Anco i pensieri incatenar: poi lordi
 D' ogni sozzura, predicar virtude,
 Carità di fratelli, attribuirvi
 Titol di puri cittadini, e sempre
 Su le labbra la patria, e nel cor mal;
 Ecco l'egregia, la sublime è santa
 Libertà de' tuoi pari, e non de' Gracchi;
 Libertà di ladroni e d' assassini."

The fickleness of popular favor and the danger of trusting to it, are thus forcibly described in the same tragedy, by the Consul Opimio :—

" E la plebe romana una tal belva
 Che, come manco li pensi, apre gli artigli,
 E inferocita ciecamente sbruma
 Del par chi l'accarezza e chi l'offende.
 Oggi t'adora, e dimani t'uccide,
 Per tornar poscia ad adorarti estinto,
 • • • • •
 • • • • • Il suo tremar m'è caro
 Più d' assai che l'amarmi. Ma di plebe
 Vedi natura! o dominar tiranna,
 O tremante servir. Libertà vera
 Che fra servaggio e la licenza posta,
 Ne possederia ne prezzarla seppe
 Il popol mai con temperato affetto.

NOTE II.

The following Sonnet of Parini, written on a similar occasion portrays the joy and the grateful feelings of men rescued from Moorish slavery, worse than death :—

“ Queste incaillite man, queste carni arse
 D' Africa al Sol, questi piè rosi e stanchi
 Di servil ferro, questi liguudi fianchi
 Donde sangue e sudor largo al sparse,
 Toccano alfa la patria terra; apparso
 Sovr' essi un raggio di pietade, e franchi
 Mostransi ai figli, alle consorti, ai bianchi
 Padri, che ogni lor duol senton calmarse.
 O cara Patria, o care leggi, o sacri
 Riti! Nol vi piangemmo alle Meschite
 Emple d' intorno, e al barbari lavacri!
 Salvate voi queste cadenti vite,
 E queste spirti estenuati e macri
 Col sangue del divin agno nudrite.”

A person who has not visited the coast of Barbary can hardly form a proper idea of the sufferings to which the Christian slaves were exposed, and cannot, therefore, appreciate the full value of Lord Exmouth's expedition which put a stop to that abominable practice. While I was at Tunis there were several hundred slaves at *la Goletta* or harbour, where they were employed in the construction of the public works: carrying heavy burthens—exposed all day to the scorching rays of an African sun—covered with rags and vermine—allowed a scanty and bad diet—drinking brackish water—ill-treated and beaten by their surly keepers; in this manner they passed their days: at sun-set they were huddled together in a sort of barrack, there to lay their weary limbs on a heap of bad straw—breathing in a suffocating and corrupted atmosphere—to rise again with the next sun to fresh torments: year after year passed without bringing any alteration to their condition, and the best part of their life was spent in unavailing regret. The fate of the female slaves was often still

more deplorable and dreadful. The mind recoils at the idea of the horrors of their situation. • • • • •

The benefit conferred by England, at the cost of her blood and treasury, on the nations of Italy, is, therefore, inestimable, and yet there are men calling themselves *enlightened* and *liberal*, who strive to diminish the sense of it in the hearts of the Italians; these men are, however, feelingly alive to any instance of severity on the part of their governments against any one of their party. Their system of philosophy is not so inconsistent as it appears to a person unacquainted with their real principles. They winked at the atrocities of the revolution—they approved of the injustices of the Imperial government; but they are always ready to exclaim against the *threatening* power of Russia—the *encroaching* system of Austria—the *ambition* of England—and the *fanaticism* of Rome. They extol to the skies Buonaparte's decrees against convents and feudal rights, but they make light of the suppression of the slave trade, and of the abolition of Christian captivity effected by England; they very *discriminately* point out the imperfections of these last measures and the private views which they suppose have dictated them—but enough of these *equitable* and *philosophic* people. “*Intelligenti pauca.*”

NOTE 12.

The whole of this interesting coast is so beautifully and so truly described by Tassoni in his *Secchia Rapita*, canto 10, that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting some of his stanzas. The poet introduces Venus embarking in a small vessel at the mouth of the Arno, to proceed to Naples for the purpose of engaging Manfred Prince of Taranto, the son of the Emperor Frederick II. to assist the Ghibellini of the north of Italy and to rescue his natural brother Hentzius, King of Sardinia, who had been taken prisoner by the Bolognese.

• • • • •
• • • • •

“ Ma Venere frattanto in altro iato
Le campagne del mar liete scorrea
Un mirabil legnetto apparecchiato
Alla foce dell' Arnoin fretta avea
E movea quindi alla riviera amena
Della real Città della Sirena.

Perincitar il principe novello
Di Taranto ad armar gente da guerra
E liberar di prigionia il fratello
Che chiuso stà nell' nemica Terra
Entra nell' onda il vascelletto anello
Spiega la vela un miglio o due da terra
Siede in poppa la Dea, chiusa d' un velo
Azzurro e d' oro, agli uomini ed al Cielo.

Capraja addietro e la Gorgona lassa
E prende in giro alla sinistra l' onda.
Quindi Livorno, equindi l' Elba passa
D' ampie vene di ferro ognor feconda.
La distrutta Faleria in parte bassa
Vede e Piombino in sù la manca sponda,
Dov' oggi il mare adombra, il monte e 'l piano
L' aquila del gran Ré dell' Oceano.

Tremolavano i rai del Sol nascente
Sovra l' onde del mar porpuree e d' oro;
E in veste di zaffiro il Ciel ridente
Specchiar pareva le sue bellezze in loro,
D' Africa i venti fieri, e d' Oriente
Sovra il letto del mar prendean ristoro;
E co' sospiri suoi soavi e lieti
Sol Zeffiro increpava il lembo à Teti.

Al trapassar della beltà divina
La fortuna d' Amor passa, e s' asconde.
L' ondeggiar della placida marina
Baciando v' inargentate sponde.
Ardon d' amore i pesci, e la vicina
Spiaggia languisce invidiando all' onde.
E stanno gli Amoretti ignudi intenti
Alla vela, al governo, ai remi, ai venti.

Quinci e quindi i delfini a schiere à schiere
 Fanno la scorta al bel legnetto adorno ;
 E le ninfe del mar pronte e leggiere
 Corron danzando e festeggiando intorno.
 Vede l' Ombrose ove sboccando ei pere,
 E l' isola del Giglio a mezzo giorno ;
 E la dirupata e ruinosa sede
 Monte Argentaro in mezzo all' onda vede.

Quindi s' allarga in sù la destra mano,
 E lascia il Porto d' Ercole à manciaia ;
 Vede Civitavecchia e di lontano
 Biancheggiar tutto il lido e la marina :
 Giaceva allora il Porto di Trajano
 Lacero e guasto in misera ruina.
 Strugge il tempo le torri, e i marmi solve
 E le macchine eccelse in poca polve.

Già la foce del Tebro era non lunge
 Quando si risvegliò Libeccio altero
 Che n' Libia regna, e dove al lido giunge
 Travalca sopra il mar superbo e fiero.
 Vede l' argentea vela." * *

• • • • •

Here a serious quarrel takes place between *Libeccio*, or south-westerly wind, and *Zephrus*, about which of them is to forward the bark of Venus. *Zephrus*, too weak to resist his antagonist, calls to his assistance his elder brother *Aquilone* or *Boreas* ; *Libeccio* is reinforced on his side by *Scirocco* another southern wind, and a furious tempest ensues which agitates the whole surface of the sea. Venus is startled by the roaring of the storm just when :—

" Già s' ascondeva d' Ostia il lido basso,
 E 'l porto d' Anzio di lontan sorgea ;"

The goddess gives a sharp rebuke to *Libeccio* for his presumption ; the African kneeling, begs her forgiveness ; calm is restored, and the vessel continues its voyage.

" Le donne di Nettun vede sul lito
 In gonna rossa e col turbante in testa.
 Rade il porto d' Astura ove tradito
 Fà Corradin nella sua fuga mesto.
 Or l' esempio crudele ha Dio panito,
 Che la terra distrutta e inculta resta ;
 Quindi Monte Circeo orrido appare
 Col capo in cielo e con le piante in mare.

S' avanza, e rimaner quinci la disparte
 Vede Ponza diserta e Palmarola,
 Che furon già della Città di Marte
 Prigioni illustri in parte occulta e sola.
 Varie torri sul lido erano sparte ;
 La vaga prora le trascorre e vola,
 E passa Terracina ; e di lontano
 Vede Gaeta alla sinistra mano.

Lascia Gaeta, e sà per l' onda corre
 Tanto ch' arriva à Procida, e la rade :
 Indi giugne à Pozzuolo, e via trascorre,
 Pozzuolo che di solfo ha le contrade.
 Quindi s' andava in Nisida à raccorre
 E à Napoli scopria l' alta beltade :
 Onde dal porto suo pareva inchinare
 La Regina del mar, la Dea del mare."

The continuation of this beautiful Episode, containing Venus's interview with Manfredi, is highly coloured, but I have only quoted the description of the voyage, of which any traveller who has sailed along this coast will easily perceive the accuracy.

NOTE 13.

The captious conduct of Napoleon towards the Pope and the injustice of his unprovoked aggression on a defenceless country, are seen in a strong light in the following Protest, published at the time by Pius VII. the present Pope, one of the best men that ever sat on the Papal throne :—

“ Sono finalmente compiuti i tenebrosi disegni di 'nemici della Sede Apostolica.

“ Dopo lo spoglio violento della più bella e considerabile porzione de' nostri Dominj; noi ci vediamo con indegni pretesti e con tanta maggiore ingiustizia spogliati della nostra Sovranità temporale, con cui è strettamente legata la nostra Spirituale Indipendenza.

“ In mezzo à questa fiera persecuzione ci conforta il pensiero che incontrammo un così grave disastro non per alcuna offesa fatta all' Imperatore de' Francesi od alla Francia, la quale è stata sempre l' oggetto delle nostre paterne ed amorose sollecitudini; non per intrigo di mondana politica, ma per non aver voluto tradire i nostri Doveri e la nostra Coscienza.

“ Piacere agli uomini, e dispiacere à Dio se non è lecito à chiunque professa la Religione Cattolica, molto meno può esserlo al Capo ed al promulgatore di essa.

“ Debitori per tanto à Dio ed alla Chiesa di trasmettere illesi ed intatti i nostri Diritti ai nostri successori, noi protestiamo contro questo nuovo spoglio violento, e lo dichiariamo irritato e nullo.

“ Noi rigettiamo con uno spirito il più fermo e deciso qualunque assegnamento che l'Imperator de' Francesi intende di fare à Noi ed agli Individui del nostro Collegio. Ci copriremmo tutti d' opprobrio in faccia alla chiesa, se facessimo dipendere la sussistenza nostra dalla mano dell' Usurpatore dei beni della medesima.

“ Noi ci abbandoniamo interamente alla Provvidenza ed alla pietà dei Fedeli, e saremo contenti di terminare così parcamente l'amara carriera dei nostri giorni penosi.

“ Adoriamo con profonda umiltà gl' imperscrutabili Decreti di Dio, invochiamo la sua misericordia sopra i buoni sudditi nostri, che saranno sempre il nostro gaudio, la nostra corona, e dopo aver fatto in questa durissima circostanza tutto ciò che esigevano i nostri Doveri, l'esortiamo à conservar sempre intatta la Religione e la fede; e ad unirsi con noi per scongiurare coi gemiti trà il Vestibolo e l'altare il Padre Supremo dei lumi, affinchè si degni di cangiare i pravi consigli de' nostri Persecutori.

PIUS P. P. VII.”

*Dato dal Palazzo del Quirinale,
10 Giugno, 1809.*

NOTE 14.

Several passages of that proclamation are forcible in their arguments and eloquently written :—

“ Egli (Murat) tanto straniero all' Italia quanto nuovo nella categoria de' Regnanti, affetta con gl' Italiani un linguaggio che converrebbe appena ad un Alessandro Farnese ad un Andrea Doria, ad un Magno Trivulzio; ei da se stesso si proclama Capo della nazione Italiana, la quale conta nel suo seno dinastie regnanti da più secoli, e che ha visto nascere nelle sue più belle contrade la famiglia angusta che regge tante nazioni sotto il suo scettro paterno. Egli Rè dell' estrema Italia, vorrebbe, con idee speciose di limiti naturali presentare agli Italiani un fantasma d' un Regno di cui non si potrebbe neppure fissare la Capitale, giustamente perchè la natura ha determinato con limiti precisi governi particolari alle diverse parti d' Italia, ed ha mostrato che non sono nè l'estensione del territorio, nè il numero della popolazione, nè la forza dell' armi, ma bensì le buone leggi, la conservazione degli antichi costumi, ed una amministrazione economica, che fanno la felicità de' popoli; ed è perciò che in Lombardia ed in Toscana si rammentano ancora con sentimenti d' ammirazione ed i riconoscenza i nomi immortali di Maria Teresa, di Giuseppe e di Leopoldo. * * * *

NOTE 15.

The party spirit which divides the opinions of the Italians on public subjects, and the selfishness with which they overlook the general good in the violence of their private feelings and interests, so that there is no common-standard around which honest and moderate men can rally, has been lamented for centuries past by all the real lovers of their country. The following Sonnet, by Maggi, a Milanese writer of the seventeenth century, paints this evil in strong and gloomy colours :—

“ Giace l' Italia addormentata in questa
Sorda bonaccia, e intorno il Ciel s' oscura,
E pur ella si sta' cheta e sicura,
E per molto che tuoni, uom non si desta.

Se pur taluno il pallescherma appresta,
 Pensa à se stesso e del vicia non cura ;
 E tal sì lieto è dell' altrui sventura
 Che non vede in altrui la sua tempesta.
 Ma che ? quest' altre tavole minute,
 Rotta l' antenna, e poi smarrito il polo,
 Vedrem tutte ad un tempo andar perdute ?
 Italia, Italia mia, quest' è il mio duolo :
 Allor siam giunti à disperar salute,
 Quando spera ciascun di campar solo."

NOTE 16.

The following Ode addressed to Buonaparte after his abdication, is remarkable for the beauty of its language and for the moderation of the sentiments it contains, being equally distant from blind admiration and from ungenerous envy.

" Astre resplendissant, fils aîné de l' Aurore,
 Comment du haut des cieux es-tu précipité ?
 Qu'as-tu fait des rayons dont n'aguères encore
 L'éclat environnait ton front desenchanté ?

Tou char brûlant volait, guidé par la victoire,
 Et nos yeux éblouis se baissaient devant toi ;
 L'univers en silence, accablé de ta gloire,
 Comme sous les destins, se courbait sous ta loi.

Tu tombes ! l'univers se relève et respire :
 L'homme ose mesurer le géant abattu .
 D'opprobres impunis flétrissant ton empire,
 L'audace sans péril croit être la vertu.

Quel ! de sa propre honte est-ce ainsi qu'on se venge ?
 Vous qui chantiez sa gloire en vauclâches accents,
 Est-ce ainsi que vos mains viennent souiller de fange
 Les débris de l'autel où fuma votre encens ?

Elevés pour les cours, formés à l'esclavage,
 Vous rampiez sous son aigle ainsi qu'autour des lys,
 Vous osez aujourd'hui lui prodiguer l'outrage !
 L'outrage est retombé sur vos fronts avilis.

Mais vous, dont tout son or, dont toute sa puissance
Ne corrompt jamais la fière liberté ;
Vous qui le poursuiviez d' un éloquent silence
Où son cell lut l' arrêt de la postérité ;

On ne vous verra point, généreux adversaires,
D' un facile triomphe insulter son malheur ;
Ni de dieux Inconnus adorateurs vulgaires,
Leur porter de vos voeux l' hommage adulateur.

Liberté, Verité, voilà vos Rois supremes ;
Autour de leurs autels rallez les humains ;
Aux peuples agités, aux monarques eux-mêmes,
Faites entendre encore leurs oracles divins.

" Arrêtez ! direz-vous à ce peuple en furie ;
E pargnez un héros, meme en l' osant punir :
La gloire de la France à sa gloire est unie ;
Il faut le condamner et non pas le flétrir.

Ses palmes sont à vous ; ses forfaits sont vos crimes ;
De sa propre grandeur vous l' avez enivrè ;
Vous en fîtes un Dieu ; vous fîtes ses victimes ;
Il a dû vous punir de l' avoir adoré."

Hélas ! pour l' abuser, pour corrompre sa gloire ;
Le sort lui prodiguant ses dons fallacieux,
Conjurait à la fois le trône et la victoire,
Et l' hommage du monde et la faveur des dieux !

Ah ! de ses grands rivaux imitez la clemence !
Leur constance a vaincu son pouvoir oppresseur,
Mais sa chute suffit à leur noble vengeance ;
La pitié désormais traite avec le malheur.

Respectez ce Colosse abattu par la foudre,
Tout convert des lauriers qu'il vous fit moissonner ;
Songez qu'en le frappant le ciel vient de l' absoudre,
Quand les dieux ont puni, l' homme doit pardonner."

THE END

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ERRATA.

I may be allowed to observe that having been absent during the greater part of the time these letters were in the press, I have not been able to correct all the sheets.

Page	38	Line	4	—	<i>kouskouston</i> read <i>kouskousson</i> .
	38		11	—	<i>sedantry</i> read <i>sedentary</i> .
	38		17	—	in <i>that</i> respect read in <i>this</i> respect.
	42		19	—	add <i>robbery</i> to murder, read add murder to robbery.
	63		26	—	<i>Pazzallo</i> , read <i>Pozzallo</i> .
	71		21	—	quotation from Lord Byron, "Thy glorious days are o'er," read "Thy glorious day is o'er."
	121		13	—	<i>resemble</i> , read <i>ressemble</i> .
	141		11	—	in the <i>tone</i> , read in the <i>tune</i> .
	149		16	—	for <i>honor</i> , read in <i>honor</i> .
	151	19 &	21	—	<i>Garvi</i> , read <i>Gavi</i> .
	156		6	—	<i>Saulle</i> , read <i>Sauli</i> .
	166		25	—	<i>La Sperona</i> , read <i>lo Sperone</i> .
	167		11	—	<i>Sardagne</i> , read <i>Sardaigne</i> .
	173		24	—	<i>lire</i> , read <i>lira</i> .
	175		last	—	<i>Piedmont</i> , read <i>Piedmonte</i> a village in the neighbourhood of Genoa.
	193		4	—	<i>Latium</i> , read <i>Latium</i> .
	193		10	—	<i>Antium</i> , read <i>Antium</i> .
	210		5	—	<i>course</i> , read <i>coarse</i> .
	229		18	—	<i>Havre de Grau</i> , read <i>Havre de Grace</i> .

APPENDIX.

Note 5, Page 245, Line 4—*in sù le parte*, read *in sù le porte*.





68

2

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complet

Sciences historiques.

Voyages en Europe.

